THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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NOV. 23, 1918

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Beginning

The City of Comrades – By Basil King

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Gold Seal
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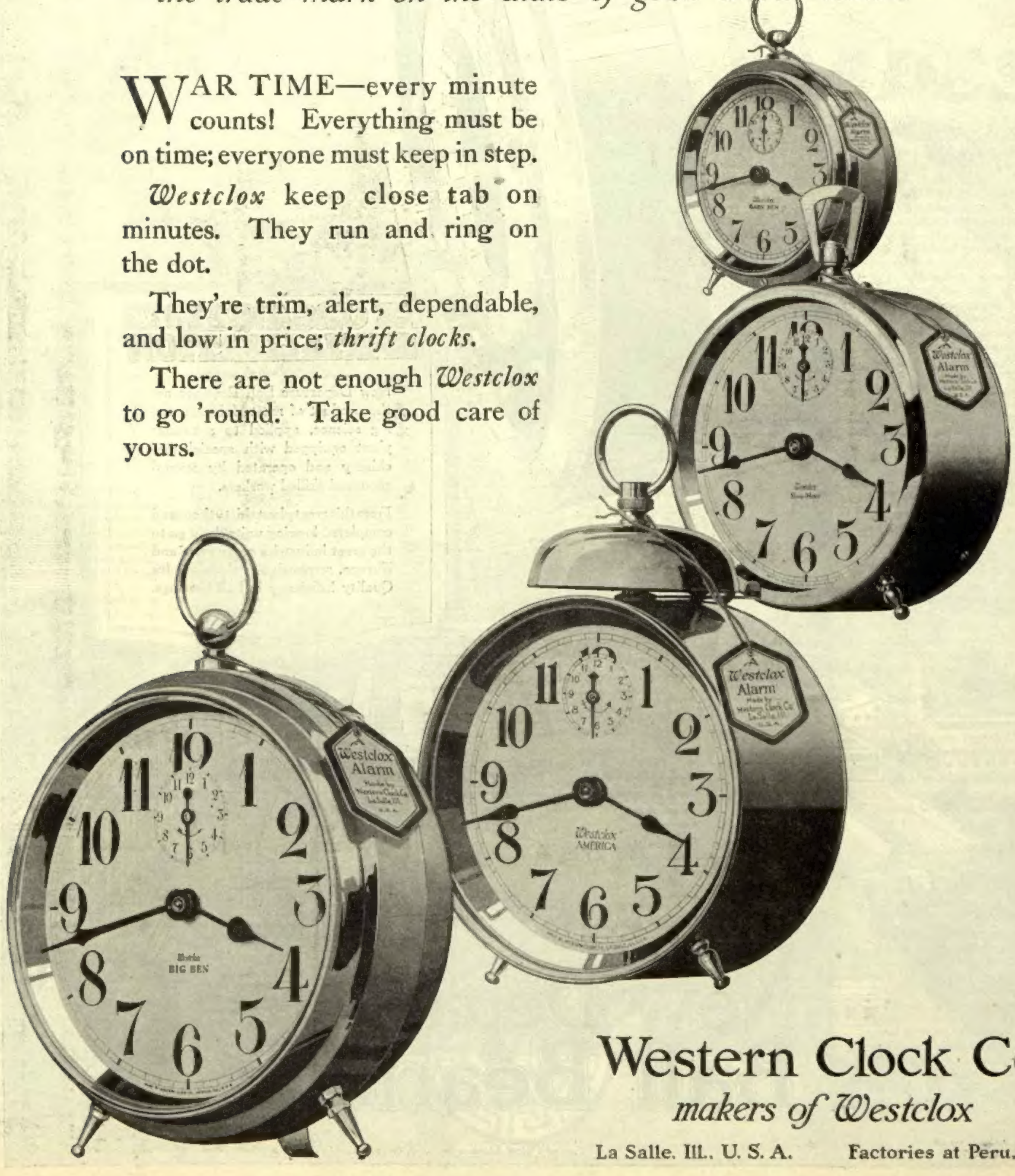

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THE CITY OF COMRADES

I dream'd in a dream I saw a city invincible to the attacks of the whole of the rest of the earth;
I dream'd that was the new City of Friends;
Nothing was greater there than the quality of robust love—it led the rest;
It was seen every hour in the actions
of the men of that city,
And in all their looks and words.
—WALT WHITMAN.

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

I

"NO."

"No?"

"No."

In the slow swirl of Columbus Circle, at the southwest corner of Central Park, two seedy, sinister individuals could hold an exceedingly private conversation without drawing attention to themselves. There were others like us on the scene, in that month of June, 1913, cast up from the obscurest depths of New York.

We could revolve there for five or ten minutes, in company with other elements of the city's life, to be eliminated by degrees, sucked into other currents, forming new combinations or reacting to the old ones.

In silence we shuffled along a few paces, though not exactly side by side. Lovey was just sufficiently behind me to be able to talk confidentially into my ear.

My own manner was probably that of a man anxious to throw off a dogging inferior. Even among us there are social degrees.

"Yer'll be sorry," Lovey warned me reproachfully.

"Very well, then," I jerked back at him over my shoulder; "I shall be sorry."

"If I didn't know it was a good thing I wouldn't 'a' wanted to take ye in on it—not you, I wouldn't; and dead easy."

"I don't care for it."

"Ye're only a beginner ——"

"I'm not even that."

"No; ye're not even that; and this'd larn ye. Just two old ladies—lots of money always in the 'ouse—no resistance—no weepons nor nothink o' that kind; and me knowin' every hinch of the ground through workin' for 'em two years ago ——"

"And suppose they recognized you?"

"That's it. That's why I must have a pal. If they'd git a look at anyone it'd have to be at you. But you don't need to be afraid, never pinched before nor nothink. Once yer picter's in the rogues' they'll run ye in if ye so much as blow yer nose. You'd just get by as an unknown man."

"And if I didn't get by?"

It Was as if the Light of a Dark Lantern Had Been Suddenly Turned on Me, and I Was Blinded by the Blaze

"Oh, but you would, sonny. Just look at ye! Slim and easy movin' as a snake, y'are. Ye'd go through a man's clothes while he's got 'em on, and he wouldn't notice ye no more'n a puff of wind. Look at yer 'and."

I held it up and looked at it. A year ago, a month ago, I should have studied it with remorse. Now I did it stupidly, without emotions or regrets.

It was a long, slim hand, resembling the rest of my person. It was strong, however, with big, loosely articulated knuckles and muscular thumbs—again resembling the rest of my person. At the Beaux Arts, and in an occasional architect's office, it had been spoken of as a "drawing" hand; and Lovey was now pointing out its advantages for other purposes. I laughed to myself.

"Ye're too tall," Lovey went on in his appraisement. "That's agin ye. Ye must be a good six foot. But lots o' men are too tall. They gits over it by stoopin' a bit; and when ye stoops it frightens people, especially women. They ain't near as scared of a man that stands straight up as they'll be of one that crouches and wiggles away. Kind o' suggests evil to 'em, like, it does. And these two old ladies ——"

As we reached the corner of the park I rounded slowly on my tempter. Not that he thought of his offer as temptation, any more than I did; it was rather on his part a touch of solicitude.

He was doing his best for me, in return for what he was pleased to take as my kindness to him during the past ten days.

He was a small, wizened man, pathetically neat in spite of cruel shabbiness. It was the kind of neatness that in our world so often differentiates the man who has dropped from him who has always been down. The gray suit, which was little more than a warp with no woof on it at all, was brushed and smoothed and mended. The flannel shirt, with turned-down collar, must have been chosen for its resistance to the show of dirt. The sky-blue tie might have been a more useful selection, but even that had had freshness steamed and pressed into it whenever Lovey had got the opportunity. Over what didn't so directly meet the eye the coat was tightly buttoned up.

The boots were the weakest point, as they are with all of us. They were not noticeably broken, but they were wrinkled and squashed and down at the heel. They looked as if they had been worn by other men before having come to the present possessor; and

mine looked the same. When I went into offices to apply for work it was always my boots that I tried to keep out of sight; but it was precisely what the eye of the fellow in command seemed determined to search out and judge me by.

You must not think of Lovey as a criminal. He had committed petty crimes and he had gone to jail for them; but it had only been from the instinct of self-preservation. He worked when he got a job; but he never kept a job because his habits always fired him. Then he lived as he could, lifting whatever small object came his way—an apple from a fruit stall, a purse a lady had inadvertently laid down, a bag in a station, an umbrella forgotten in a corner—anything! The pawnshops knew him so well that he was afraid to go into them any more—except when he was so tired that he wanted to be sent to the Island for a month's rest. In general, he disposed of his booty for a few pennies to children, to poverty-stricken mothers of families, to pals in the saloons. As long as a few dollars lasted he lived, as he himself would have said, honestly. When he was driven to it he filched again; but only when he was driven to it.

It was ten days now since he had begun following me about, somewhat as a stray dog will follow you when you have given him a bone and a drink of water. For a year and more I had seen him in one or another of the dives I hung about. The same faces always turn up there, and we get to have the kind of acquaintance, silent, haunted, tolerant, that binds together souls in the Inferno. In general, it is a great fraternity; but now and then—often for reasons no one could fathom—someone is excluded. He comes and goes, and the others follow him with resentful looks and curses. Occasionally he is kicked out, which was what happened to Lovey whenever his weakness afforded the excuse.

It was when he was kicked out of Stinson's that I had picked him up. It was after midnight. It was cold. The sight of the abject face was too much for me.

"Come along home with me, Lovey," I had said casually; and he came.

Home was no more than a stifling garret, and Lovey slept on the floor like a dog. But in the morning I found my shoes cleaned as well as he could clean them, without brush or blacking, my clothes folded, and the whole beastly place in such order as a friendly hand could bring to it. Lovey himself was gone.

Twice during the interval he had stolen in like that and stolen out. He asked no more than a refuge, and the privilege of sidling timidly up to me with a beseeching look in his sodden eyes when we met in bars. Once, when by hook or by crook he had got possession of a dollar, he insisted on the honor of buying me a drink.

On this particular afternoon I had met him by chance in the region of Broadway between Forty-second Street and Columbus Circle. I can still recall the shy, half-frightened pleasure in his face as he saw me advancing toward him. He might have been a young girl.

"Got somethin' awful good, sonny, to let ye in on," were the words with which he stopped me.

I turned round and walked back with him to the Circle, and round it.

"No, Lovey," I said decidedly, when we had got to the corner of the park; "it's not good enough. I've other fish to fry."

A hectic flush stole into the cheeks, which kept a marvelous youth and freshness. The thin, delicate features, ascetic rather than degraded, sharpened with a frosty look of disappointment.

"Well, just as you think best, sonny," he said resignedly. He asked abruptly, however: "When'd ye have yer last meal?"

"The day before yesterday."

"And when d'ye expect to have yer next?"

"Oh, I don't know. Sometime; possibly to-night."

"Possibly to-night —— 'Ow?"

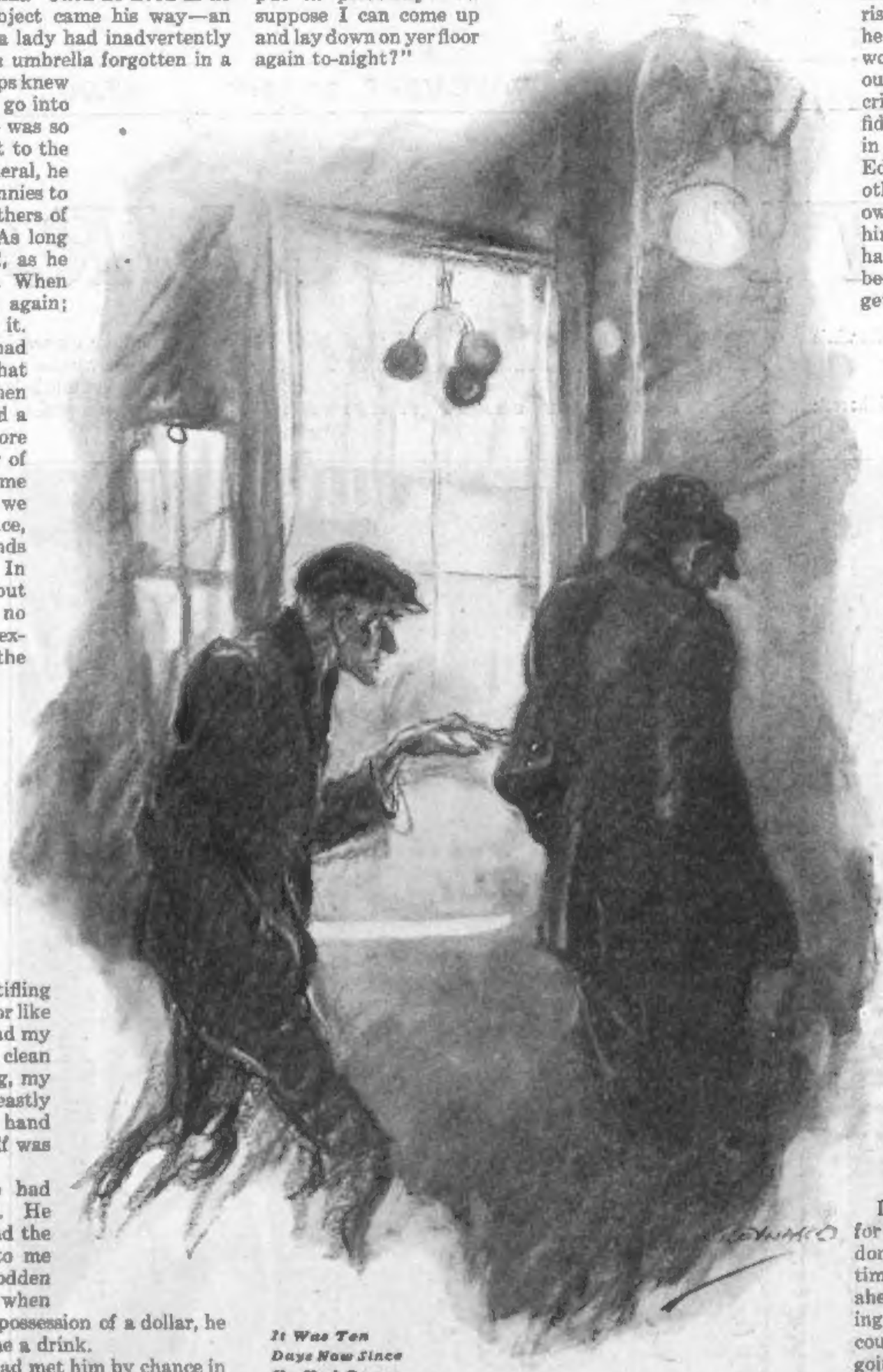
"I tell you I don't know. Something will happen. If it doesn't—well, I'll manage."

He had found an opening. "Don't ye see ye can't go on like that? Ye've got to live."

"Oh, no, I haven't."

"Don't say that, sonny," he burst out tenderly. "You've got to live! You must do it—for my sake—now. I suppose it's because we're—we're Britishers together." He looked round on the circling crowd of Slavs, Mongolians, Greeks, Italians, aliens of all sorts. "We're different from these Yankees, ain't we?"

Admitting our Anglo-Saxon superiority I was about to say "Well, so long, Lovey," and shake him off, when he put in piteously: "I suppose I can come up and lay down on yer floor again to-night?"



It Was Ten Days Now Since He Had Begun Following Me About, Somewhat as a Stray Dog Will Follow You When You Have Given Him a Bone and a Drink of Water

"I wish you could, Lovey," I responded. "But—but the fact is I—I haven't got that place any more."

"Fired?"

I nodded.

"Where've ye gone?"

"Nowhere."

"Where'd ye sleep last night?"

I described the exact spot in the lumber yard near Greeley's Slip. He knew it. He had made use of its hospitality himself on warm summer nights such as we were having.

"Goin' there again to-night?"

I said I didn't know.

He gazed at me with a kind of timid daring.

"You wouldn't be—you wouldn't be goin' to the Down and Out Club?"

I smiled.

"Why should you ask me that?"

"Oh, I don't know. See you talkin' to one of those fellas oncet. Chap named Pyncheon. Worse than missions and 'vangelists, they are."

"Did you ever think of going there yourself?"

"Oh, Lord love ye! I've thought of it, yes. But I've fought it off. Once ye do that ye're done for."

"Well, I don't believe I'm done for ——" I began; but he interrupted me coaxingly.

"I say, sonny. I'll go to Greeley's Slip. Then if you've nothin' else on 'and you come there too—and we'll be fellas together. But don't—don't—go to the Down and Out!"

As I walked away from him I had his "fellas together" amusingly, and also pathetically, in my heart. Lovey was little better than an outcast. I knew him by no name but that which some pothouse wag had fixed on him derisively. From hints he had dropped I gathered that he had had a wife and daughters somewhere in the world, and intuitively I got the impression that without being a criminal he had been connected with a crime. As to his personal history he had never confided to me any of the details beyond the fact that in his palmy days he had been in a 'at shop in the Edgware Road. I fancied that at sometime or another in his career his relatives in London—like my own in Canada—had made up a lump sum and bidden him begone to the land of reconstruction. There he had become what he was—an outcast. There I was becoming an outcast likewise. We were "fellas together." I was thirty-one and he was fifty-two. My comparative youth helped me, in that I didn't look older than my age; but he might easily have been seventy.

Having got rid of him I drifted diagonally across the park, but with a certain method in the seeming lack of method in taking my direction. Though I had an objective point I didn't dare to approach it otherwise than by a roundabout route. It is probable that no gaze but that of the angels was upon me; but to me it seemed as if every glance that roved up and down the park must spot my aim.

For this reason I assumed a manner meant to throw observation off the scent. I loitered to look at young people on horseback or to stare at some specially dashing motor car. I strolled into bypaths and out of them.

I passed under the noses of policemen in gray-blue uniforms, and tried to infuse my carriage with the fact which Lovey had emphasized, that I had never yet been pinched. I had never yet, so far as I knew, done anything to warrant pinching; and that I had no intentions beyond those of the ordinary law-abiding citizen was what I hoped my swagger would convey.

Though I was shabby I was not sufficiently so to be unworthy to take the air. The worst that could be said of me was that I was not shabby as the workingman is at liberty to be. Mine was the suspicious, telltale shabbiness of the gentleman—far more damning than the grime and sweat of a chimney sweep.

Now that I was alone again I had a return of the sensation that had been on me since waking in the morning—that I was walking in the air. I felt that I bounced like a bubble every time I stepped. The day before I had been giddy; now I was only light. It was as if at any minute I might go up. Unconsciously I ground my footsteps into the gravel or the grass to keep myself on the solid earth.

It was not the first time I had gone without food for twenty-four hours, but it was the first time I had done it for forty-eight. Moreover, it was the first time I had ever been without some prospect of food ahead of me. With a meal surely in sight on the following day I could have waited for it. More easily I could have waited for a drink or two. Drink kept me going longer than food, for in spite of the reaction after it the need of it had grown more insistent. Had I been offered my choice between food and life on the one hand and drink and death on the other I think I should have chosen drink and death. But now there was no likelihood of either. I had husbanded my last pennies after my last meal, to make them spin out to as many drinks as possible. I had begged a few more drinks, and cadged a few more. But I had come to my limit in all these directions. Before I sought the shelter of Greeley's Slip a hint had been given me at Stinson's that I might come in for the compliments showered on Lovey ten days previously. Now as I walked in the park the craving inside me was not because I hadn't eaten but because I hadn't drunk that day.

Two or three bitter temptations assailed me before I reached Fifth Avenue. One was in the form of a pretty girl of eight or ten, who came mincing down a flowery path, holding a quarter between the thumb and forefinger of her left hand. Satan must have sent her. I could have snatched the quarter and made my escape, only that I lacked the nerve. Then there was a newsboy counting his gains on a bench. They were laid out in rows before him—pennies, nickels and dimes. I stood for a minute and looked down at him, estimating the ease with which I could have stooped and swept them all into my palm. He looked up and smiled. The smile didn't disarm me; I was beyond the reach of any such appeal. It was again

that I didn't have the nerve. Lastly an old woman, a nurse, was dealing out coins to three small children that they might make purchases of a blind man selling bootlaces and pencils. I could have swiped them all as neatly as a croupier pulls in louis d'or with his rake—but I was afraid.

These were real temptations, as fierce as any I ever faced. By the time I had reached the Avenue I was in a cold perspiration, as much from a sense of failure as from the effort at resistance. I wondered how I should ever carry out the plans I had in mind if I was to balk at such little things as these. The plans I had in mind still kept me from making headway as the crow flies. I went far up the Avenue; I crossed into Madison Avenue; I went up that again; I crossed into Park Avenue. I crossed and recrossed and crisscrossed and descended, and at last found myself strolling by a house toward which I scarcely dared to turn my eyes, feeling that even for looking at it I might be arrested.

I slackened my pace so as to verify all the points which experts had underscored in my hearing. There was the vacant lot which the surrounding buildings rendered so dark at night. There was the low red-brown fence inclosing the back premises, over which a limber, long-legged fellow like me could leap in a second. There were the usual numerous windows—to kitchen, scullery, pantry, laundry—of any good-sized American house, some one of which was pretty sure to be left unguarded on a summer night. There were the neighboring yards, with more low fences, offering excellent cover in a get-away; with another vacant lot leading out on another street a little farther down.

I had so many times strolled by the house as I was doing now, and had so many times rehearsed its characteristics, that I made the final review with some exactitude before passing on my way.

My way was not far. There was nothing to do but to go back into the park. As it was nearly six o'clock it was too late to search for a job that day, and I should have had no heart for doing so in any case. I had found a job that morning—that of handling big packing cases in a warehouse—but I was too exhausted for the work. When in the effort to lift one onto a truck I collapsed and nearly fainted I was told in a choice selection of oaths to beat it as no good.

I sat on a bench, therefore, waiting for the dark and thinking of the house of which I had just inspected the outside. It was not a house picked at random. It was one that had possessed an interest for me during all the three years I had been in New York. I had, in fact, brought a letter of introduction to its owner from the man under whom I had worked in Montreal. Chiefly through my own carelessness nothing came of that, but I never failed when I passed this way to stare at the dwelling as one in which I might have had a footing.

The occupant was a well-known architect in New York. In the architects' offices in which I found employment I heard him praised, criticized, condemned. His work was good or bad according to the speaker's point of view. I thought it tolerably good, with an overemphasis on ornament.

It was an odd fact that in starting out on what was clear in my mind as a new phase in my career no other house suggested itself as a field of operations. As to this one I felt documented, and that was all. I had no sense of horror at what I was about to do; no regret for the position from which I had fallen. I suppose my mind was too sick for that, and my body too imperatively clamorous. I had said to Lovey that I didn't have to live—but I did. I had seen that very morning that I did. I had stood at the edge of Greeley's Slip and watched the swirling of the brown-green water with a view to making an end of it. One step, and I should be out of all this misery and disgrace! The world would be rid of me; my family would be rid of me; I should be rid of myself, which would be best of all. Had I been quite sure as to the last point I think I could have done it. But I wasn't quite sure. I was far from quite sure. I could imagine the step over the edge of Greeley's Slip as a step into conditions worse than those I was enduring now; and so I had drawn back. I had drawn back and wandered uptown, in the hope of securing a job that would give me a breakfast.

I wonder if you have ever done that! I wonder if you have ever gone from dock to station and from station to shop and from shop to warehouse, wherever heavy, unskilled labor may be in demand, and extra hands are treated with a brutality that slaves would kick against, in the hope of earning fifty cents! I wonder if in your grown-up life you have ever known a minute when fifty cents stood for your salvation! I wonder if with fifty cents standing for your salvation you ever saw the day when you couldn't get it! No? Then you will hardly understand how natural, how much a matter of course, the thing had become which I was resolved to do.

It was no sudden idea. I had been living in the company of men who took such feats for granted. Their talk had amazed me at first, but I had grown used to it. I had grown used to the thing. I had come to find a piquancy in the thought of it.

Then Lovey's suggestions had not been thrown away on me. True, he was out for small game, while I, if I went in for it, would want something bigger and more exciting; but the basic idea was the same. Lovey could make a haul and live for weeks on the fruit of it; I might do the same and live for months. And if I didn't pull it off successfully, if I was nabbed and sent away—why, then there would be some let-up in the struggle which had become so infernal. Even if I got a shot through the heart—and the tales I heard were full of such accidents—the tragedy would not lack its element of relief. It might be out of one hell into another—but it would at least be out of one.

Not that I hadn't found a bitter pleasure in the life! I had. I found it still. In one of Dostoyevsky's novels an old rake talks of the joys of being in the gutter. Well, there are such joys. They are not joys that civilization knows or that aspiration would find legitimate; but one reaches a point at which it is a satisfaction to be oneself at one's worst. Where all the pretenses with which poor human nature covers itself up are cast aside the soul can stalk forth nakedly, hideously, and be unashamed. In the presence of each other we were always unashamed. We could kick over all standards, we could drop all poses, we could flout all duties, we could own to all crimes, and be "fellas together." As I went lower and lower down it became to me a kind of acrid delight, of positively intellectual delight, to know that I was herding with the most degraded, and that there was no baseness or bestiality to which I was not at liberty to submit myself.

If there had never been any reactions from this state of mind . . . but God!

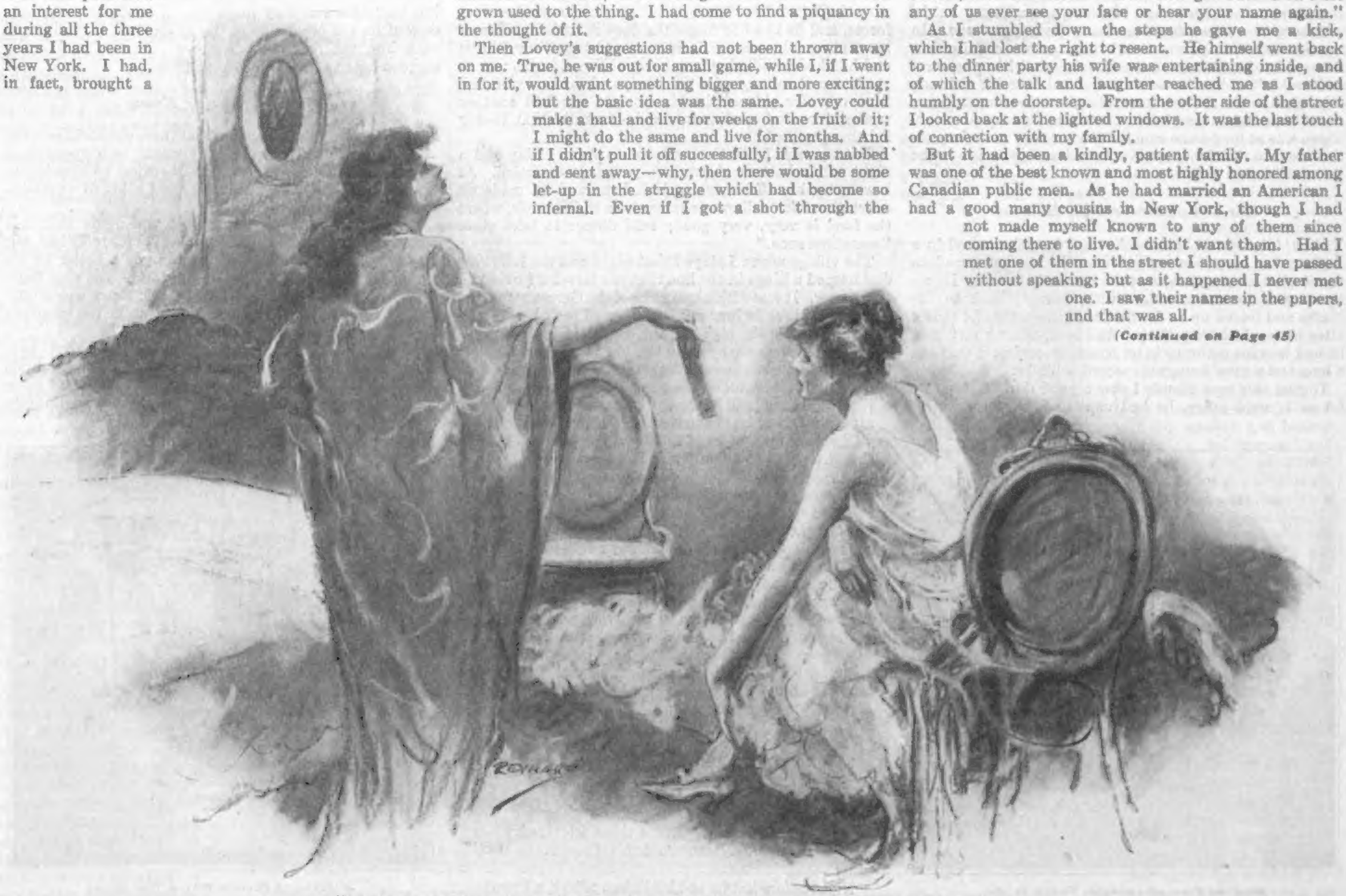
It was a disadvantage to me that I was not like my cronies. I couldn't open my lips without betraying the fact that I belonged to another sphere. Though the broken-down man of education is not unknown in the underworld he is comparatively rare. He is comparatively rare and under suspicion, like a white swan in a flock of black ones. I might be open-handed, ingratiating and absurdly fellow-met, but I was always an outsider. They would take my drinks, they would return me drinks, we would swap stories and experiences with all outward show of equality; but no one knew better than myself that I was not on a footing with the rest of them. Women took to me readily enough, but men were always on their guard. Try as I would, I never found a mate among them. I never made a friend. Therefore, now that I was down and out, I had no one of whom to ask a good turn, no one who would have done me a good turn, but poor, useless old Lovey sneaking in the shade.

I was in a measure between two worlds. I had been ejected from one without having forced a way into the other. When I say ejected I mean the word. The bitterest moment in my life was on that night when my eldest brother came to his door in Montreal and gave me fifty dollars, with the words: "And now get out! Don't let any of us ever see your face or hear your name again."

As I stumbled down the steps he gave me a kick, which I had lost the right to resent. He himself went back to the dinner party his wife was entertaining inside, and of which the talk and laughter reached me as I stood humbly on the doorstep. From the other side of the street I looked back at the lighted windows. It was the last touch of connection with my family.

But it had been a kindly, patient family. My father was one of the best known and most highly honored among Canadian public men. As he had married an American I had a good many cousins in New York, though I had not made myself known to any of them since coming there to live. I didn't want them. Had I met one of them in the street I should have passed without speaking; but as it happened I never met one. I saw their names in the papers, and that was all.

(Continued on Page 45)



"The Long and Short of it is That I've Never Met the Man With Whom I Could Keep House"

From My Overseas Notebook

By IRVIN S. COBB

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE CHIEF MILITARY CENSOR

A Corner of Louvain, Just After Its Destruction at the Beginning of the Belgian Invasion

I AM putting down this scrap of narrative in a room in a hotel, which is two hundred years old, in the wonderful old Norman city of Beauvoir; and while I am writing it, thirty miles away, beyond Montdidier, they are giving my friend the kind of funeral he asked for.

I call him my friend, though I never saw him until four weeks ago. He was a man that you would want for your friend. Physically, and in every other way, he was the sort that Richard Harding Davis used to love to describe in his stories about soldiers of fortune. He seemed to have stepped right out of the pages of one of Davis' books—he was tall and straight and slender, as handsome a man as ever I looked at, and a soldier, in every inch of him. The other officers of the regiment admired him, but his men, as I know, worshiped him—and that, in the final appraisals, is the test of an officer and a gentleman in any army.

I met him on the day when I rode up into Picardy to attach myself, bag and baggage—one bag and not much baggage—to a regiment of our little old Regular Army, then moving into the battle lines to take over a sector from the French. He had a Danish name and his father, I believe, was a Dane; but he was born in a Western state nearly forty years ago. In the Spanish War he was a kid private; saw service as a noncom in the Philippine mess; tried civil life afterward and couldn't endure it; went to Central America and took a hand in some tin-pot revolution or other down there; came home again and was in business for a year or so, which was as long as he could stand it; then moved across the line into the Canadian Northwest and got a job in the Royal Mounted Police.

His Souvenir Trench Helmet

IN 1914, when the war broke out, he volunteered in a Canadian battalion as a private. On our entrance into the conflict he was a major of the Dominion forces. He resigned this commission forthwith, hurried back to the States and joined up at the first recruiting office he struck after he reached New York. And now, when I met him, he had won his majority in an American regiment that has a long and a most honorable record behind it.

During this past month I saw a good deal of him. So far as I could judge, he had one—and just one—bit of affectation about him—if you could call it that. He always wore the British trench helmet he had worn in the Canadian forces, and he liked to finger the dent in its brim where a bit of shrapnel landed on it as he climbed up Vimy Ridge; and he liked to tell about that day of Vimy, which was so glorious and so tragic for the whelps of the lion who hail from our own side of the blue water. He had another vanity, too, as I now understand—a vanity that to-day is being gratified.

Six days ago I left the regiment to spend a day and a night with a battery of five-inch guns then in action. As I was starting off the major hailed me and we made an engagement for a dinner together here in Beauvoir, where the food is very, very good; said dinner to take place "sometime soon."

The village where I stayed that night and the following day formed a hinge in the line that our forward forces had taken over. It was within two miles of the German trenches and within three or four miles of some of their heavy batteries. Through the night I slept, as a battery commander's guest, in the only house in the town that up until then had escaped serious damage from German gunfire.

Coming back again, on the second day following, to my regiment, as I shall call it, I learned that almost immediately after my departure the batteries I left in and near this village had been ordered to take up a prepared position in a patch of woods a mile farther in the rear, and that my friend's battalion had gone up to hold the town, and to act as a reserve unit until its turn should come to relieve part of another infantry regiment in the trenches proper.

So I knew that in all probability he was now domiciled in the cottage where I had slept the night previous. As it turned out, my guess was right—that was where he was. Three days ago I borrowed a side car and ran on down here to Beauvoir, where I could get in touch with the divisional censor and file some of the copy I have been grinding out lately.

Yesterday afternoon, in the main square, I bumped into the adjutant of my regiment and, with him, one of the French liaison officers attached to the regiment.

"Hello!" I said. "What brings you two down here?"

"We came to get some flowers for the funeral to-morrow," the adjutant told me.

"Whose funeral?" I asked.

When they told me whose funeral it was I was stunned for a moment. From them I learned when my friend died and how. And this, then, is the story of it:

Night before last he and his liaison officer, a Frenchman of course, and his battalion adjutant, were eating supper in that same small red-brick house that had sheltered me for a night. The Germans had been punishing the place at long distance. Now there was a lull in the bombardment; but just as the three of them finished their meal the enemy reopened fire. Almost at once a shell fell in the courtyard before the house and another demolished a stone stable in the orchard behind it. They went down into an improvised bombproof shelter in the cellar.

"You fellows stay here," said the major when they had reached the foot of the stairs. "I left my cigars and a couple of letters from home upstairs in the kitchen. I'll go up and get them and be back again with you in a minute."

Thirty seconds later, to the accompaniment of a great rending crash, the building caved in. Débris cascaded down the cellar stairs; but the floor rafters above their heads stood the jolt and the two who were below got off with bruises and scratches. They scrambled their way up through the débris. A shell of high explosive had come through the roof, blowing down two sides of the kitchen, and under the shattered walls the major was lying, helpless and crushed. They hauled him out. He was conscious, but badly hurt as they could tell. The adjutant ran to a dugout on the other side of the village and brought back with him the regimental surgeon. It didn't take the surgeon long to make his examination.

But the Major Knew

TO THE others he whispered that there was no hope—the major's spine was broken; it would be a question of hours—perhaps of minutes. But, because he dreaded to break the word to the victim, he tried a bit of excusable deceit.

"Major," he said, bending over the figure that was stretched out upon the floor, "you've got it pretty bad, but I guess we'll pull you through. Only you'd better let me give you a little jab of dope in your arm—you may begin to suffer as soon as the numbness of the shock wears off."

My friend, so they told me, looked up in the surgeon's face with a whimsical grin on his face.

"Doc," he said, "your intentions are good; but there comes a time when you mustn't try to fool a pal. And you can't fool me—I know! I know I've got mine, and I know I can't last much longer either. I'm dead from the hips

Another View of Louvain, Taken in the First Year of the War

A Scene in Dinant, Where Two of the Early Battles Took Place

down already. And never mind about giving me any dope. There are several things I want to say, and I want my head clear while I'm saying them."

He told them the names and addresses of his nearest relatives—a brother and a sister; and he gave directions for the disposal of his kit and of his belongings. He didn't have very much to leave; professional soldiers rarely do have much to leave. After a bit he said:

"Fellows, I've only one regret: I'm passing out with the uniform of an American soldier on my back, and that's the way I always hoped 'twould be with me; but I'm sorry I didn't get mine as I went over the top, with these boys of ours behind me. Still, a man can't have everything—can he?—and I've had my share of the good things of this world."

He began to sink soon after saying that, and once they thought he was gone; but he opened his eyes and spoke again:

"Boys," he said, "take a tip from one who knows: This thing of dying is nothing to worry about. There's no pain and there's no fear. Why, dying is the easiest thing I've ever done in my life! You'll find that out for yourselves when your time comes. So cheer up and don't look so glum because I happen to be the one who's leaving."

The end came, I hear, within five minutes more. Just before he passed, the liaison officer, who was kneeling on the floor holding one of the dying man's hands between his two, felt a pressure from the cold fingers he clasped and saw a flicker of desire in the eyes that were beginning to glaze over with a film. He bent his head close down, and in the ghost of a ghost of a whisper the farewell message of his friend and mine came to him between gasps.

The Northern France of the Future

"LISTEN!" the major whispered. "Old ——"—naming the regimental chaplain—"has pulled off a lot of slouchy funerals in this outfit. Tell him, for me, to give me a good swell one, won't you?"

He went then, with the smile of his little conceit still upon his lips.

That was why the two men whom I met here in Beauvoir yesterday rode in to get flowers and wreaths. They told me the colonel was going to have the regimental band out for the services to-day too, and that a brigadier general and a major general of our Army would be present with their staffs, and that a French general would be present with his staff. So I judge they are giving my friend what he wanted—a good swell one.

The France to which tourists will come after the war will not be the France that peacetime visitors knew. I am not speaking so much of the ruined cities and the razed towns, each a mute witness now to thoroughness, as exemplified by the orthodox tenets of Kultur. For the most part, these can never be restored to their former semblance. Here Hunnish efficiency did its damned work too well for it ever to be undone.

Indeed, I was told no longer ago than yesterday, when I went through Arras, dodging for shelter from ruin heap to ruin heap between gusts of shelling from the German batteries, that it is the intention of the French Government to leave untouched and untidied certain areas of wanton devastation, so that future generations of men, looking upon these hell's quarter sections, shall have before their eyes fit samples of the finished handicraft of the Hun.

I am sure this must be true of Arras, because in the vicinity of the cathedral—I mean the place where the cathedral once was—signs are stuck up in rubble piles or fastened to upstanding bits of splintered walls forbidding visitors to remove souvenirs or to alter the present appearance of things in any way whatsoever. I sincerely trust the French will carry out this purpose. Then, in the years to come, when Americans come here and behold this place—once one of the most beautiful in all Europe and now one of the foulest and most hideous in all the earth—they may be cured of any lingering inclination to trust a people in whose veins there may linger a single trace of the taints of Kaiserism and militarism. When I say that the France of the future will never be the France which once upon a time was a shrine for lovers of beauty to worship at—was one great altar dedicated to all loveliness—I am thinking particularly of the rural districts and not of the communities.

The Germans Used This Old Belgian Nunnery as a Hospital. Above, the Public Square at Louvain

I base my belief in this assertion upon the very reasonable supposition that after the armies are withdrawn or disbanded—or, as in the case of our foes, killed off or captured, or driven back, as they are now being driven back—the peasants, in their task of making the devastated regions once more fit for human habitation, will turn to the material most plentifully at hand and that of which the quickest use may be made.

This means, then, that, instead of rebuilding with masonry and cement and plaster, after the ancient modes, they will employ the salvage of military constructions. And, by that same token, it means that ugly, characterless wooden buildings, with roofs of corrugated iron, all slab-sided and angular and hopelessly plain, will replace the quaint gabled houses that are gone, and gone forever; and that where the picturesque stone fences ran zigzagging across the face of the meadows, and the centuries-old plastered walls rose about byre and midden and stable yard, will, instead, be stretched lines of barbed wire nailed to wooden posts. The stuff will be there—in incredible quantities—and it will be cheap; and it will be available for immediate use, once the forces of the Allies have scattered. It is only natural to assume, therefore, that the thrifty country folk and the citizens of the villages will take it over.

For a fact, in certain instances they are already doing so. Last week up near the Flanders border, in British-held territory, I saw a half-grown boy wriggling through a maze of rusted barbed wire along an abandoned defense line, like Brer Rabbit through the historic brier patch; and when I drew nearer, curious to know what sort of game he played all alone, here in a land where every game except the great game of war is out of fashion, I saw that he was tearing down strands of the wire. And he told me he was going to inclose his mother's garden with the stuff.

A Trick of the Military Police

THINK of a French garden fenced in after the style of a Nebraska ranch yard! Also, I have taken note that the peasants are removing the plank shoring from the sides of old disused trenches, and, with the boards thus secured, are knocking up barns and chicken sheds, and even makeshift dwellings.

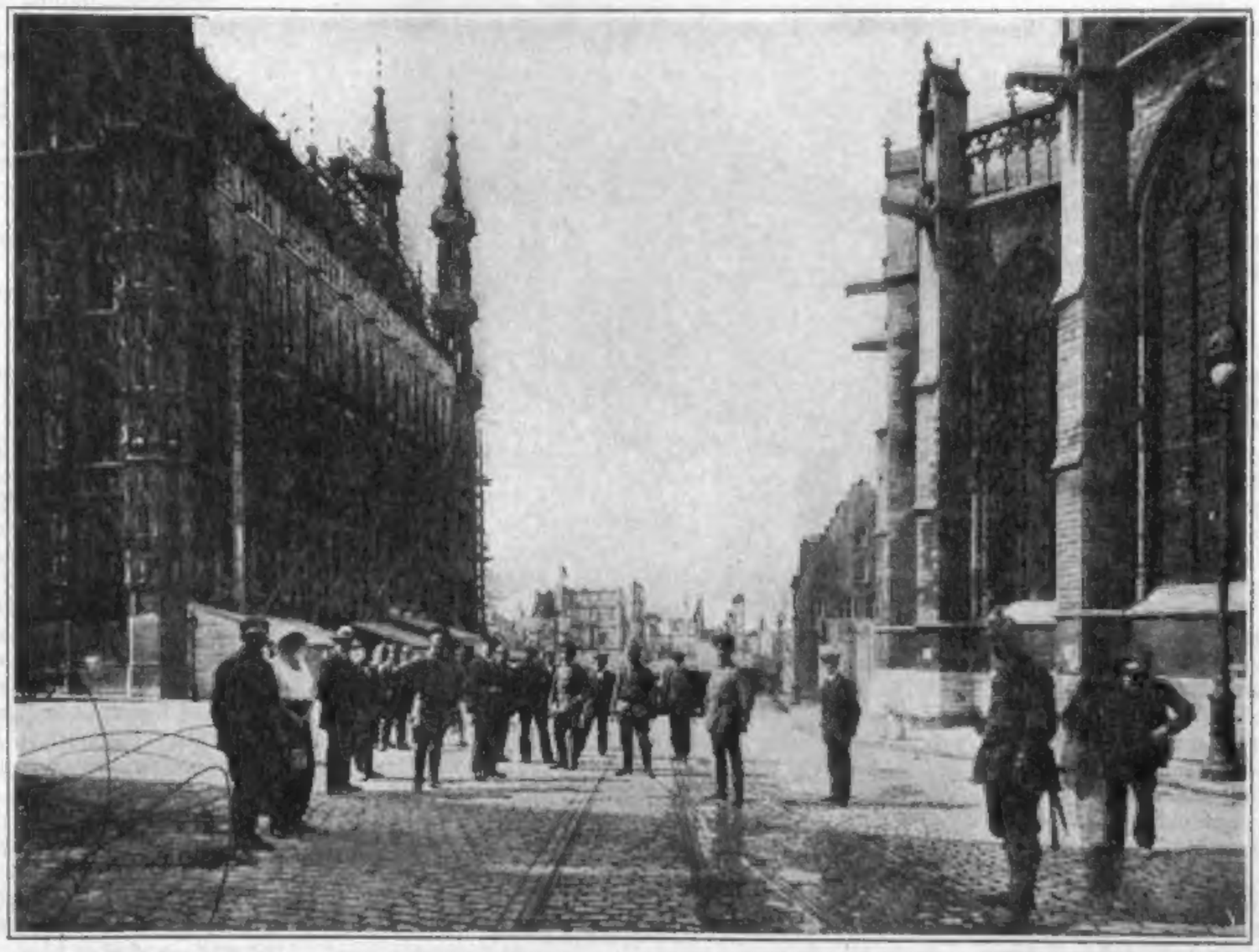
Assuredly it will never be the old France physically. But spiritually the new France, wearing the scars of her sacrifice as the Redeemer of mankind wore the nail marks of His crucifixion, will be a vision of glory before the eyes of men forevermore. I like this simile as I set it down in my notes. And I mean no irreverence as I liken the barbed wire to the Crown of Thorns and think of crosspieces of ugly wood taken out of a barrack or a rest billet and erected into the shape of the Cross.

When the military policemen first came upon him in the Gare du Nord he made a picture worth looking at. He stood about six-feet-two in his soleless and broken brogans; he was as black as the bottom of a coal mine at twelve o'clock at night during a total eclipse of the moon; and he was as broad across, between the shoulders, as the back of a hack.

He wore a khaki shirt, a pair of ragged blue overalls, and an ancient campaign hat. He didn't appear to be going anywhere in particular; he was just standing there.

Now the M. P.'s have a little scheme for trapping deserters and malingerers. They edge close up behind a suspect, and then one of them snaps out, "'Shun!" in the tones of a drill officer. If the fellow really is a truant, force of habit and the shock of surprise together make him come to

(Continued on Page 54)



The Hotel de Ville, at the Left; and the Church of Saint Pierre, at the Right, Escaped With Slight Damage When the Huns First Shelled Louvain

THE CHRISTUS

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY SARAH S. S. WEBER

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

GENERAL VON EICHARDT, a Prussian officer.
CAPTAIN STEINER, his aid.
A SENTRY.
A MONK.
A SERGEANT.
A BOY SOLDIER.
AN OFFICER.
German soldiers, Belgian monks, and so on.

NOTE—During the latter part of 1917 a news item appeared in the press stating that the famous Christus of the Oberammergau Passion Play had been drafted as a private into the German Army.

Act I

NIGHT of the Thursday before Easter in the year of the Christian faith, 1918. The interior of a half-ruined Belgian monastery upon a hill in the occupied district of Belgium. At the rear is a long window reaching to the floor. A door at the left leads in from the terrace. Another door—right—leads into the bedchambers. In the wall—rear—are several jagged shell holes, through which the stars shine with tranquil clarity. A glow of moonlight falls through the window. The débris of past destruction has been gathered up and piled with German neatness into corners. A long refectory table runs lengthwise of the room. At either end of the table is a huge candelabrum, the lighted candles of which furnish the chief illumination for the scene.

Seated side by side at the long table are two officers of the German Army—one a general, the other his aid. The general is a short rotund figure with tremendous mustaches, a crimson face and a belly that he carries only by virtue of bending back a little, like a drummer on parade. The other is a colossus, with a small round head, close-cropped hair, and protruding eyes. Both are Prussians.

The table before them is littered with wine bottles, cigar stubs and the remains of a late supper. The general has drunk a great deal of wine, the fumes of which have caused him to expand to the bursting point, both bodily and spiritually. At present, however, his mood is one of heavy joviality.

Through the window at the rear can be seen the shadow of a sentry, pacing to and fro, rifle on shoulder. A small plaster image of the Christ stands rather vividly in a niche near the window—rear.

Throughout the action of the piece can be heard the low monotonous rumble of artillery, and occasionally the faint, sharp, riveting note of a machine gun.

VON EICHARDT—[holding up his glass]: I tell you, Captain Steiner, I would rather capture a monastery than a château. The wine is so much better.

STEINER: Yes, Excellenz!

VON EICHARDT: Then, too, one is not so likely to be disturbed by bombs. The enemy has an absurd scruple about shelling religious edifices. I suppose he's trying to win God over to his side.

STEINER: Impossible, Excellenz! God would have nothing to do with foreigners.

VON EICHARDT: The enemy's a fool! Religion is all well enough in times of peace; but when a nation's at war it's a weakness.

STEINER: It is indeed, Excellenz. Why, when we took this monastery every monk in the place, young and old, was down on his knees praying to be delivered from the Germans, trying to stop the Grand Offensive with a few Latin phrases! [Smiling contemptuously.] Much good it did them!

VON EICHARDT: By the way, captain, what became of those monks?

STEINER: We sent the old ones to the rear, sir, in accordance with the rules of civilized warfare. Unfortunately, however, as the journey was rather an arduous one, they all died on the road.

VON EICHARDT: Died, Captain Steiner? Died of what?

STEINER: Of old age, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT: Ah, yes; naturally! And the young men?

STEINER: The young men we saved—by your orders, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT: By my orders? Well, well! Yet they say that we Prussians aren't careful of our prisoners! Why did I order the young monks saved, Herr Capitaine?

STEINER: You wanted them to help dig the new trenches on the far side of the mountain.

VON EICHARDT—[pleased]: Well, that was clever of me! Was it not clever of me, captain?

STEINER: Very clever, Excellenz. Will you have a little more of the wine?

VON EICHARDT: A little more of the wine indeed! Tip up the bottle, my boy! I'm a true Prussian. I'll have my glass full. I'll have my belly full! [Lifting his glass to the light.] *Ach!* Captain, these monks have the secret of making an excellent wine. [Takes an appreciative sip.] Of course, if you're fond of art, I'll admit a château's the thing. There's his Royal Highness Prince Eitel Fritz, for instance. He prefers châteaux. Why? Because he's a connoisseur of fine paintings, fine tapestries, fine plate. I'm told he has the largest collection of Belgian and French art in Germany. The enemy calls him a thief; but that's absurd. He's not a thief; he's a Hohenzollern. However, speaking for myself, I prefer monasteries. [Empties his glass.]

STEINER: I prefer them also, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT: You always agree with me, don't you, Steiner? That is to say, you never disagree with me?

STEINER: Never, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT: No one ever disagrees with me. I create an atmosphere of harmony wherever I go. I'm not sure that it's a good thing for me, captain.

STEINER: But you are so angry when you are crossed, Excellenz!

VON EICHARDT—[complacently]: That's it exactly! That's why I think you ought to dispute me now and then. There's nothing I enjoy like losing my temper! You know, my boy, the Prussian temper is like the Prussian sword—it needs exercising to keep it sharp. [With philosophic solemnity.] If we don't look out for it this business of world conquest will yet cost us our souls!

STEINER: Our souls? Can that be?

VON EICHARDT: Yes; for, you see, when we have set our heel upon the neck of the universe, naturally the universe will agree with us. And when the universe agrees with us we shall have nothing more to be furious about. I say, we must always have something to be furious about! [Rising and stamping about the room.] We must always have something to conquer! We must —— [He glances through the window and starts back violently, with a guttural curse.] That man! That man!

The Monk Sits Huddled Over a Candle, His Head Bowed Upon His Breast

STEINER—[springing up, revolver in hand]: Good God, general! What do you see?

VON EICHARDT—[on the verge of apoplexy]: That man! Out there!

STEINER—[peering through the window]: Why—why—Excellenz; it is only the sentry.

VON EICHARDT: His face! Did you see his face?

STEINER: No, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT—[struggling to regain control of himself]: It doesn't matter. I thought for a moment —— [He glances up involuntarily at the figure of the Christ in its niche; then staggers back to the table.] More wine, captain!

STEINER: Yes, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT—[drinks thirstily and looks ostensibly at his wrist-watch]: Midnight! I must go to bed. I must get some sleep. A good general always knows when to retire. [Hysterically, as the double meaning is borne in upon him.] *Himmel! Gott!* I have made a joke! Ha, ha, ha!

STEINER—[standing at attention]: Ha, ha, ha!

VON EICHARDT: Well, good-night, captain. Good-night! Happy dreams! [He glances once more at the figure of the Christ; shrinks a little; then, stiffening his absurd figure, blusters from the room. Exit through door—right.]

[Steiner, alone, goes to the window, stares out, gives a shrug, and comes back to the table. Seating himself, he places his feet on a chair, unbuttons his tunic, and prepares to light a cigar. The sentry passes the window and has turned to retrace his steps when he is seen to stop and bring his rifle down from his shoulder. There is a muffled cry of "Halt!" followed by a despairing wail. Suddenly a shot roars through the heavy silence. Steiner runs to the window, throws it open and leans out. Immediately he issues a hoarse command; then steps back into the room and faces the door—left. This opens presently, and the sentry comes in, with a limp gray body flung over his shoulder. His face is concealed from Steiner and from the audience. He advances into the center of the room and lowers the body gently to the floor.]

THE SENTRY—[kneeling beside the body]: My brother! Have I killed you?

STEINER: What the devil do you mean—calling this carrion your brother?

THE SENTRY—[in a low, vibrating voice]: He's hurt. I've shot him. I saw him hiding by the wall and I fired. That's what comes of having a gun in one's hands.

STEINER—[grasping the sentry by the shoulder]: Stand up and salute, you sniveling cur!

[The sentry slowly rises and looks Steiner full in the face.]

STEINER—[falling back]: God in Heaven! Who are you?

THE SENTRY: Does it matter who I am, since I wear this uniform?

STEINER—[glancing from the sentry's face to the figure of the Christ beyond]: You have the face of —— [With sudden recognition.] I know you now! I saw you act once—long ago—in the miracle play. You are ——

THE SENTRY: A private in the army of William of Prussia.

STEINER: The Christus! The Christus of Oberammergau!

THE SENTRY: The servant of an imperial master.

STEINER: So you've been drafted, eh? Even you—the Christus! [With a resumption of his military manner.] Well, whatever rôle you played before the war, you're a soldier now. Your only duty is to obey.

[The sentry stands rigidly at salute.]

STEINER: That's it! That's better! Now let's have a look at this swine. [He turns the body over with his foot.] A priest, eh? One of those damned monks the general wouldn't let us kill. No doubt he was sneaking back to murder us. There's gratitude for you! [He kicks the monk. The latter gives a groan and sits upright, staring before him in a daze. There is a wound upon his forehead, from which the blood flows. The sentry stoops and wipes the blood from the hurt man's face.]

STEINER—[furiously]: Attention!

[The sentry springs up and stands motionless. The door at the right opens and the general enters, partly unclothed, and purple with rage.]

VON EICHARDT—[harshly]: So! What is the meaning of this hubbub, Captain Steiner? Why am I disturbed like this? Who fired that shot?

STEINER: The sentry, sir. He saw this man skulking by the wall—and shot him.

VON EICHARDT: Ah-h! [He sees the face of the sentry.] *Himmel! Gott!* What is ——

[Steiner hastens forward and whispers in the general's ear. The general's mouth falls open. He stares at the sentry, slowly nodding his head to show that he understands. Gradually his bombastic air returns, and with it his Prussian temper. He approaches the prisoner.]

VON EICHARDT—[thickly]: Get up!

[The monk continues to stare hopelessly before him. The sentry stoops and addresses the prisoner in French; then helps him to his feet. The young monk—he is little more than a boy—leans against the sentry's shoulder for support. He does not look into the sentry's face.]

VON EICHARDT—[to the sentry]: You speak French?

THE SENTRY: Yes, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT: Ask this hound what he was doing out there?

THE SENTRY—[after questioning the monk in French]: He says, sir, that he came to get the little image of the Christ.

VON EICHARDT: A likely story! [Shouting at the prisoner.] Come, what were you up to? I want the truth now!

[The sentry repeats these questions. The monk replies at some length in broken sentences.]

THE SENTRY—[translating]: He says, sir, that to-morrow is Good Friday and that he could not bear to think of the image, before which he had prayed so often, remaining in the hands of the enemy. All day, while working in the trenches, he thought of the little image. When evening came he crawled out of the prisoners' pen and, climbing the mountain, hid by the wall, hoping to be able to enter the monastery and carry away the beloved figure of his Lord.

VON EICHARDT—[swaying drunkenly]: It's a lie! I know human nature. The scoundrel meant to assassinate us. What do you think, captain?

STEINER: I think as you think, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT: What could be clearer than that? Yet they say that we Prussians have no sense of justice! [Stares fiercely at the monk.] See how pale he is! Obviously the man's guilty. What treacherous dogs these Belgians are—eh!

STEINER: They have no sense of gratitude.

VON EICHARDT: I'll teach them gratitude! I'll show them what it means to threaten a German general. I'll make an example of this fellow.

STEINER: He deserves shooting.

VON EICHARDT: Shooting! Hah! You have no imagination, Captain Steiner. [Bringing his fist down upon the table.] Conduct this swine to the cellar and keep him alive till morning. To-morrow at daybreak he will be marched down into the village and nailed up to the door of the Hôtel de Ville!

STEINER: If you please, Excellenz, there is no more Hôtel de Ville. It was destroyed as a disciplinary measure.

VON EICHARDT: To the door of the church, then!

THE SENTRY—[starting forward]: No, no! In God's name ——

STEINER: Attention!

VON EICHARDT—[lurching toward his own door]: I'll show Belgium! I'll show the world what it means to threaten Prussia! [He goes out, banging the door.]

STEINER: To the cellar! Come now, march!

[The sentry, stunned with horror, half leads, half carries the young monk toward the door—left. As they pass out the wounded man makes an appealing gesture to the little figure of the Christ that he had risked his life to save. Captain Steiner stands stiffly alone in the center of the room.]

CURTAIN

Swift Tumult Shakes the Square; and a Great Shouting Goes Up, Beating Against the Walls of Dead Houses, Startling Innumerable Gray-Clad Soldiers From Their Sleep

Act II

A CHAMBER in the cellar of the monastery; the same night. A grated window shows in the wall—rear—through which a shaft of moonlight finds its way. The monk sits huddled over a candle upon the stone floor of the cellar, his head bowed upon his breast. He is dozing. A rat scuttles across the room and rouses him. He starts up and in a weak trembling voice begins to chant the Litany of Jesus.

THE MONK—[chanting]: Lord, have mercy upon us! Jesus, hated by the world; Jesus, sold for thirty pieces of silver; Jesus, betrayed by Judas—bound by soldiers—crowned with thorns—have mercy upon us! From anger, hatred, and every evil will; from war, famine and pestilence, O Lord, deliver us! [His voice breaks off.] My flesh is weak. I faint, even as Thou didst faint beneath Thy cross!

[The sentry enters through a door—left. His rifle is strapped across his shoulders. He carries in his hands a cup of wine and half a loaf of bread. The light of the moon falls upon his face, revealing it to the monk for the first time.]

THE MONK—[feverishly]: Lord, Lord, do you come to me indeed?

THE SENTRY—[softly]: My brother!

THE MONK—[still kneeling and regarding the other with rapt adoration]: Do you walk again upon the earth? Do you come once more to be crucified of men? Do you seek to-night another Gethsemane? Behold, there is Belgium, O my Master! Do you await another Judas? There is the enemy, O God, whose false kiss betrayed a world! Do you mount anew the Hill of Skulls? Well have you chosen this mountain! As for your judges, Lord, they wear the livery of a Cæsar, as of old!

THE SENTRY: You are faint, my brother. I have brought you food and drink.

THE MONK: It is Holy Week. I must fast.

THE SENTRY: But not beyond your strength. Eat this bread and drink this wine, I command you.

THE MONK—[in an awed voice]: Ah, I understand! It is the Sacrament! [He eats a little of the bread, crossing himself meanwhile, then takes a swallow of wine, placing the cup down upon the stones. The sentry, who has stooped to administer this refreshment, straightens up. The monk seizes the skirt of his greatcoat and is about to press it to his lips when he sees that it is the hated field gray of the German armies.]

THE MONK: You wear a strange coat, my Master! [The sentry stands rigid. The monk rises to his feet.]

THE MONK: You—you are not He! You are Judas! You are Satan himself! None but thieves and murderers wear such coats as this. You fiend of hell, have you come to mock me on the very night of my Lord's anguish?

THE SENTRY: I do not come to mock you. I am your friend; your brother.

THE MONK: I look at your cloak and I know you lie!

THE SENTRY: Look into my face instead.

THE MONK—[regarding the sentry with agonized gaze]: I—I am not sure. If you are my brother why do you carry a rifle?

THE SENTRY: They gave it to me. They placed it in my hands. They strapped it across my back. It is a burden to me, a cross upon my shoulder, a weight upon my soul.

THE MONK: It was you who shot at me out there by the wall. Your weapon has made a wound upon my forehead.

THE SENTRY: Forgive me!

THE MONK: One does not forgive so easily the hurts inflicted by your kind upon the flesh of Christendom.

THE SENTRY: Forgive me, brother!

THE MONK—[passionately]: You call me by the sacred name of brother; yet I doubt you. I doubt whether the word springs from your heart. Give me some proof, some sign.

THE SENTRY: So be it. [He draws from beneath his coat the plaster figure of the Christ.] You came to-night to obtain the little image of Jesus. Here it is.

THE MONK—[eagerly grasping it]: Ah, *la petite image adorée!* [He presses it to his lips.]

THE SENTRY: Now do you believe?

THE MONK: I believe!

THE SENTRY: And forgive?

THE MONK: I forgive you for the blood upon my own face. More than that I cannot do. For the great sea of blood that has been spilled there must be a great atonement.

THE SENTRY: Think you one man might atone for it all?

THE MONK: What! One man take upon himself the sins of a nation?

THE SENTRY: Have you forgotten Calvary? Have you forgotten Him who took upon Himself the sins of a world?

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The League of Free Nations

By H. G. WELLS

DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

THE time has arrived when it is possible to take stock of the accumulating mass of suggestions centering about the phrase the League of Nations. It is a phrase often very loosely used and often very recklessly abused. It must be confessed that to begin with it conveyed to most minds rather an aspiration than any detailed content. It was little more than the expression of a desire for some organized attempt to end war in the world; in some manner the states of the world were to come together in a more or less binding pledge to substitute law for force in their interaction. Thereby men's minds were to be released from the growing obsession with militarism and their energies released for better ends than warfare. But beyond that nothing was clear.

Within the frame supplied by this phrase, however, an enormous amount of mental activity has gone on, and much that was entirely vague has now been thought out. This war has forced upon men of the most diverse types and experiences a common conviction that the increasing range, destructiveness and inclusiveness of modern belligerence threaten to exhaust the resources of mankind and destroy human society; and what was at first the suggestion of a few intellectuals has become the basis for a series of weighed and balanced practical proposals, made not as Utopian improvements of human conditions but as plain necessities arising out of an otherwise intolerable situation.

We have, in the last four years, found out the real nature of modern war. The struggle has differed from warfare as mankind has hitherto known it. It has become a more onerous and unstable process, a struggle of uncontrollable inventions that makes insatiable demands upon every human resource. It has rapidly abolished nearly every discrimination between combatant and noncombatant, and it refuses to tolerate any other activity than itself. Everything goes in. It has ceased to be a war of fronts and become a war of whole populations; the submarine defies blockades and the command of the sea; the aëroplane grows not only in size and destructive power but in range of action. And withal, the new warfare remains less conclusive than any warfare has been for long periods of time. Continually it produces new and more costly and destructive weapons and renders wider areas uninhabitable.

The Burdens of an Armed Peace

WHEN this war concludes, unless it concludes in some absolutely convincing world pacification, it is manifest that there will have to be added to the army and navy of our former ideas, and kept always in a state of acute preparedness, a vast air fleet, a vast antiaircraft equipment, a vast extension of the navy for submarine and antisubmarine work, a huge, constantly developing tank force, a drilled population, and a huge establishment of war factories. We shall, indeed, be eaten up by armaments compared with which the armaments of 1913 will seem trivial miniatures.

Peace under insecure conditions, even if it brings a certain cessation of the slaughter, will bring but little relief of the burdens of armament. The masses will be called upon to bear these burdens still, without any of the stir and excitement of actual war or any hope of an end. Men of the laboring class, no longer under military discipline, will be packed in armament factories, engaged upon the endless tasks of preparedness. Food and every amenity of life will remain, as now, the skimped production of a fringe of inferior workers. Prices will continue to soar above wages.

Few observant people believe that labor will stand the new armed peace for long in any country of the world; and Russia has shown what may happen to a population strained beyond its breaking point. When a government goes, another government may take its place; but when a social system breaks, it is a stampede.

The nature of the prospect grows so clear that intelligent men of every party and every type of social prepossession are coming together upon this fundamental necessity of putting an end to war and the threat of war. There is no party in the political world that has not given prominent adherents now to the league-of-nations idea.

With this irruption into the league-of-nations movement of practical men convinced of the grave need of a real efficient check on war, there has been, one must admit, a considerable strain upon the exact intimations of the title. From the outset there has been a very understandable disposition to contemplate it as not strictly a league of nations but as a league of states; and the word "league" is now being strained very hard indeed in the direction of federation. A league implies that sovereignty is not infringed; but clear-headed men begin to realize quite early in the discussion that there can be no such thing as a secure and permanent world peace without very considerable qualifications of sovereignty.

President Wilson again has introduced a whole new set of considerations by inserting the adjective "free" before "nations." At the present time it is possible to classify the advocates of a league of nations into a number of groups differing very materially among themselves and agreeing exactly, indeed, only upon one idea—the initial proposition that it is a possible and necessary thing to restrain war by an international arrangement. Most of them agree that it is likely to prove an extraordinarily difficult thing to do; but they can see no alternative to the attempt but a fatalistic submission to the complete wreckage of our present civilization.

Roughly one may arrange league-of-nations proposals, as they are to be encountered at the present time, into a series between two extreme positions.

On the extreme left is what is practically a defeatist proposal, a mere rehabilitation of The Hague Tribunal. It is a timid scheme for delay and arbitration; some sort of international conference is to meet occasionally; there are to be a supreme court and a court of conciliation—the former to try disputes upon points of international law, the latter to discuss nonjusticiable differences.

No interference with the political constitution or internal arrangements of any state is contemplated; no organized disarmament and control of militarism can therefore occur. Germany, undefeated and unregenerate, will, for instance, be admitted to such a league on the expression of a few pious sentiments.

This is the scope of the American scheme of Mr. Theodore Marburg; and it has the support in England of such extreme radicals as Mr. Lowes Dickinson—if we may call men radicals who shrink from revolution. We may call these extremists the weak leaguers, and their proposal the Weak League of Nations. Nothing could be more acceptable to German imperialism, under a cloud, than the schemes they put forward. Such a league of nations would have about as much effect upon Hohenzollern Germany as a blue neck ribbon upon the aims and activities of a tiger. But the common sense of practical men breaks away from this proposal to keep the peace by gossamer. It breaks away in two directions, which are not nearly so opposed as one may think at the first glance. One is to reject and abuse the idea of a league of nations on the assumption that the Marburg scheme exhausts its possibilities—compare ex-President Roosevelt; the other is to put more substance into the proposal. Few of us desire to see, as a principal outcome of this world catastrophe, a collection of eminent jurists at The Hague making nervous gestures at the forces that will prepare the next.

What most sensible people desire is either a strong league of nations or no league of nations at all. If the beast of modern war is to be chained it must have a chain to hold it and not a packthread. The whole drift of recent discussion of the league of nations lies in the direction of estimating what weight of chain is absolutely necessary, and what we must do to get that chain.

The Tendency Toward a World State

FOR most of those who have recently come into the movement, it is not a question of whether we will have a world league or not, but what price in change, effort and independence we shall have to pay for it. A restoration of the crazy political world order of 1914, of a patchwork of absolutely independent sovereign empires, competitive, disingenuous and suspicious—and so compelled to be armed to the teeth, uncontrolled by any general understanding—is, in view of the steady development of the means of destruction, the one prospect we cannot endure.

Directly the idea of the league of nations is released from the limitation imposed upon it by the jurists—that it has to meet with the approval of a Hohenzollern-governed Germany—it begins to expand mightily in our minds. It begins to take on a form and an elaboration commensurate with the scale of the war. Instead of being a mere delaying intervention and remonstrance, upon the eve of war, of a respectable but powerless assembly of jurists, it enlarges into a project for a world control of the preparation for war and for a world anticipation of its causes. It becomes a scheme for a new political order in the world. To talk of love is to make love, the wise have said; still truer is it that to organize armies is to make war.

If the league of nations is to be a reality in the days to come it must have sufficient authority and power to inquire into, restrain and suppress armaments on land and sea, wherever and whenever any country in the world gets bitten with the passion for armament. That proposition carries with it tremendous corollaries; but if the league of nations is not to be conceived of as upon that scale, then most sensible men will give the league of nations a very limited and temperate or else an acutely suspicious attention.

A world control of armaments implies—and there is no good whatever in shirking the fact—some sort of world council, some sort of pooling of the naval, military and air forces of the world under that council, and a representation of the states of the world thereon in a manner commensurate with their strength and will. This is going beyond a league; this is an approach to world federation.

Mr. Belloc declares it amounts to a World State, and the Fabian Research Committee, in its league-of-nations project, calls it, in the Shavian jargon affected by that society, a Superstate. But the discussion of the relations between a central control with delegated powers on the one hand and of sovereign states thereunder on the other has been one of the chief employments of American publicists for more than a century; and a European writer should go warily among terms they

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THE QUITTER

By GEORGE PATTULLO

DECORATION BY H. J. SOULEN

SIX men lay on cots in a field hospital somewhere in France. No barrier separated them from the other patients in the ward; but, had the Chinese Wall stood between, they could not have been more effectually segregated. Among the twoscore injured soldiers there, the six were outcasts, branded with shame. Above their heads hung a long sign: Self-Inflicted Wounds.

Suddenly the door opened and a major general strode in, followed by his chief of staff and an aid. Their coming brought a pleasant jingle. A high officer always makes a jingle when he moves; the higher his rank, the louder the jingle—unless he happens to belong to the aviation, where the rule is upset.

Everybody turned his head to see who it was, for the very air of the place instantly became charged with authority. Some of the wounded stirred and smiled, hoping that the Old Man would recognize them. He paused in front of their cots and spoke a few words. Then he walked on to the end of the ward, toward the six S. I. W.'s, the aid and chief of staff loitering behind him.

They lowered their gaze, looking profoundly miserable. Two pretended to be dozing. For a long minute the general stared at them.

"I've got something to say to you men," he began, not unkindly. "The offense of which you have been guilty is one of the most serious in war. Often it is punishable by death—a swift trial and execution.

"But I don't intend even to push the charge against you. You will not even face a court. In my opinion you acted on a momentary impulse, springing from want of training and consequent want of discipline.

"Therefore, I intend to give you another chance. I am going to send you back to your regiments as soon as you are well, and there you will have the opportunity to reinstate yourselves among your comrades.

"It is your one chance to get back your self-respect. Without self-respect, a man had better be dead. It is your one chance. Go to it!"

He turned abruptly on his heel and strode out, his spurs clinking bravely.

Five of the six drew long breaths of relief and wiped the perspiration from their pallid faces. The boy at the far end neither moved nor raised his eyes; but down his cheeks rolled two big tears. Presently his lips began to quiver and he turned his face to the wall.

What Led Up to It

PERHAPS he was twenty years old; at any rate, he was a volunteer. Certainly one would never have suspected from his general appearance that he could possibly be an S. I. W., for he was big and husky, of athletic build; his features were strong. Yet his eyes lacked steadiness at times and in the lines of his mouth was an indefinable suggestion of weakness, such as you see oftener in movie cold-cream heroes than in soldiers and men of the outdoors.

All in all, he represented a higher type than his five cosufferers under the S. I. W. banner. Three of them were frankly riffraff, barren alike of pride or shame. That sort of human being is hopeless wherever you find him; disgrace holds no terrors for him; the only spur to duty lies in presenting to him a greater terror than the one he is evading. Officers who have had to drag men to their feet in the midst of a trench bombardment will bear me out.

Three, then, were of no account and never would be. They belonged to a shiftless class, the members of which often enlist in the army late in the fall because they want a job for the winter—the boys call them snowbirds. The two others were roughnecks pure and simple—uneducated and ignorant, but with the making of real soldiers in them. Their acts had been due to temporary depression, with domestic troubles at home forming the basis. Already they bitterly regretted the step.

"Say, buddy, what's eatin' you?" demanded one of the hopeless three; but the boy on the end did not answer.

He was going over step by step, for the hundredth time, everything that had led up to his self-inflicted wound. Why had he done it? Why had he weakened when the others were able to stick it out? If only he could live the past month over again! He knew intuitively how his comrades would talk about him.

"Who? Arnold? He's in the hospital. Sure! Shot himself through the hand—S. I. W. Couldn't stand the gaff—the big yellow dog!"

And he burned with shame. They had begun by nicknaming him Windy. What name was he known by now in the company?

Yet he would have another chance. As soon as his hand was sound he could go back and wipe out the disgrace. At the thought he gritted his teeth with fierce determination; then shuddered in the next breath, for deep in his heart he was not yet sure of himself.

Once again he reviewed all the incidents and circumstances leading up to the shooting. They were photographed on his brain; he could see them as vividly as the action on a picture screen.

The —— Regiment had gone into the trenches for training on a black night of wind and rain, taking over a sector from the French. The relief was made without incident; but almost immediately afterward the boches identified the Americans and began artillery strafing. It was no longer a rest sector. There was constant sniping and much blazing away in the dark—green troops always do four times as much shooting as veterans—and the American artillery adopted reprisal fire in the ratio of five for one.

"Whenever they fling over as many as eight shells within thirty minutes," said the captain of Arnold's company to his lieutenants, "you can call for reprisal fire."

They snorted.

"We'll call, all right!" said one. "But why the Sam Hill can't our batteries leave 'em alone now and again? Just when everything is nice and peaceful—blooey! Away they go, and next thing you know we're gettin' it from the boches. It looks like they want to stir 'em up. The artillery never does think about the infantry."

To Windy, trench life became a nightmare. The regular morning and afternoon shelling did not bother him especially, for he knew that an attack in broad daylight was unlikely; and, besides, the enemy contented himself with flinging seventy-sevens and shrapnel round the kitchens and spraying those sections of trench where his observers reported work in progress. A few salvos and the firing died down. A man could take refuge in a dugout and be reasonably sure nothing would harm him. But when the German batteries laid down a bombardment in the dead of night he sweated and shivered. That might presage a raid and hand-to-hand, body-to-body fighting, there in the blackness.

The gas alarms, too, shook him to the soul. There is no more menacing, sinister sound than the wail of the sirens along the trench in the dark hours; and they were hearing it constantly. It was the company's first tour, and the men were nervous and jumpy. The sentries were forever detecting odors and bawling "Gas!" Twice or thrice every night the doughboys were roused to don masks and prepare for the worst.

And there is no terror to the dwellers in a dugout like the terror of gas. It is so unearthly, so creeping and stealthy; a man is so helpless against it. All he can do is wait—wait, muffled and half strangled, for the unseen enemy to steal upon him.

Arnold obtained scarcely any sleep. He went on duty in a listening post at night for two hours; then four off for rest—but those four hours brought no rest to him. The nervous tension was too great. His comrades promptly dropped off to sleep on being relieved, or shot craps on the floor of the dugout; but they were of stronger fiber than Windy. He couldn't do it. All he could do was lie inertly in a bunk, anticipating something dreadful.

The day brought relief, but a scant measure of rest. It happened that the trenches were sadly run down, for things had been quiet so long on this Front that their former occupants had not bothered to keep them in repair. That necessitated working parties both morning and afternoon, and Windy had his share of them. Digging drain ditches, clearing out cave-ins, building revetments—there was a constant call for labor.

The Yellow Streak Widens

THREE days of intermittent artillery activity left him demoralized. The shelling was not heavy. Indeed, it was a joke compared with a he-sector; but this was Arnold's first time in and it was "just plain hell" to him.

He dropped the habits of cleanliness for which he had been noted in his platoon; and when a man does that he is on the toboggan. He lost his sprightliness, became dispirited and sullen. The chow did not agree with him, though the same food, cooked by the same cook, had failed to satisfy his ravenous appetite in the training area.

Finally the lieutenant had to call him down for untidiness and failure to shave; then, noting Windy's haggard face, he inquired whether he was sick.

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "My stomach's gone back on me."

But the top sergeant placed another interpretation on his trouble.

"Sure his stomach's gone back on him, lieutenant," he remarked later; "but he ain't any more sick than I am. He's a quitter—that's all! Yellow!"

Events speedily confirmed this verdict. Making the rounds one night the platoon commander did not find Arnold at his post. To punish him, he sent Windy out with a working party in the wire the following night. It scared Arnold so badly that he grew limp; but he had to go along with the others and fix the gap.

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IN THE TRENCHES OF TRADE

By Forrest Crissey

"I HOPE Mr Baker gets my number!" fervently exclaimed the owner of a village dry-goods store, his eyes following a woman customer who was moving haughtily toward the door. "I'm ready to quit the store for the camp any day. There goes a customer who has peppered me with verbal shrapnel for fifteen minutes steady because I asked her two dollars for an article for which she had paid one-fifty before. She really believes that I'm trying to rob her, that I'm profiteering, and that the Government ought to haul me over the coals and take my license away from me. There are more like her too—plenty of them. They belong to the class that could get along nicely if every printed page in the world, except the mail-order catalogue, was eliminated. So far as connecting the war with prices of merchandise, her kind hasn't yet awakened to the fact that the nation is in the great world fight.

"Of course women of this sort are in a decided minority, even in the back towns of the country; but there are just enough of them left to make the life of the country storekeeper a perpetual discipline. After he's been shelled and gassed by two or three customers of this kind he's inclined to look at life in the camp and the trenches as almost alluring. A man just naturally hates to be thought a profiteer when he's using every ounce of resourcefulness he can command to keep his business going, to get stock enough to halfway satisfy his trade, and to have a few things that look attractive and comparatively reasonable in price.

"Again, the restraining hand of the Government is felt in almost every line of goods by even a small store like this. I'm not kicking on that—every good American merchant wants to do everything within his power to help work out the national problem—but I'm simply saying that keeping up with these restrictions and conforming to these constantly changing regulations is some job for the small-town merchant. About all his buying habits are overturned, and most of the time he feels like a mariner trying to steer without a compass. Taking everything together, the country storekeeper is certainly having a grand chance to accumulate gray hairs and the fruits of responsibility and experience."

This incident moved me to make a little investigation as to merchandising conditions in this man's store and town. I found comparatively few articles in his stock that were not selling at double what he got for them a year or two ago. In some cases the advance was more than that.

Increased Cost of Textiles

"THE whole trouble," remarked the merchant, "is not in the advance in price. In many cases quality has traveled down quite as far and fast as price has traveled up. This makes the gap more conspicuous. And we are told that this unpleasant change has only fairly started, that less wool is going to be put into woolen goods than ever before, and that prices are certain to continue upward. The men in the trade who tell us these things ought to know. Their guess has surely been good so far.

"But one of the hardest things for the country merchant to handle is the matter of inability to get goods that have established themselves with his customers. Take children's hose, for example. I've had a continual struggle to keep anything like a reasonable line of this merchandise in stock. The same may be said as to woolen underwear. Now the better grades of undergarments are ordered from a sample book instead of from stock. In other words, your wholesaler honors your order after the garments have been sold to your customers—and in most cases a good long time after! I judge that this system is to avoid tying up materials and labor in sizes that will stay on the shelves. It amounts to manufacturing an order from the consumer and for immediate use only.

"In piece goods of almost every sort we are continually up against the shortage of wholesale and factory stocks. Here, for example, is a bolt of piece goods of a standard brand of which we normally sell about forty bolts a year. At the present outlook we stand a chance of getting five bolts. Though there are some lines of goods that are still obtainable almost as freely as ever, it is hardly too much to say that they are fast becoming novelties. When a storekeeper gets all his order calls for in any kind of merchandise these days he pricks up his ears and wonders why. The old basis of trade relations is reversed. To-day the retailer begs the wholesaler for goods and the wholesaler tells him how much he'll be allowed.

"Now if you want to make a job of it and get the full line of the wartime storekeeper's troubles, don't forget about buying ahead. The other day I received notice that if I wanted to get any woolen underwear I'd have a chance to place my order about a year ahead. This new fashion of long-range future buying makes the small country merchant feel like a gambler.

"I came home from that buying expedition with the feeling that I'd mortgaged my future for a long time ahead. Of course we don't have to pay for those goods in advance, but at the same time I haven't noticed any growing elasticity as to future datings; on the other hand, credit terms are apparently growing tighter in respect to future deliveries. Evidently the wholesalers are getting these matters standardized and are keeping the reins well in hand.

"Just for good measure in the trouble basket, toss on top the trifling consideration of increased capital. If this store had contained at the outbreak of the war as many dollars' worth of goods, of the same lines, as it now holds, every aisle and shelf would have been full almost to the ceiling. The country store that isn't using twice the capital it did then has either lost trade at a fierce rate or else it is starving its stocks. In some cases it is not easy to make the country banker understand that this demand for more money with which to do business is not due to a personal deficiency in the merchant instead of to a general commercial condition.

"It seems to me that the dry-goods merchant has it just a little harder than anybody else in trade. That may be because I'm in dry goods. It is a fabric business at bottom, and the changes in fabrics have followed so fast that the whole movement ought to be called the Substitution Quickstep. It is some busy little dance; and I'm told that it is just beginning to warm up a bit at that."

This peep into the perplexities besetting one kind of country merchant led me to look into those of the other storekeepers in this typical Mid-Western village where I had once lived and where I knew each business man personally. The owner of the little clothing store is a real merchant, and it would be hard to find a better-stocked, better-equipped or better-kept store for men in any other town of three thousand inhabitants in the country. Knowing that this merchant's success has been built upon personal integrity, I probed him on the question of profits, and suggested that there was a common notion that storekeepers were reaping a rich harvest in these war days and that profiteering was a term that could be applied in every community. His answer was this:

"If I had to depend upon the goods I have bought lately for my margins, I shouldn't be making my bread and salt. Maybe some merchants have the iron nerve to keep advancing their prices as fast as the wholesaler shoves his up; but I haven't. And I guess I have quite a bit of company on that score throughout the country. We storekeepers are all more or less human and not mere adding machines. We have to take our customers into consideration when it comes to marking up goods to keep pace with the rising market. On some things I go the whole figure; but on others I feel bound to split the rise with the customer. This is one place where a storekeeper proves whether he's a merchant or not.

"There are not many lines in this store in which I am not selling some goods at retail for what the same goods are now bringing at wholesale. In several cases I cannot go out into the wholesale market and buy the goods I am selling for the prices at which I am passing them on to my customers. On the other hand, I am selling other goods at a rather long profit. In both cases I was fortunate enough to stock up rather heavily when prices were much lower than they are now."

The Retailer's Problems

"FOR example, I bought a good line of overalls when they were relatively low. I have kept the prices on these down. They are things the laboring man must have, and must buy rather frequently too. This, I figured, was a good thing on which to depress the price to the limit. I couldn't buy to-day for $18 a dozen the garment of this kind I am retailing at $1.50.

"At the same time I am making, at that price, a fair margin on the article.

"When we went into the war these overalls cost $4.75 a dozen—and salesmen were eager to crowd them upon the retailer at this price. Another article in the same class is the working shirt. This has risen, in the same period, from $4.25 a dozen, wholesale, to $12.50. On the basis of present cost these should sell for at least $1.25. Here, again, is where I apply the lid and sell them for $1. On both these necessities I am making a good profit; but that is going to stop when my stock runs out. Then I'll have to boost my price—either the whole figure or part of it.

"As these things are essentials for laboring people I shall probably not increase the price up to my normal percentage of profit. I'll try to even up on something in the luxury line. It seems simply impossible to jump the price on some things to keep up with the wholesale advance.

"Here's a pair of heavy machine-knit gloves, for example, which have always been standard at twenty-five cents, retail—and they yielded a fair margin at that price. This glove now costs me forty-four cents at wholesale. If I put the price on this article up to where it should be to bear its share of the burden of the store I'd hear a yell of protest from every customer who comes in to buy a pair. And he

will go out with a notion that I am profiteering. Consequently I sell the glove at fifty cents—exactly double the standard price of two years ago—and pocket a loss.

"In the same way I am selling for $8 shoes that cost me $6.75 a pair, wholesale. Any person who has the slightest idea of the present-day wartime cost of doing business knows that these margins will not carry the merchant anywhere except to the bankruptcy court.

"Do I blame the laborer for kicking on paying from $1.50 to $2.50 for an overall that he has always bought for fifty cents? I certainly do not. He has no blame coming to him when he kicks on paying $1.50 for that garment. Probably in some communities wages have been multiplied by three and four; but not here, and not in most country towns."

Between the lines of these two statements may be read a most interesting revelation. Thousands of retailers are making more money in this year of war 1918 than in any preceding year of their history, and at the same time are retailing many of their goods at lower than these same articles can be bought in the wholesale market. They are reaping an investment profit rather than a merchandising profit. Their situation is somewhat parallel to that of the farmer who makes only a meager living, perhaps, from the operation of his farm, but is accumulating a solid fortune through the rise in value of his farm land.

If any farmer has been called a profiteer for taking the increase in his property value produced by fundamental economic forces, I have never heard of it. It seems to me that the merchant who has consistently shared this property advance with his customers has a fairly good alibi to the charge of profiteering.

Then there is the future and the world's return to peace! Any merchant who overlooks the simple and obvious fact that every hill has two sides is heading for a jolt. True, the traveler sometimes strikes a table-land so vast that it seems to be a hill without a drop side. These one-sided hills have perhaps been more common in business—particularly in America—than they are in Nature; but at best they are rare enough to be regarded as novelties. The law of averages doesn't encourage us to expect their recurrence at frequent intervals.

The chances seem to be at least fair that there is going to be a peak and also a drop to this price hill which we have been climbing so fast that merchants have almost despaired of marking up their wares to keep pace with the ascent. The present diversion to which the farsighted merchant is devoting much thought is the reverse of the automobile driver's desire: instead of an ambition to take the hill on high he is preparing to take the drop on low, and thereby make the jolt as light as possible. The scarcity of many lines of merchandise is giving considerable aid in this direction.

Disappearing Canines

SO, TOO, is the pressure of demand on the "dear, dead stocks of other days." The war demand has applied the vacuum cleaner to many country-store stocks that have gathered dust on forgotten shelves for many a season. Sharp retailers in almost every county have been doing a little foraging in the more remote sections of their territory for these stocks in the backwaters of rural trade. In fact, hunting the dead stock is a decidedly popular pastime among the retail merchants who are tired of hearing the traveling salesman say: "That good old standard stuff is out of the market. You couldn't scare up a piece at any price."

They are equally weary of receiving a notice from the wholesale house reading: "Your allowance will be one-fifth of the amount of your order." Storerooms and top shelves, the contents of which have remained undisturbed by the hands of owners who regard invoicing as useless waste of energy, have been explored and emptied by visiting merchants who have taken up the profitable sport of trailing dead stocks.

Shrewd traveling men who go into the remote country districts where the general store is as much a social center as a commercial enterprise have become skilled spotters for these caches of goods that were bought at prices which now seem absurd, and which perhaps are also of a quality that makes them novelties to-day. This applies especially to fabrics and apparel of almost every kind—notions, hosiery, shoes, leather goods, drugs and drug-store supplies and certain lines of hardware.

Sniping old stock is certainly in its open season; and it is a sport that may be described as the spice of competition. The grocer-hardware merchant of a small town chuckled gayly as he said:

"A long time back my customers out in the country kept asking me for canvas gloves until I got tired of refusing; so I bought a bale of them. There was a mighty good margin in 'em at two pair for a quarter. Well, when the war came and the price on this stuff climbed I just failed to mark my work gloves up—wanted to have as many things round that were selling at old prices as I could, so as to take the curse off the stuff that had to go up. I couldn't go into the market to-day and buy canvas gloves with the workmanship and material in them that these have. They're not made any more.

"One of my competitors was just in trying to buy those gloves from me. First, he offered the retail price, and then put a premium on top of that. Said his customers were talking about the gloves and their price, and that it was making trouble for him! I figured that if it was making trouble for him it was sure making trade for me, and was about the best kind of advertising I could get; so I told him I'd let my customers have the rest of 'em at the present price. Now this competitor is as square as they make 'em and he'll probably drop the matter where it is; but some slick ones would send a lot of stool pigeons to gather in the gloves for him.

"I have a dozen other things in stock that I am using in the same way as trade builders! I was lucky enough to have a good stock of things left over at the old low prices, and I'm selling them at less than they can be bought at wholesale to-day. Nearly all of them are low-priced necessities—the things that are sold every day to laborers and farmers. These are the things on which to make a price showing that will pull trade and make friends for the days when the prices are not going up."

There is not a town in the country where this phase of competition is not played with all the skill the merchants can command. Those who hold the best hands are the men at the two extremes—the alert, aggressive and financially strong merchant who saw the shortage coming, bought heavily before the big price jump came, and the sleepy backwater storekeeper who found himself with high-priced merchandise on his hands simply because he had consistently overbought and undersold.

To get another angle of country-town storekeeping I strayed into the meat market and asked in what way the great war had most changed the market man's trade. Pointing to a back counter heaped with small packages, he remarked:

"It has made a shrinkage in the size of packages that certainly lightens the load of the delivery cart. On an average, our packages are about half as big as they used to be—and there are not so many of them, by at least a third, as there used to be. Judging from our own experience, the civilian population of this country is not eating more than half the meat for each person that it consumed before we went into the war. Price is one reason and propaganda is another.

"You've got to hand it to both Mr. Hoover and the housewives of this country. When Mr. Hoover has asked for meatless days, porkless days, lambless days, or any other kinds of sacrifice, the women have responded with hardly an exception, so far as my customers are concerned—and probably they are no more patriotic than the women of any other community. The result has been that a great many families have changed their meat-eating habits to a radical extent.

"I used to believe that so long as man carried those two canine teeth he would be a safe bet for the butcher and a relatively poor risk for the vegetarian. But if this war were to keep up a few years longer I should begin to look for signs of the disappearance of the canine teeth from the jaws of man. Mr. Hoover has certainly hit the meat market one awful wallop, and it's going to take the retail meat trade some time after peace comes to recover from the blow.

"Though we are doing as much or more business in dollars as we did before the war, our volume in pounds has, as I have said, shrunk almost beyond recognition. Take the well-known and popular pork chop as an illustration of where the meat-market man gets off in this seesaw between dollars and pounds. When pork chops were fifteen cents a pound, for example, our margin of profit was three cents a pound. In other words, when we had sold one dollar and five cents' worth of chops our profit was twenty-one cents. To-day chops are forty cents, and a sale of two pounds and a half rings the cash register at the dollar mark."

Close Buyers and Exact Weights

"TO MAKE the same margin on the dollar of trade we should have to slap on a profit of nine cents a pound, less a small fraction. Do we do that? We do not! We haven't the nerve. Six cents a pound is practically the limit of what the traffic will stand—and that means a gross profit of fifteen cents on the dollar. That margin isn't going to go far toward paying the overhead expenses in these days, as any merchant in any line can tell you. As a matter of fact, it will go just about halfway."

All grocers and market men admit that the shopping habits of the average housewife have been revolutionized by the market basket, which has come to be considered both a symbol of patriotism and an emblem of social correctness. The keeper of a village meat market gives the new custom of buying over the counter credit for shrinking the size of his packages as well as diminishing their number. As a rule, meats are now bought with double the discrimination that was used before Mr. Hoover's name became a household word in America.

"Once," he declares, "the big part of my trade was over the telephone and the whole transaction was rather wide open, with the seller acting as umpire as to quality, quantity and sometimes price. In a roast or a boiling piece, for example, the weight suggested by the customer could easily be exceeded by a pound or three pounds, according to the customer and the size of the family for which the meat was bought. To-day cutting to order is down to a fine art, and there are many of our customers who will not stand for an ounce more than the weight they name.

"Crowding the customer on the score of weight was once the market man's main reliance as a means of increasing sales; now it is about the shortest cut he can take to getting in wrong with his trade. What has brought this about? Buying meats over the counter, by personal examination, instead of by telephone. This is what has really turned the trick. Absentee shopping is admirable as an act of faith; but the records show that it spreads moral disintegration in two directions—it tempts the dealer to overreach and lulls the customer into a state of lazy indifference to her own interests.

"When Mr. Hoover hung the marketing basket on the arm of the housewife who had before belonged to the telephone shoppers' brigade, and made it a matter of social and patriotic duty for her to buy her meats from the slab and the block, and her groceries over the counter,

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DAFFY

By EDGAR JEPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

HIS name was Daubigny Bligh, but the strong sense of euphony of his fastidious school fellows compelled them to call him Daffy. Daffy Bligh falls more gratefully on the sensitive ear. Sometimes, for two or three weeks of a term, he would be called Baby Bligh; then Daffy would reassert its euphonic superiority.

The name Baby was a tribute to his face, not to his figure. It was a large, long, square babyish face of supreme innocence, the face of a good sedate baby, who rarely cries. It had not, however, the babyish pink complexion; it was an unassuming brown. His figure was tall, broad and thick for his years; but he never presumed on it. No one ever saw Daffy leap, or even run. His gait was a gentle lounge.

Apparently he had taken to heart that fine proverb: "Fair and softly goes far in a day." Apparently also, his mind to him a kingdom was. No other boy in the school talked so little. This reticence did not seem to rise from any mental deficiency. The words that did issue from his lips were as pertinent as most; yet there was no rapt look of the dreamer in his mild blue eyes. For the most part, a quiet satisfaction beamed from them.

To the masterpieces of antiquity, whether in poetry or prose, his brain was impervious. Those masterpieces were the chief feature of the education doled out at Middleham College, one of the smaller public schools. During those precious hours with the great writers of ancient Greece and Rome, whom his masters, with an effortless ease, made appear so small and so boring, his expression was vacuous; his attempts, made under pressure, to construe immortal lines were futile. Therefore, his form masters thought poorly of him. They could have forgiven him this failure had he shone at cricket, or even at football. But there was a violence about those games repugnant to his gentle spirit, and he shirked them, sometimes with successful guile, more often without excuse.

His masters, cricket enthusiasts to a man, thought yet more poorly of him. The fact that his French was rather better than that of the boys three forms above him, because he had had a French nurse and a French governess as a child, fads of his father, and the fact that his arithmetic was really good, were not to their minds any compensation for his failure in cricket and the classics.

But Daffy was not a slacker; he was a gentle spirit, averse to violent exercise. Also, he was one of those rarer gentle spirits who are resolved to lead their own lives in their own way and who bring a considerable tenacity to the compassing of that end.

His schoolfellows bore with him. They never, though they did not know it, felt that he was one of themselves. The sisters of his schoolfellows liked him; and he showed signs of liking them. When he was but fifteen he was a welcome guest at the lawn-tennis parties, which were the chief summer social gatherings of the town.

Then the war came upon Daffy at the age of seventeen and slowly transformed his world. Middleham College at once started an Officers' Training Corps. Daffy was one of the first to join it. He was induced to take the step by the massacres in Belgium. They grated on his gentle spirit. Indeed, he surprised and rather shocked his schoolfellows by an outburst of furious stammering indignation over the murders at Dinant.

Ferrars, the captain of the football team, felt bound to gloss it over, saying: "I've always known that there was something queer about Daffy." And the rest of them realized that they, too, had known it.

Daffy joined the school O. T. C.; but he was gentle with it. He learned his drill and attended the parades with assiduity; but he remained a private. He made no effort to become a section commander, much less to rise to higher and even more laborious rank. Captain Carstairs, the master who ran the corps, preferred more energetic enthusiasts; but he had to admit that Daffy was an efficient private and one of the best marksmen in the corps.

"I Don't Want You to Talk to Anyone About Me, Daffy—Tell Them Anything About Me, I Mean: That My Father Was a German"

Late in 1914 Mr. Bligh, returning at nine o'clock one evening, was surprised to find Daffy at home, and even more surprised to find him with a German grammar. An injudicious parent, instead of displaying satisfaction at finding his son engaged on so praiseworthy a task he said in a captious tone that the war would be over long before Daffy knew German. Daffy seemed unimpressed by the prophecy.

Indeed, he made very good progress in the learning of German, a useful colloquial German. To scholarship he did not aspire. He acquired some at school, but much more from a small jeweler and watchmaker, above whose shop the pre-war name of H. Bloch had been replaced, in larger and bolder letters, by Henry Block. There had been some talk of interning Block; but, being of a sheeplike aspect and as he had been in Middleham for thirty years, he was generally regarded as harmless. Daffy was alive to the fact that Heinrich Bloch's colloquial German was out of date; but his daughter Hilda had returned in June from a two-year stay in Berlin and Daffy conversed chiefly with her.

She was an uncommonly pretty girl of twenty-two, of a warm coloring and a vivacity rare indeed among German girls; and Daffy found her a stimulating teacher. Indeed, he fell in love with her. The result was that at the end of three months he was talking German to her with considerable fluency and a creditable accent. He could also read, slowly, simple German tales.

Hilda enjoyed Daffy's warm admiration of her, though she made light of it, for no one came a-courting her, pretty as she was. Stories of the treatment of wounded Middleham men had come to the town and the feeling against her country was growing more bitter. Moreover, she and her father were glad of the tuition fees Daffy paid, for business was falling off.

In May she went to live in London and Daffy was disconsolate. But he could talk German; also, he could write that language. He wrote to Hilda in it for nearly eight weeks; but, in truth, he had become reconciled to his loss at the end of five weeks. A Miss Marion Hazleden had dimmed somewhat the impression Hilda had made on his faithful boyish heart.

He did not apply for a commission till the spring of the next year, when he was nearly nineteen. He had decided that the strenuous open-air life of an Officers' Cadet Corps should be lived in the summer. Even so, he was not the most strenuous member of the corps; but the life and training did him a world of good. It put plenty of stiffening into both his physical and moral backbone. Also, he added some military German to his colloquial German, became almost a trick shot with the automatic pistol, and acquired a useful working knowledge of the game of auction. In the autumn he received his commission.

The depot of his regiment, the Fourth Midlanders, was on the outskirts of Milldown, one of the chief manufacturing towns in the Midlands and now a town of munition factories. He found regimental life restful after the life of the cadet corps, though there was plenty of work to be done, for they were turning raw rustic material into the finished military product against time.

Daffy proved himself a useful manufacturer. His imperturbable and almost languorous calm proved most valuable in handling a well-meaning but wholly awkward squad. He never rattled it and it never rattled him. The old sergeants, torn from their repose to instruct and train, approved his methods. They said he had an old head on young shoulders. Oddly enough he was a bit of a martinet; but his men liked him. That much keener soldier, the platoon captain, Christopher Helmsley, they hated. He was not only a martinet but a bully.

The younger of his brother officers neither liked nor disliked Daffy. Like his schoolfellows they felt that he was not quite one of themselves. He was on friendlier terms with the older men and most of all with Lestrange, the adjutant. A pukka officer, he had left the army four years before the war, but had emerged from his retirement at the beginning of 1915 to do excellent work at the Front and at the depot. He was a long, lean, dark, lantern-jawed man of the world, with a passion for cards; and he had been amused and attracted by Daffy's judicious game at billiards, which he appreciated before he had seen him play half a dozen times. Since both of them spent much of their leisure at the Milldown Club, Lestrange had opportunities of cultivating him; and he took them. What he liked about Daffy was that he left the young and foolish alone—as much as they would let him—and devoted himself to the old and knowing.

He soon found that he had done well to cultivate Daffy. He amused him. He never knew whether Daffy would display the supreme ingenuousness of youth or the world-worn astuteness of an aged man about town. Also, he observed that Daffy's mild blue eyes saw a great deal more than the more obviously piercing eyes of the people with whom they consorted. In fact, it missed next to nothing. He took him to two or three of the houses of the leading men of the town and was not surprised to find that the women liked him. Once started, Daffy was invited to many more houses.

Another bond that united the pair was their dislike of Helmsley. It was not only that he was of the bluff, vigorous, assertive type, between which and the gentle Daffys and Lestranges there is a natural antipathy, but it was thanks to Helmsley that the nickname Daffy had replaced Bligh at Milldown. He had somehow learned Daffy's Middleham name and spread the information. Daffy did not mind this much, but he thought Bligh better suited to his rank.

Also, Helmsley was always so very much his superior officer in and out of season. He was curt with him, patronizing, and frequently overbearing. Daffy decided that he had a down on him; and he could not think of any reason for it.

Helmsley's attitude to Lestrange was even yet more odd. He treated him with a half-veiled contemptuousness difficult to resent, but galling. Daffy observed it and wondered what the reason for it could be. He learned that Helmsley talked about them behind their backs as wasters. He could not see it; Lestrange and he were doing their work as well as anyone in the battalion.

With the rest of the mess Helmsley was very popular. His laugh alone would have insured that. It was ready, ever ready indeed, sometimes to the point of unseasonableness; he rarely spoke without a laugh when off the parade ground. It was a jovial laugh, and it was loud. He had a broad, an uncommonly broad humor. He was always ready for a drink, did more than his share of standing drinks, and could carry a great deal of liquor without turning a hair. Moreover, he was the crack quarterback of the football team, and his keenness about his work made him a great favorite of the C. O.

Daffy, following the line of least resistance, saw as little as he could of Helmsley when he was not on duty; but on the parade ground he saw far too much of him. One thing that annoyed him greatly was that Helmsley would often take over a squad on which he had been working and, by a couple of hours' nagging and bullying, throw it back three or four days in its work. Like all those who do not love work for work's sake, Daffy hated to have any work he had done undone.

It seemed to him that Helmsley had no understanding of the men.

It was so plainly an axiom with him that they were either dolts or shirkers, when, as a matter of fact, Daffy knew the great bulk of them were keen to do their best.

He was pleased indeed when one day Lestrange, who had come up unperceived behind him, listened to Helmsley bullying a squad for three minutes, and then, taking him aside, gave him a thorough dressing down about it. Daffy thought Helmsley took it badly—cringing rather. After all, he had only been acting up to his belief.

Later Lestrange told him he had talked to the C. O. about it, and that the C. O. had rather pooh-poohed the matter, ascribing Helmsley's method to excessive keenness.

"I told him it was the kind of keenness that gets a man shot in the back the first time he leads his platoon into action. I've been there! There are hot heads in that platoon, and they won't stick it. But the C. O. didn't understand," said Lestrange.

"It's a very good platoon, sir," said Daffy, standing up for it.

"Yes; it has the brightest buttons and the longest punishment list of any platoon we have ever had at the depot," said Lestrange dryly.

Daffy was worried. A few days later he was somewhat annoyed by a matter that was no business of his. His second brother, William, a lieutenant in a Mechanical Transport Corps, at home on leave, rode over on a motorcycle from Middleham to pay him a visit. They lunched at the mess. Helmsley was in great feather, as usual the bluff and noisy soul of the party.

As they strolled down to the club after lunch his brother said with a profound air:

"It's a small world. Only a fortnight ago I saw that fellow Helmsley in Chiswick High Street with that pretty little girl you learned German from, the daughter of old Bloch, the watchmaker. I shouldn't have noticed him if it hadn't been for her. And today I lunch at the same mess with him."

"Yes; it's a small world," said Daffy, with none of the annoyance the news caused him in his tone. It never occurred to him that his brother could be making a mistake; for, though William was slow in the uptake, he was uncommonly sure. Besides, Helmsley had been away on leave a fortnight before.

"They seemed to be on uncommonly good terms with each other," said this brother.

Daffy was yet more annoyed. But he had no right to be annoyed. At the moment the image of Miss Anne Kiblethwaite, the daughter of one of Milldown's most prosperous shell manufacturers, a lady only four years older than himself, filled his heart to the natural exclusion of the images of all others. But he was distinctly annoyed that Hilda should be on such friendly terms with the detested Helmsley.

He told himself that the reason for his annoyance was his strong feeling that Helmsley was not at all the kind of man to be the friend of such a pretty girl as Hilda. Helmsley was given to talking about women.

Moreover, this friendship explained Helmsley's knowledge of his Middleham name, and Daffy resented his having learned it from Hilda.

He thought about it, still with annoyance, during his intervals of leisure during the day, and decided that the next time he went to London on leave he would make a point of seeing Hilda and telling her the kind of man Helmsley was. He felt that he could do no less. The ingenuousness which sometimes amused and even startled Lestrange ran that way. But the matter was driven from his mind by more worrying events.

First, the platoon was going wrong. The more of a whole it became, the worse it grew; and that was wholly contrary to the natural course of things. The men were sullen, even fractious. They no longer put their backs into their work. They shirked and slacked. Con Murphy, a hot-headed, volatile Irishman, one of Daffy's favorites among the men he had handled, got into most serious trouble for calling Helmsley "A blasted Prussian slave driver!" to his face, though not on parade. Daffy was quite sure that Helmsley's nagging and bullying were the cause of the rot in the platoon; but Lestrange, who agreed with him, could not convince the C. O. that this was so.

Then the mess went wrong. It had always been an uncommonly cheerful mess, thanks chiefly to Helmsley's joviality and perpetual laugh. Now it seemed to Daffy that a cloud had fallen on it—not on the subalterns, but on the senior officers. They looked worried and gloomy. Even Helmsley was quieter.

Daffy would have been less troubled by that cloud had it not been for Lestrange. Lestrange was manifestly under the water. His long, lean, dark face was at no time a guide to his emotions and it was not a guide to them now. But Daffy observed that he who had been the most abstemious man in the mess was drinking as much as Helmsley, or even more. What was more significant, his bridge, which usually was excellent, was going to pieces.

Daffy was annoyed that this should be so. It worried him. But he did not see what he could do. Lestrange was not only an older man but his superior officer. Moreover, he was not the type of man who is ready with his confidences or ready to be helped. Daffy shrank from intervening. But he liked Lestrange; he was even rather fond of him. It grew plain to him that it had to be done.

A few nights later he made his effort. They were walking back to their quarters after an evening's bridge at the house of Mr. Kiblethwaite. Lestrange had begun by playing very badly, recovered himself, played a fine game, and had come out a winner.

Daffy thought it a good time to make his friendly effort.

"You seemed to get back your old form at the end, sir," he said. "What's been putting you off your game so badly?"

"Trouble—trouble, my young friend," said Lestrange lightly.

"Well, I'm glad it's over," said Daffy.

Out of a Doorway Came Count Boris Helmsley Sudislaf, With His Revolver Pointing at Daffy's Face

"Over? It's only just begun!" said Lestrange with a sudden heaviness.

"Can I help at all?" said Daffy.

"No," said Lestrange sharply.

"I should like to," said Daffy simply.

"It's very good of you," said Lestrange coldly.

Daffy took the snub with equanimity. He had made his effort.

They walked on in silence; but at the door of his quarters Lestrange said:

"Come along in and have a drink. There was no reason why I should bite your nose off, youngster."

Daffy went in and mixed himself a mild whisky and soda; Lestrange mixed himself a stiff one. They drank.

"If it was money, now ——" said Daffy gently, with a far-away look in his mild blue eyes. "I haven't had to touch my pay since I came here; in fact, I've put by quite a lot."

"Well, I'm damned!" said Lestrange, and his eyes blazed. Then he laughed, frowning. Then he said: "I've noticed that you're a persistent young beggar; and, after all, why shouldn't you know? We're in disgrace here. There's been a leakage of information—information about drafts and anything else that was going. They got hold of the letter it was going abroad in—from some spy higher up. But they brought the leakage down to this depot and to an officer at this depot; and they haven't made any mistake, either."

"By Jove! That's pretty rotten!" said Daffy.

"I should say so," said Lestrange.

Daffy took another draft of his whisky and soda. Then he said:

"Yes; it is rotten. But is it as bad as all that—that it puts you quite off your game at bridge, sir?"

"Yes; it is as bad as that. You see, I'm the officer suspected," said Lestrange dryly.

"You, sir? But that's idiotic!" cried Daffy, astounded.

Lestrange said nothing; he frowned into his drink.

"It's—it's absurd!" cried Daffy.

"Not so absurd," said Lestrange quietly.

"But it is!" cried Daffy stubbornly.

"No," said Lestrange; "there's a little business behind it that gives it what you might call color." He hesitated; then went on: "When I sent in my papers, nearly seven years ago, I sent them in by request. There was trouble about some gambling. The play was on the square, of course; but I did hate the fellow, and I gave him all he asked for—chiefly at picquet. In the end his father had to square up for him. He was a man of a good deal of influence—financial as well as political. He had to be humored; and I had to go."

"Yes—of course—you would," said Daffy soberly.

"Cynic!" snapped Lestrange, and barked a short harsh laugh. "Well, that's why I'm suspected now; the old thing has come up against me. But what beats me is how it came up!

"Only half a dozen men knew about it; three of them are dead in Flanders and the other three are not so proud of it that they'd talk about it."

"Perhaps the War Office looked it up," said Daffy.

"There'd be nothing to look up. A little business of that kind doesn't go on record."

"No; it wouldn't," said Daffy thoughtfully.

"But the queerest thing of all is that I've got it into my head that the C. O. got it from Helmsley—with trimmings, you know; the fact that I play high down here—and that I am hard up. I'm not."

"Ah, that would be why he behaved to you like that—if he knew about it," said Daffy; and his mild blue eyes brightened with sudden enlightenment.

"You saw that, too, did you?" snapped Lestrange. "You don't miss much, young feller me lad!"

"Yes; he must have known," said Daffy with conviction; and there was a note of satisfaction in his voice as of one who had cleared up a knotty point.

"But—hang it all!—how could he have known? A man who comes from nobody knows where, and knows nobody anyone ever heard of!" cried Lestrange.

"He knew," said Daffy.

They stood silent, frowning.

"Well, there it is; I shall have to go again," said Lestrange in a rather hopeless tone. Then he added bitterly: "And I don't want to go. Before, I didn't mind going—much. I was young. But now I know that soldiering is my game. I can play it; and I want to."

"Perhaps you're wrong, sir. Perhaps it's only fancy and they don't suspect you at all," said Daffy in a comforting tone.

"Rats! A man knows when he's suspected, all right," said Lestrange. He dropped into an easy-chair heavily and added, in a mournful tone: "Yes; I shall have to go."

Daffy was touched. He looked at him, frowning seriously and more deeply.

"It's always a point to know where you are, sir," he said.

Lestrange looked up at him and smiled. He did not often smile.

"Well, it's done me good to tell you, old chap. There's something solid about you—devilishly solid. But off you go to bed. There's a hard day before us to-morrow," said Lestrange.

Daffy bade him good night and went. It was a cold night, but he walked very slowly to his quarters. His bedroom was cold, but he sat on the edge of his bed, thinking for a long time.

The next day he avoided Lestrange, or Lestrange fancied he did; and he was hurt. But he told himself he had known that Daffy had a keen eye to the main chance, and he ought to have expected it. But he was hurt.

Two afternoons later he found Daffy playing billiards at the club and very soon perceived that he was off his game. He was beaten in quite a ridiculous fashion for him. When it was over he came and sat down beside Lestrange. Lestrange was surprised.

"You're right off your game," he said, with no warmth in his tone.

"Yes," said Daffy; "my mind wasn't on it—not all of it. All your mind has to be on a game if you want to win."

"It must be love," said Lestrange sarcastically.

"No; it doesn't get at me like that—ever," said Daffy with quiet sincerity. "But I've got an idea."

"Very trying! What about?" said Lestrange.

"What you were talking about. I want you to be ready—after mess to-night—just after mess."

"You're very mysterious. What is it?" said Lestrange.

"No; it mayn't come off. I don't want you in it if it doesn't, sir," said Daffy.

He rose and went out of the room. Later, going into the reading rooms to glance at an evening paper, Lestrange found him in front of the fire, sleeping the sleep of the just who have had a bad night. He did not hope much from Daffy's idea, but he did hope. Things were badly strained.

At dinner he could not help watching Daffy. Daffy addressed himself to the food and drink with unassuming application. Also, he took as great a part in the talk as he usually took. If anyone asked him a question he answered it. After dinner they trooped into the anteroom and, as usual, stood chatting before they settled down to bridge or went off on duty, or to the club. Lestrange dropped into an easy-chair and waited.

Helmsley was on duty that evening. He stood by the fire talking to the C. O. Daffy stood on their left, apparently listening to the talk of a group of subalterns; but his eyes were on Helmsley.

Helmsley finished his talk with a story, a broadly humorous story, and walked to the door, laughing. As he opened it his laugh ended, as it often did, on a sheerly vacant note; and then there was silence.

"Helmsley!" said Daffy sharply; and then, in a rasping voice, he barked an order in German.

Helmsley swung round; clicked his heels together, saluted oddly, his face set in a wholly expressionless mask, and grunted:

"Zu Befehl, Herr Oberst!"

There was silence for a breath; then Lestrange rose quickly and cried fiercely:

"You damned Hun!"

Helmsley's mouth opened, the expressionless mask crumpled into a quite ridiculous surprise. Then he jumped through the doorway and banged the door behind him; and the key grated in the lock.

They did not wait to open it. Half a dozen of them were out of the window in less than ten seconds. But a man with death at his heels can go a long way in ten seconds; and Helmsley had gone it. The arrangements for his escape were good. He was last seen in Winter Street, a slum near the station. There he disappeared. That they learned the next day.

Twenty minutes later, after a fruitless hunt, they were back in the anteroom; and the C. O. was urgent with them on the impropriety of saying a word to anyone outside about this unfortunate occurrence.

The hum of assent died down; and then the major said:

"But how on earth did you find out, Daffy?"

"Oh, well," said Daffy slowly, "he laughed like a Hun watchmaker I once knew—all the time; not a real laugh, you know. Huns do, I fancy. Besides, he knew more than anyone but a Hun could have known."

"M-m! I never noticed that he was particularly well informed," said the C. O. doubtfully.

II

DAFFY sat at a table in front of the café of the Golden Crown, sipping an iced sirup. It is the chief café of the main street of a neutral city that has grown polyglot. Indeed, in the matter of the diversity of tongues it could give cards and spades to old Babel.

The summer sun was shining; and it seemed to him as animated a scene and as complete a collection of rascals as the human eye could wish to linger upon. Every other man and woman was a spy, and the rest looked like rogues. With his large, long, broad, innocent face and mild blue eyes of a good baby, Daffy looked like a lamb fallen among wolves.

He finished his sirup and ordered another. It is a painful admission to make about a man of twenty, an English officer on secret service too; but there is no getting away from the fact that Daffy had a sweet tooth. He paid for the sirup before the waiter could escape, and lit a cigarette. He looked as if his chief business in life was to sit sipping sirups and smoking cigarettes. It was. He had been brought from the depot of the Fourth Midland Regiment, at Milldown, to spot a man.

The English Secret Service had reason—half a sentence in the letter of a spy—to believe that that man was in this neutral city; but it did not know him by sight. The mess of the Milldown depot did. And as a junior subaltern Daffy could be spared, without any violent disarrangement of the depot's work, to do the spotting.

Daffy had adopted this placid and pleasant method of compassing this end after no little thought. He was a slow thinker, but sure. He had come to the conclusion that, instead of hunting laboriously through the polyglot throng for the German gentleman he had known as Captain Christopher Helmsley, it would be better to let the polyglot throng present itself to him in ordered, or rather disordered, procession until such time as Captain Helmsley should appear in it. Sooner or later everyone in the city passed the three cafés before which he sipped sirups and smoked cigarettes. Many people passed them a score of times a day. Besides, he had been instructed to spot without being spotted—if he could.

This was not easy, for he was six-feet-one in his stockings and broad and thick in proportion. If he walked about, it was any odds that he would be spotted as well as spot. As it was he sat at the tables farthest from the curb and nearest the walls of the cafés he frequented, so that he was as little conspicuous as might be.

The morning passed pleasantly, as the last three mornings had passed; but, like them, it did not bring success. From noon till one o'clock he was keenly on the alert all the while, for at that hour the spies and rogues rested from their activities and betook themselves to their déjeuner at the cafés, the restaurants or their hotels. Then the procession along the pavements was thickest. Daffy watched it earnestly, leaning forward with an elbow on the table, shading most of his large face with a large hand. There was little his mild blue eyes missed.

At a quarter past one he went to the British Legation, where he was staying. It had been needful to provide an excuse for the presence in the neutral city of even so unimportant a person as a junior subaltern, since the German spy bureau took such a lively interest in every British and French visitor that it contrived to know much more about them than even the local police, meddlesome as they were. He had been promoted to the dignity of nephew of the minister's wife, a daughter of Sir Archibald Bligh, spending his leave on a visit to her. He was not related to her; he belonged to humbler Blighs.

He was late; but he found his usual seat beside the daughter of the minister empty. He was in her charge. She talked in French to him, because she had learned he wished to learn that tongue; and, since she was on the way to become the object of his fourth grand passion, he was learning quickly. She found the task of teaching him agreeable. Women liked Daffy; there was an appealing solidity about him.

He was back in the main street, at a retired table in front of the Café of the Princes, at a quarter past two, watching the column of spies and rogues march past from their déjeuner to their activities. At half past three he slipped into a long and winding side street, sauntered down it through the outskirts of the town, and out into the country. At five he was sitting in front of the Grand Café, again on watch. He ate a great number of small rich cakes, in spite of the fact that they were not so sweet as he should have liked.

He Never Knew Whether Daffy Would Display the Supreme Ingenuousness of Youth or the World-Worn Astuteness of an Aged Man About Town

(Continued on Page 32)

More Precious Than Rubies

VII

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFE

THE day before Cecil Caldecott sailed on La Meuse a press dispatch from Butte, Montana, was printed by all the New York dailies that were in the habit of publishing news of interest to human beings. It was to the effect that all precedents on will-breaking had been busted sky-high by Robert Turner, of Indianapolis, nephew and sole heir of the late Timothy Burke, a well-known local character. After prospecting for years, grub-staked by such men as the late Marcus Daly, Tom Carter, Gus Heinze and others, old Burke at last struck it rich in the Pink Eye Mine in Silver Bow County.

The sudden accession to great wealth had proved fatal to Tim Burke, as to so many other old prospectors. Not that he drank himself to death or blew out his brains after losing every cent in one night in a gambling hell. No! He died of smelter checks! The doctors were agreed on that. The Pink Eye made daily shipments of very rich ore to the custom smelters, and the smelters mailed checks averaging about seventy-five thousand dollars a week. After the fourth week, when it was clear that the old man's income was sure to be about ten thousand dollars a day, he was seen in his usual haunts dejectedly showing the smelter checks to his cronies and making the same speech to all of them:

"I'm asking you as one good Christian of another to tell me what in hell's the use of living when you get this every damned Tuesday? It don't even come on Saturday! While I was hoping to strike it rich I had something to look forward to. For forty year I used to go to sleep wondering how I'd feel when I struck it. Now that I get these blankety checks I ask you again what have I got to look forward to except a funeral that I can't see or hear? Hell's hinges! A white man might as well be done with it!"

Caldecott Sat Up Straight. "Married? I Wouldn't be Here if I Were Married!"

He took to his bed and in three days was dead. The doctors said that forty years of hardships had killed him; but those who knew him best blamed it on the fact that he had not a single sustaining hope left in his system. He left his entire estate to his favorite nephew, Robert Turner, of Indianapolis, on whom he had never laid eyes. Mr. Turner arrived in Butte yesterday, and on being informed of the contents of the will immediately instructed his attorneys, Marsden, Campbell & Boughton, to advertise for more closely related heirs, giving as his reason gossip he had heard from old friends of his uncle, the late Mr. Burke having spent several winters among the Indians.

"If my uncle left any children they are entitled to a share of the estate. There is enough money to go round. I want to enjoy mine with an easy conscience," said Mr. Turner.

The legal fraternity were unanimous in asserting that Mr. Turner's conduct had never been equaled for quixotic chivalry and acute ingrowing damfoolishness.

The New York newspapers not only carried the item, but four of them printed editorial paragraphs about it.

On Saturday, the day Caldecott sailed, another dispatch from Butte announced to the great American public that suits had been brought against the executors of the estate of the late Tim Burke, owner of the famous Pink Eye Mine, restraining them from turning over the property to Robert Turner, the eccentric old prospector's favorite nephew. The suits were brought by Moose That Grunts on the Run, Eagle Afraid of the Dark, Woodpecker That Pecks at His Nose, Blackfoot Coyote That Limps, and Skunk That Hunts by Night—all members of the tribe of Indians among whom old Burke had spent a winter at the Lame-Cow Reservation. The litigants, who looked like full-blooded Indians, claimed that Timothy Burke had married their mothers by Indian rites. Robert Turner, the heir-at-law, entertained the rival claimants at a sumptuous banquet at the Miners Palace Hotel. Mr. Turner said that the claims would be investigated and justice done. In the meantime his income was ten thousand dollars a day.

The metropolitan dailies telegraphed their correspondents in Butte to rush special stories about Turner and his inheritance. By ten A.M. everybody in New York knew that Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner was an interesting character irrespective of his interesting little income, and also that as soon as the litigation over the millionaire mine owner's estate was over young Mr. Turner would come to New York. By three P.M. some hundreds of plans to interview Mr. Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner on his arrival had been matured, but not by the newspaper men. By worse than newspaper men! Of both sexes, yes!

On his arrival in Paris Mr. Caldecott learned that Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner had arrived in New York and had been duly interviewed by the reporters. Among the things he said that were deemed worth cabling over were that he did not propose to beat Coal-Oil Johnny. He did not intend to throw away money on the Great White Way or on the Short Dark Path. He would pay for what he got. He refused to serve as the text of 1,200,000 sermons on extravagance or to be held up as a fair target for anarchists' bombs. His gifts he would continue to make always to the poor and the needy and always anonymously.

A suddenly made mining millionaire who didn't spend lavishly was impossible. Hence the two columns and damn the cable tolls!

But of course Caldecott did not read in the Paris Herald that on that very day, the fifth after Turner's arrival in New York, the popular press agent of the Tabasco Theater had called at the office of every morning and afternoon newspaper in New York, and had seen their respective dramatic editors or their respective assistants. To each in turn he had imparted the exclusive information that Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner had been sending flowers regularly to Miss Myrtle Montgomery, as any patron of the theater could disinterestedly testify. The young Western mine owner had expressed a desire to be introduced to her, and she had flatly refused.

"'No!'" Bill said she said. "'No! I do not care to meet men whose money makes them imagine they can buy anything they take a fancy to. I'd rather ——'"

"Bill!"

"I considered it incredible enough to be news. What never happens is always news when it does happen ——"

"Beat it, Bill!" they told him.

And he did, weeping, observing that when for once in his life he told God's honest truth that's what he got. Two days later he called with a letter written on the stationery of the world-famous hostelry where Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner was stopping. It was a letter from the young and good-looking multimillionaire, proposing marriage to Miss Montgomery. She had thrown it into the wastebasket, from which Bill, absent-mindedly rummaging for a dropped lead pencil, had rescued it. He did not wish them to print anything about it.

Oh, no!

"I don't! Only the other day you got so darned fresh about the flowers that I thought I'd bring this over to prove to you ——"

"You have. You have proved it to the hilt. Pretty raw work, but we like you. Run along, Bill. Here, don't forget the letter."

"But I don't want a damned line printed about it!" shrieked Bill madly. "Great Scott, is nobody ever going to see in me anything else than a press agent at work? I'm on my vacation, and honest to gracious, Sam ——"

They threw into their capacious waste-paper baskets the entire contents of envelopes, in each of which was a program of the Tabasco Theater. An advertisement on page four was ringed about in blue pencil. They might have read:

T. PAPASTIPOPODOPOULOS
FLORIST
BROADWAY & 46TH STREET
CHOICE ORCHIDS CUT FLOWERS POTTED PLANTS

The flowers nightly presented to Miss Myrtle Montgomery by her admirer are supplied by us

Pinned to the page was a slip of paper on which was neatly typewritten:

NOT FOR REPUBLICATION
[DAMN YE!]

The flowers that Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner sends to Miss Montgomery, who is playing to S.R.O. at the Tabasco, are sent by her to the following hospitals, whose telephone numbers are herewith given for facile verification:

Congregational Hospital	Plaza 18642
General Hospital	Circle 18688
St. Paul's Hospital	Schuyler 11333
Verplanck Maternity Hospital	Columbus 19999

Now, *mon cher*, you know very well that this does not show my deft touch. Do me the justice to admit it. My employers are equally guiltless. They would not dream of allowing me to exhume this from its prehistoric sepulcher. Can't you believe anything except lies?

Not a line!

Despairing of having legitimate news printed in the theatrical columns Bill then invited the more human of the theatrical writers to a dinner to celebrate the arrival of William McEwen, Jr. After the meal they strolled over to the Tabasco to smoke some cigars that Bill said the management had bought at his suggestion one night when they expected the President to be present with his guard. The box disappeared. They were very fine cigars.

He took them into the theater so they could see the house on the ninety-fifth consecutive night.

"There is Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner in his box as usual ——"

"Can it, Bill."

"My Godfrey, can't a man even point to a celebrity ——"

Myrtle had just finished singing her famous He Did Not Think the Worst of Her Because She Turned Him Down.

A boy in the brilliant tomato and scrambled-egg livery of Themistocles Papastipopodopoulos walked to the footlights and handed a beautiful floral piece to the beautiful singer.

Everybody who had read the program instantly looked at the box where Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner in immaculate evening dress sat gazing fascinatedly at Miss Montgomery.

"It's all fixed up," remarked a fat one of at least forty.

"Wouldn't it make you sick?" said a thin one of at least the same.

At that very moment Robert Turner rose in his seat and leaning toward the stage said loudly: "Myrtle, will you sing that again for me?"

Miss Montgomery dropped her flowers in her fright and ran off the stage. Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner thereupon seemed to realize what he had done and hastily left the box. An excited buzz arose, which the performers on the stage bravely tried to ignore.

It dislocated the performance badly, but not a single newspaper carried a line about it the next morning. Bill McEwen, the press agent, knowing his own innocence, frothed at the mouth. It did him no good. He told the critics that he didn't believe they'd print his obituary if he died of anything less prosaic than typhoid, and they dared him to try and see. The "perfesh" of course sympathized with Bill, much as they disliked Myrtle, for they knew the chance the girl was ostentatiously throwing away, and they gossiped about it until the theatrical reporters began to wonder.

"The trouble," Bill assured them, "is the old cry of wolf. It makes you skeptical. But you ought to reflect that Myrtle does not need this kind of publicity. She just doesn't like this Turner and she won't marry him. And of course you wise guys, just because she won't take his money even on a nuptial platter ——"

"What the heck kind of a dish is that, Bill?"

"You ginks think it's yours truly. For years it never occurred to me to write the truth, and I succeeded. When something happens and I tip you off it's a case of 'Too raw, Bill. Chase yourself!' I knew it would be that way. I was born a liar and I trust I'll die a liar. But thank God, I wasn't born a smart Aleck, so I don't have to die a damned fool."

"All right, Willie. We'll fall for it once. Trot out your Turner."

"Trot out hell! Why, I never spoke to him in my life. He refused to see me at his hotel, and when I tackled him in the box here he told me he didn't wish to know anybody connected with this or any other theater, and that if I didn't leave the box he'd throw me out."

"Bill!" warningly.

"There you go again!" shrieked Bill exasperatedly.

"Forgive muh! Proceed, William."

"There isn't any procession. I don't know him. Next to you wisenheimers that fellow is the bane of my life. I thought Myrtle had it fixed up with him and accused her of it; and she made for me with a hatpin and said she was going to have me fired. I says to her, from a safe distance ——"

"Bill, your mind is so constituted that whatever it was you said to her from a safe distance, it's a cinch we can't print it ——"

"Sir!"

"Because it is too tame."

"I'll tell you what I said."

"No, no! Far be it from one of my trade to accuse one of yours of having amiable weaknesses. Well, we'll go and see Turner about Myrtle."

And they did.

Caldecott read the interview in the Paris Herald.

Turner acknowledged with a frankness that stilled suspicion that he loved Miss Montgomery and had written proposing marriage. He had received no reply whatever to his letter. He had been told by friends that she did not care to meet him. He wished to marry her because he loved her, and he did not care to know anything more about her than his eyes told him. He didn't even care if there was a mother-in-law in the offing. He was rather angry when one of the reporters asked for the loan of the weekly check from the smelter to publish it in facsimile, and he said, "It's nobody's business what my income is. I pay cash for all I get, and I get all I wish to get, and I call that rich enough, whether it's one million or a thousand. The only truly rich man is the man who has enough. I have enough. All I want is to marry Miss Montgomery, and I'll keep on trying till one or the other passes away from this world. I've generally had my way. I don't mean that I have bought my way. I've won it fighting. If you fellows want to do me a favor just print that I don't want to meet anybody except Miss Montgomery; that I give money only to those charities in which I am personally interested, and that if I had a million dollars a month I wouldn't have enough to give away as much as I'd like to. I get so many letters I don't know what to do."

They carried the interview.

Robert, alias Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner, in love with Miss Myrtle Montgomery, *née* Susan Malone, had become one of New York's celebrities.

■■■

CALDECOTT went about his business in Paris as though he were not aware that everything he did was known to the agents of the Treasury Department. He called on several of the wholesale dealers in precious stones; and of those he felt sure would betray him to the customs men he asked for prices on goods that he did not wish anyone to know he was buying. He cabled several times a day to people in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago; and always they were suspicious messages.

On the eve of sailing day he called on Jameson Smith, the lanky chief of the Treasury Department's agents in Paris, and said to him pleasantly: "Smith, there are the copies of every cablegram I have sent. I know you have several of them, but I've brought you the full set. I've spent about four hundred francs sending messages that must have excited my good friend Anson Wheeler. But not one of them has been delivered, for the simple reason that all the addresses were fakes. So were the messages. So is everything I've told Heurtematte & Cie., Dreyfus & Poirier, Seligman & Braun, Maison Ch. Bauduy and the others. I've never had the remotest intention of buying anything from them, and much less of smuggling. But it seemed a pity, when your men were so anxious to earn their salaries—to say nothing of the reward if they caught me with the goods on—that of course I just had to stimulate their hopes. I sail on La Meuse to-morrow. Be sure and cable the glad news to Wheeler. You look as if you didn't believe me. That is a mistake. You fellows, whose business it is to prevent the evasion of the payment of duties, are, I find, quite unintelligently skeptical. A competent smuggler, like a competent anything else, does not have to lie—he tells the truth and transacts his business. Good afternoon."

But half an hour later Caldecott went through a series of maneuvers intended to throw any detective off the trail; and calling at a small toy shop in the Rue Pierre Charron he gave a cablegram to be sent and a bank note to a young woman who thanked him profusely. The cablegram was to his friend in Butte, and it read:

Offered lots sixteen twenty-two twenty seven stones seven sizes wanted. Don't fail to answer as agreed.

C. SQUARE.

At Havre he sought the purser the moment he went aboard La Meuse and left with the polite *commissaire* a small package.

"Valuable?"

"Very!"

"Ah!"

After which exclamation the *commissaire*, with a determined shrug of the shoulders, and features compressed to an expression of solemnity, sealed it and gave a receipt to Mr. Caldecott.

His most urgent business having been attended to Caldecott sought the deck steward, with whom he arranged for his chair to be placed in a corner where the smoking room made a jog. It meant that on the left side Caldecott could not possibly have a neighbor, and, moreover, was protected from the head winds. Before the ship cast off Caldecott was reading his favorite steamer companion, a small volume of Montaigne's essays bound in claret-colored leather.

Late that afternoon the chair beside him was occupied by a heavily veiled woman in black. The deck steward wrapped a funereal steamer rug about her, and then with a profound bow left her there, silent, motionless—an ebon mummy in a reclining posture.

Caldecott did not look up. He read on until the final call to dinner. He closed his book, rose and was about to walk away when he became aware that his mourning neighbor was trying to do likewise, in vain. The attendant had wound the rug about her feet so skillfully that she could not move.

She looked up and saw Caldecott and spoke to him—in English.

"Would you kindly unwrap that rug, sir?"

He made no motion to do so. Instead he arched his eyebrows in respectful inquiry—the universal language of signs. Whereupon she pointed to her rug-enwrapped feet. He nodded and released her. She said, "Thank you!" He raised his cap, bowed and walked away.

He was on deck the next morning before nine, having leisurely shaved, bathed and breakfasted; but he found the lady in black already in her chair beside his. He made no effort to attract her attention in order to salute her, but sat down and read steadily. From time to time when he happened to look up he saw her gazing horizonward.

She was young and very fair. He assumed her eyes were blue, which meant next to nothing; but he saw that her eyelashes were exceptionally long, which aroused hopes. Her hair was gold and very fine, and her skin amazingly smooth. It imparted a child quality to her that made him react to the desire to protect. Her features had a delicacy so exquisite that, without suggesting artificiality of any kind, somehow made him think less of a living woman than of the work of a sculptor who not only could dream but who always dreamed in good taste.

She sat there, in mourning, facing the gray Atlantic, gazing toward the horizon, miles and miles away. He saw that she did not see what she wished to see, and therefore she suggested to him more than mere loneliness; something akin to what might be suggested if all the planetary systems vanished and there remained but one star—one star in all that void, very lonely and very beautiful!

Caldecott resumed his reading. But he felt her presence subtly, disturbingly.

He did not find the wisest of all essayists quite so amusingly wise as usual, so, ceasing to read, he also stared out to sea.

Ten-Thousand-a-Day Turner Had Been Sending Flowers Regularly to Miss Myrtle Montgomery, as Any Patron of the Theater Could Disinterestedly Testify

It was a gray day—that is, gray skies and gray seas—that is, a stupendous frost-misted curved pane of glass filtering a dim silver light over tossing waves of dead ashes—waves that did not speak but grumbled. Things were not as they should be somewhere below, or wherever it is that the sea does its feeling.

Her black gloves lay on her black rug and her slim hands upon her gloves. They made him think of ivory inlaid with threads of fine turquoise. Not hands to shake; not even hands to hold; rather hands to kiss and hope that the kiss might open the door into the world of her intimate thoughts.

That was what struck Caldecott as curious—the consciousness of a desire to share not so much her emotions as the privilege of moving in the same world—a world not of this world; her world! He had never before met anybody who impressed him quite so strongly with that precise sense of difference.

He shook his head and opened his Montaigne. Five minutes later he arose, left the book and the rug on the chair and began his daily promenade. He made the tour of the deck a dozen times before he looked at the lady in black as he passed her chair.

Seeing her in profile had made him feel that she was unlike any other woman. But when he looked at her full in the face he perceived that she was really beautiful; very clean-looking, as you imagine the moon is clean—through and through; and healthily delicate, like a flower; and not quite so distant.

She was still staring out to sea as though she were trying to count the waves in order to keep back tear-compelling thoughts.

Her eyes, he saw, were blue, the blue that turquoises might have had if the Lord had intended to make turquoises really beautiful and so had soaked them in molten sky on a very blue noon in May.

He went into the smoking room and stayed there until luncheon time. He made no effort to find her in the dining room. After luncheon he went back to the smoking room. He did not seek his deck chair until the middle of the afternoon.

She was sleeping. Her face, rosy smooth and exquisitely caressable, gave one that impression that so appeals to men in sleeping children—a paradoxical feeling that death is much closer to them than to the grown-ups, so that they need protection. A child asleep in your arms is a human life absolutely in your care. It means a super-subtle sense of exclusive proprietorship, which is the ultimate refinement of the primal desire of possession.

The girl in black had committed herself to his care because she was asleep beside him, within touch of his hand. He feasted his eyes on the picture, unleashing his fancy, as men will when they are not lawyers or bankers.

He memorized her visually, methodically studying her hair, her brow, her eyebrows, her nose, her cheeks, her lips, her chin, her marvelous childlike skin, her throat, her hands. He had trained his mind to remember beautiful objects that had hardness and color and fire. And this sleeping maid had not only beauty but the three crown jewels of life—health and sorrow and youth!

Wonderful!

But what was the use? Was there ever any woman who could be trusted?

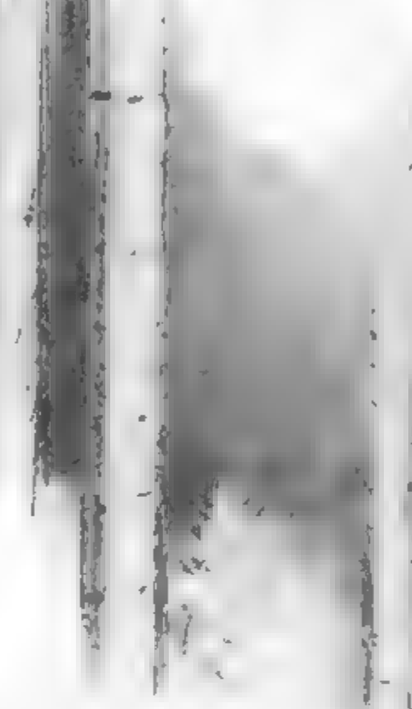
He took up his Montaigne and determinedly read.

She gave a sudden start, clutched at the arms of her chair, sat up straight and stared wild-eyed at the sea and then looked at Caldecott.

"I—I was—I —— Oh!" And she fell back in her chair.

Caldecott closed his Montaigne, keeping his finger between the pages to mark his place. Then he waited impassively. He could take chances with his thoughts and his fancies, but not with his speech and his actions. Presently she opened her eyes again and looked at him wonderingly.

"*Désirez-vous quelque chose, mademoiselle?*" he asked gravely. He knew that she was an American.



"*Non, monsieur! Merci,*" she answered, and looked away. He resumed his reading.

The breeze died, and for all that the rumble of the propeller shook the ship there came upon them a feeling of silence rather than a silence itself. The gray sky turned to mist and the dull-lead sea turned to dull silver. Rain began to fall—reluctantly, as though the mist refused to be hurried into condensing into drops. But presently it poured.

Caldecott shook off his rug, stood up and gazed at the gray water pitted by the pelting of the rain. What had been rather a choppy sea became an undulating series of rollers that followed each other foamlessly, soundlessly, as though they were made of sirup and moved on ball bearings.

A sound from the girl drew his eyes to her. She evidently had suppressed a sob, for she was dabbing at her eyes with her black-bordered handkerchief.

Caldecott hesitated. Then he pressed his lips together and walked away. He made a tour round the deck. The second time he passed her chair she was gone. He sat down and read his Montaigne.

IX

THAT night after Caldecott had completed his carefully counted eighteen turns round the deck, which made a mile, he sought his chair and lit a cigar. He never smoked while he walked, particularly on the deck of a steamer with a fresh breeze blowing.

He smoked carefully, as though it were an important function with him. When he was not watching the smoke that he exhaled slowly he was watching the ocean. Overhead the sky had a distinctly greenish tinge and a pale-yellow sliver of moon was shining with an effect as of a light behind a frosted pane. It filled the air with a dim glow so that he saw not only ghostly whitecaps but also spectral darkness in the hollows between. It was not the same sea of midday—different liquid, different voice, different mood.

A slight noise made him turn. The lady in black was tucking herself into her rug. He was to windward of her and the smoke from his cigar made her cough.

"*Pardon, mademoiselle!*" he said hastily and flung his cigar overboard.

"Oh, I didn't want you to do that," she said in English. Her voice was low and clear and very plainly expressed regrets.

"I had finished," he lied politely, and stared out to where black waves raised white arms to the sky. Up to then he had disguised his nationality on general principles. She, who had assumed he was a compatriot, said nothing.

The lemon slice of moon gave up trying to shine and went out. The breeze freshened. It whistled as it only does on a ship. Presently five bells sounded.

"Excuse me, sir," she asked, "was that five bells?"

"Yes, madam," he answered coldly.

"Thank you," she said.

There was in her voice that weariness that always makes men think they ought to take women's burdens on their shoulders. Presently she rose, and as he made a motion to assist her—too late—she bowed her head slightly and left him. He noticed that she passed the door of the saloon in her absentmindedness and had to retrace her footsteps.

He never trusted women. But all he could see of this girl in black was that she was alone with her mourning thoughts, with the ruthless immensity of the ocean all about her and the pitiless vastness of the sky above her. Nothing near or neighborly; nothing to talk to or to be cheered by. Well dressed but not overstylish; and the black she wore surely harmonized with the night in her heart.

Caldecott decided that she had lost her mother; possibly her father. It almost had numbed her; and her skin was very smooth and very fair, with that aspect of extreme cleanliness that makes you think of hospital asepsis and utter dustlessness.

On the next morning, when he was on deck for his after-breakfast constitutional, he saw that she had risen before him—a sign she could not sleep. She was sitting in her deck chair staring listlessly at the blue ocean and the turquoise sky and the bunches of cloud cotton—and seeing nothing.

Caldecott walked his carefully paced mile and then sat down. As he did so her eyes met his and she nodded gravely. He bowed with equal gravity. Neither spoke.

He settled himself, opened his Montaigne and began to read. He finished the wonderful chapter, Of the Education of Children, closed the book and stared meditatively at the Atlantic, never two days the same and yet the very same Atlantic these twenty thousand years—like human nature.

He happened to turn, and saw that the girl in black was wiping her eyes with her black-bordered handkerchief. He looked away quickly and opened his book once more, but closed it again presently when he found he could not keep his eyes away from her.

He was conscious of the uncomfortable feeling, as of unpardonable eavesdropping, that comes over men when they see a woman weeping, as it were, furtively. He had reserved that particular chair in that particular spot on his eastbound trip because he hoped to be alone and undisturbed. He wished this girl would move away. If she did not he himself must, in order not to be annoyed. In his irritation he frowned and shook his head.

At That Very Moment Robert Turner Rose in His Seat and Leaning Toward the Stage Said Loudly: "Myrtle, Will You Sing That Again for Me?"

(Continued on Page 66)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 23, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until transportation conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Hit and Score!

THERE are more than two million American soldiers in Europe. The War Department figures that to equip and maintain an American soldier in Europe costs four hundred and twenty-three dollars and twenty-seven cents a year. The bulk of them were sent over at the rate of two hundred and fifty thousand a month by impressing the world's shipping and so distributing it that transportation of American soldiers had first call. Getting them back will present no such tremendous exigency. It will take many months after war definitely ends.

That is only the most obvious item. We shall be paying war costs in great sums for at least a year after the war is over. Under the most fortunate possible circumstances there will be more Liberty Bonds, issued on a scale that no government considered practicable five years ago. For a long time the War Savings and Thrift Stamps will be after your spare change as briskly as ever.

The end of the war will bring peace demands for capital such as the most hopeful financier would have regarded as out of a fairy tale a few years ago. The speed with which reconstruction is carried out will depend directly upon the supply of capital.

There is a celebrated baseball case where a batter made the hit that won the game—only instead of cinching it by running to first base he stuck his hands in his pockets and started leisurely to the clubhouse, and so was put out, and the game was lost.

Anybody who lets go of a war-thrift habit because Germany throws up her hands is repeating that ivory-headed play. He hits the ball, but does not score a run.

Help Wanted Here

PLAIN murder was the gentlest and kindest thing the Turks did to their subject Armenians and Syrians. When a Turk merely killed one of those people—more particularly a girl or woman—he was, comparatively, acting the part of a Christian. If we had a literary record of the blood-and-lust orgies of the hordes that followed Tamburlaine and Jenghiz Khan we might have something to match the manifold corroborated accounts that have come from Armenia the last two years. Among recorded atrocities Alva's proceedings in the Low Countries take second rank in horror. The living misery left in the wake of this devastation is beyond description.

The American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, New York, is of the highest standing. It is asking contributions to a fund—very small as this war has measured money—every cent of which will be spent for relief of the most pressing wants, mostly the wants of women and children. Americans ought to respond generously.

The shameful fact is that every one of us is to blame for the wretched plight of these people. For two generations, at least, all Christendom has sat stupidly by, playing its rotten old game of statecraft and balance-of-power, knowing what the Turks were doing to these subject people and refusing to lift an effectual finger for their liberation. Every nominally Christian nation is to blame for it. It is high time we removed that deep reproach. The first move in that direction is a contribution to the relief fund.

Our Allies

THE Allies now owe the United States nearly eight billion dollars for advances made during the war. There is a Christmas-tree notion of after-the-war settlement which pictures Uncle Sam in the rôle of Santa Claus plucking each Ally's debt from the tree and handing it back with a benevolent smile and a pat on the head.

This notion appeals to some simple and sentimental minds. But we can hardly fill in the other side of the sketch—that is, we can hardly picture J. Bull, for example, in the rôle of orphan child, his meager cheeks properly bedewed with grateful tears as his wasted hands receive the benefaction. There is a historical tradition that patting J. Bull on the head is a dubious undertaking. As for France, we do not want to try to picture her in that rôle. Giving alms to France might enlarge our sense of virtuous self-complacency, but it will not do. France does not want gifts. And merely canceling France's debt to us would change her after-the-war position relatively so little that—aside from staging a show which some of us might find edifying—it would not be worth while. That debt is so small a part of her total war debt that striking it off the balance sheet would leave all her problems of reconstruction just about as before.

There is a big, open joint-account between the United States and its Allies. Every item in the account presents, in various ways, a special case. France's is a very special case. In the war that freed the world from the Prussian menace France, among the most effective belligerents, bore the heaviest burden in proportion to her resources, and contributed most to the result. Her debt is much heavier proportionately to resources than England's or America's, her industries are more severely dislocated, her reconstruction problem harder.

But nobody knows now just what France's after-war state will be. France herself does not know. Nobody can say what measures will be most effectual in extending such assistance as she may need. All anyone can say is that those measures shall not take the form of alms. In a general way they will be such as independent, capable, self-respecting and mutually respecting individuals would agree upon in a like case.

Foreign Trade

THE return of peace means the return of full competition for foreign trade. It means the present passing of a condition which threw a great deal of foreign trade into our hands.

Government, except in negligible cases, is not going to sell any American goods in foreign markets. Opportunity is not going to sell them. Flattering speeches at public dinners in the United States are not going to sell them. Nothing is going to sell them, finally, except thorough organization, individual effort, and—especially—competent, energetic salesmen on the spot. For though you have every other factor, such as the capital, the goods, earnest government support, unless you have the salesman on the spot you are relying on a chain with a defective link. By and large, it is the salesman who finally books the order.

We now have the Webb Law, which permits combinations of manufacturers for export trade, and that is very important. But a law merely permits. It makes no sales. We have opportunity in abundance, but it will not work automatically. Nothing will serve, finally, except the strenuous effort of individual concerns which are in a position to sell goods abroad.

Our weakest point at present undoubtedly is personnel. Some big concerns, like Standard Oil and United States Steel, have well-organized staffs for export business, and will husband them very carefully. Personnel cannot be improvised. It requires careful selection and training and experience that take time. Broadly speaking, we have not got it because with certain big exceptions we have been rather content to take the foreign trade that we could get easiest—that more or less came of itself.

A great number of American manufacturers ought to be keenly interested in this. They ought now to be moving vigorously to form their associations and connections—to see to it that their particular goods are going to get adequate representation to foreign buyers.

Regenerating Russia

PROBABLY America will be feeding Petrograd and Moscow this winter. Probably, beyond assisting as far as possible to keep the people from starving to death, there is little the Allies can do to help Russia this winter.

Finally, and essentially, Russia must get out of the frightful mess herself. There is no other way that recognizes her right to self-government, for if she can discover no capacity for self-government she has no right to it. It is great nonsense to say that the Allies let Russia into this mess by indifference to the Kerensky régime or by lack of sympathy with Lenine and Trotzky. The mess came about through Russia's lack of experience and ineptitude for political action. Nothing else accounts for the duration of the tragically ludicrous Bolshevik régime. Given the conditions of last winter, probably nothing but their own harrowing experience could have demonstrated to the Russian people that the Bolshevik program was quite impossible.

There is a good deal of American writing about Russia which implies that the experiment was not at all impossible; that a rigidly exclusive class government, operated with vindictive recklessness by the least capable class in the nation, in defiance of all experience, might have succeeded beautifully if only the Allies—whose own conceptions of government are entirely different—had come to its support with proper vigor; though how the Allies could have much supported any government in far-off Russia when they were having their hands full to keep Germany from overrunning France, is not made clear.

There are elements in Russia capable of organizing and operating an orderly, responsible government; or else Russia must be governed from without as a sort of dependency of the joint Powers. No one is ready to accept the latter alternative. So, essentially, Russia must find her own way out of the mess.

Taking Stock

ONE result of the war is that the United States Government now has a set of account books. First and last, through War, Navy and Labor Departments, it has registered something like thirty million men—in most cases with details of their occupation and dependents, and in many cases with physical examinations. It has checked up a great part of the country's manufacturing capacity, in a much more intimate way and in far greater detail than the Census Bureau ever undertook. It knows the coal, copper, steel and some other trades practically "like a book." It has a line on food resources and on all the processes and details of food distribution such as it never thought of undertaking to get before.

The Treasury Department has much more comprehensive statistics of income than ever before. Government itself has gone into shipbuilding, and railroad, telegraph and telephone operation. The Federal Reserve Board has got up new data on price movement and the weekly fluctuations of trade, and has consolidated bank returns for all important industrial centers. There is hardly an agency of government that has not been brought into closer, more extensive touch with the national life.

This is a decided gain. It ought to give, on the whole, more intelligent legislation, a more understanding attitude on the part of government generally. As to a great many things, such, for example, as food distribution, Government can now speak with the authority of knowledge.

Our Handicap

JUST before this Fourth Liberty Loan drive the war debt of the United States stood at ten and a half billion dollars. By war debt we mean that contracted since the declaration of war. At that time the combined American, British, French and Italian war debt was sixty-four billion dollars, and the war debt of the Central Powers was forty-five billions. That is a very fair showing for our side in view of the much-vaunted Teuton efficiency and of the conditions under which Germany's enemies are obliged to fight. Increasingly, the war has proved much more expensive for us than for Germany. We fight at long range; Germany, at short range.

That is our handicap. It runs into money at an enormous rate—into billions upon billions. Keep it in mind—especially when you read those comforting comparisons of our wealth and Germany's wealth.

We are committed to a vastly expensive undertaking. In sustaining the fighting line the German dollar far outcounts ours. It is a cold, literal fact that we have no dollars to waste.

From the Romanoffs to the Bolsheviki

By Princess Cantacuzène
Countess Spéransky, née Grant

PHOTOS PASSED BY CHIEF MILITARY CENSOR

A Russian Regiment on the Backward March

THE room at the hotel in Kief was desperately dirty and upside down, with beds unmade, soiled water standing in washstand bowls, and all the furniture pushed about as if by an earthquake. The room looked out on a courtyard, so we were safe from stray shots or attack. One could hear, however, from the street, the firing of rifles and machine guns and the occasional deep explosions of hand grenades and bombs.

I had no particular desire to live through more excitement than I was forced to; but Mike, who so far had spent all these busy days in his office, was delighted to be free and able to see things from the spectator's point of view. He now believed his disguise sufficient to protect him; and it seemed easier for him to move about than to sit still, so I didn't even protest at his going down again into the big main street. His absence gave me time to make our room more habitable.

It was an easy thing to empty slops and bring fresh water from a spigot in the hallway near by; also to push the furniture into more comfortable places; but the beds were a grave problem. I rang bells without result, till someone I met in the hall told me all the servants in the hotel were on strike, for no other reason than that they wanted to take part in the fun on the streets. They had been gone four or five days, all save the old door porter, and no one could eat on the premises or even have a bath; and every guest cleaned his own room or left it uncleaned.

I finally with much energetic search discovered the apartment of the hotel director and talked with his wife, who after some discussion consented kindly to bring me sheets and towels from her own personal store.

"But only this once, lady, as the washwomen also are on strike; and they will give me no more."

A Faithful Little Mascot

SHE and I opened windows and dusted, and having aired the beds we made them up freshly. I began to feel very impatient for the promised supper; and when about nine o'clock Davidka and Elène appeared I was delighted with cold ham and hard-boiled eggs and various other picnic dishes Madame Ivanoff had sent, with best of all a bottle of hot coffee, and a tiny flask of her best old brandy for Mike. Also, they brought necessary linen and clothes for to-morrow, and our toilet cases, which they had packed. They had braved the street shooting to bring us all this, and they reported that all was quiet at home when they had left, though some soldiers had called asking for Mike; but after a conversation with Prince Kourakine and Count Niroth these had departed, not even inspecting the house.

Mike returned, and we dined quite gayly. I was very pleased, because he said my nerves were as good as his own in the emergency, or better; and we laughed over my Faberger bird, which had again brought us luck. We spent a short, quiet evening in our high-perched room, and we slept, exhausted and relieved, until in the morning Davidka and Elène arrived with coffee and hot toast from home again. They said the evening had been very exciting on the Bankovaia. There had been a lot of violent firing, and all our house party, with the servants, had taken refuge and spent most of the evening in the back corridor, where as there were no windows they felt protected from bullets.

The lower city, where we were now, had also seen some last fighting, and many of the poor cadets had been hunted down all over town and wounded or killed. The Bolsheviki this morning had knuckled down to the rada, and the latter had taken command and was organizing everything. The day was quiet and sunny, and the city peaceful but much dilapidated. It looked as if it were the worse for some monster celebration, and the hospitals were overflowing. Street crowds were visiting all the sights, standing before walls where great holes had been made by projectiles from cannons, also where the streets were torn up or were blocked by barricades; while on every side windows were smashed or cracked and pierced with bullet holes. Each was telling the story of his own particular experience, and the public looked about with the same holiday air that is always characteristic of Kief.

Mike started out to get his papers, promised by his military division headquarters, proving his discharge, and I went for some shopping. I found shops and banks open and, as in July in Petrograd, I had the impression of the wonderful capacity of Russians for letting bygones be bygones. If it hadn't been for the broken windows and buildings and for Mike's civilian clothes I should have been tempted to think I had dreamed all the events of the last thirty-six hours. In the afternoon Mike, no longer belonging to the Russian Army and with his papers in order, took me back to our house, and we surprised our guests by appearing in time to dine with them.

Kourakine and Théo were very jealous, they said, of Mike's liberty. No one was allowed to resign now, and it was only Mike's blessing in disguise, his wound, which brought him this luck. We decided to go south immediately, on the following Saturday if we could get off, and to take Madame Ivanoff with us. Then, if it was possible to go beyond the frontier, we decided the time had come at last to join our children. I thanked heaven these were safe and away from all we had now gone through or might still have ahead. Their presence would have been a terrible complication, actually a danger to our lives; and their own would have been far from safe.

All the party teased me very much when they found I had carried my Faberger owl from home to the hotel the night before, and back again; and all attributed our miraculous escape to the tiny stone bird of wisdom. Kourakine gave me a pair of charming jade plaques inlaid with old beaten gold and wee rubies as a "decoration for my action under fire." He said he should have considered anyone crazy who had told him a year previously he should ever be under fire with me.

On Friday all our party scattered. Princess Kourakine and my brother-in-law both left for the Crimea, to winter there; while Kourakine returned to the Front "for a little rest, after his strenuous vacation." Niroth was sorely disappointed at having come to Kief to sell the wood from his estates, for he had been unable to transact the business, and now he was leaving without even knowing if his estates were his any longer. He found he could not communicate in any way with his intendants, and he heard that all the country round his Levkovo was up in the air.

Trains were running again, and there was news of Petrograd at last. It was announced the Bolsheviki had been entirely successful there and had taken over the government, while the provisional ministers were shut up in the fortress—all but Kerensky, who had fled in the very beginning of the trouble. The Winter Palace had been stormed and taken after a very brave defense by the woman's Battalion of Death, which had lost half its effectives in killed and wounded. All the other troops had, of course, turned Bolsheviki, and everywhere in the capital there had been a high carnival of bloodshed and riots, assassinations and arrests—a page of the March performance, greatly exaggerated. As far as we were concerned, this meant definitely an end of Mike's work; and we must be only too thankful to be counted among the very few who might perhaps escape further danger and misery. All congratulated us, and expressed relief that my husband was now leaving the place he had so valiantly defended from the Ukrainian propaganda. He was told he ought to go as quickly as possible, for surely when the new administrators were once in the saddle they would think of him for their first political victim. Packing began. I fancied I had brought nothing to Kief, but as the servants piled things up this seemed far from the case, and finally I saw ten large trunks prepared, of things impossible to drag with us under present conditions, and which we decided to leave to the care of the friends who were subletting our house for the rest of our contract. Six smaller trunks with valuables and real necessities we decided to try to carry on our trip; besides these we seemed to have much hand baggage, and also a huge basket of provisions for the journey. Each one of our acquaintances who came to see us before the day of separation brought some little gift from slender stores—a glass of preserves, a few biscuits or some sliced ham.

Ready for Departure

DAVIDKA and Elène, indignant with the fate that had overtaken us, but glad on their own accounts to abandon Kief, arranged everything with evident desire to please. We had removed Davidka's Cuirassier epaulets when the regiment was sent away, so he would not be ill treated on the street by his Ukrainian "comrades."

He had varied his career to fit in with my husband's. Beginning the war as a Chevalier Guard he had during the winter of 1914–15 gone through a terrible illness caught at the Front and had obtained a complete discharge from the service. He refused this in order to stay with Mike. He had kept his papers, however, in case he chose to use them some day, and had joined my husband at the grand duke's staff. Later, risking a relapse, he returned to the Front with Mike when the latter was named commander of the Cuirassiers. At first Davidka had looked down on the new regiment, and spoke always of "the Cuirassiers" and "we Chevaliers Guards," though he had dutifully allowed himself to be transferred to the former, and wore their yellow shoulder straps. Mike had to scold him often, telling him his manner was misplaced, and that if he would take the pains to learn their history he would find

Aged Grenadiers Who Have Won the St. George's Cross Guard Petrograd's Statues in Zero Weather

his new regiment as splendid as any in the guards or the army. Davidka took this to heart, and finally became most disdainful of the old unit and intensely proud of the new, which he rather felt himself to be commanding. He was especially delighted with Mike's situation in Kief, and took his own position there very seriously. He enjoyed the city life, and Mike's brigade made him feel important, and it was all much easier for him than the trenches had been, especially with the halo of the aristocratic Cuirassiers still surrounding him through the summer, and the prestige of their past service under fire and their actual discipline.

Days of Uncertainty

NO ONE had really been of greater service to my husband. Intimate with the soldier-committee members, he showed himself discreet and adroit, and he instinctively knew what to say. His devotion to Mike made him entirely dependable as a confidential messenger, while his resourcefulness was admirable. We had named him "the prime minister" and many a time he reported to my husband a feeling or a speech of his soldier group in time for events to be directed or prevented, when it would have been difficult to act after one knew of the complication officially.

Now Davidka felt dethroned. He asked Mike to take him south first and then to America, but my husband refused, saying: "What about your service?"

"But the regiment is to be disbanded, and anyhow, Your Highness, I can leave; for I have discharge papers, just like your own, and can use them; and I won't serve now."

Mike still refused; and then the man tried me. He fussed silently about the room, picking up and putting down things till I spoke to him.

"I hear you are leaving the service, Davidka."

"Yes, Your Highness. I would much like to go to America."

"But how can you with a wife and children at Bouromka, and disorders there? You ought to go home to the village where your interests are."

"My wife has her family, Highness, and I always served the château and our prince. I don't want to be mixed in those troubles, and I very much wish to go to America, Your Highness; and the prince says no."

And he looked at me with great trouble in his intelligent eyes.

"Davidka, we can't take you so far from your family. You must see that, and understand; but if you don't want to go back to the village we shall try and arrange to put you with Count Niroth in the Crimea."

And with this he was content, since he might remain with us till we went to Petrograd. Several members of the Cuirassiers' soldier committee came to see Mike. They expressed the nicest sentiments of devotion, and they said how glad they were he was going away in peace, and how they wished him well; and that if they were again called upon to fight they would elect him for their division commander, and so on. The Cuirassiers were indignant and very sad to be ordered out of the city, and to see their regiment disbanded. Most of them were scattering, returning to their villages; some were entering other military groups; and one set had joined a squadron of mounted police, which the Ukrainians were enrolling for the city of Kief. They were to have the left-over uniforms of the old-régime gendarmes, and were promised good pay, and their service would begin at once.

"Your Highness," said one of these men with reference to the recent changes, "we have been told so many different things in these eight months of revolution that now we do not know what or whom to believe, and we grow even to doubt ourselves."

A state of mind it was easy to understand, when one thought how these peasants and soldiers had been plunged, after centuries of dark, vague gropings, into the seething caldron of the revolution, with its glare of promises and theories, always false and unfulfilled. The best of them made a pathetic group, and it looked as if they would be forced to join the Bolsheviki or go down. Mike was pleased with their attitude, and congratulated them; and they parted with mutual good wishes and in touching manner. His old officers, too, lingered about him and rejoiced in his liberty, with a sentiment all the more beautiful since the law allowed them no such possibility, and they must remain in Russia in reserve, though they were put out of active service.

Mike had many last talks with friends. One interview was hot and painful; it was with General Skoropadsky, an old comrade of Chevaliers Guards days. Since that period Skoropadsky's reputation for intrigues had made him unpopular, though his bravery and military capacity had pushed him forward successfully enough during the war years. He came to Mike and told him that being himself one of the largest proprietors of land in the Ukraine provinces, and having much interest in keeping the peace there, he had decided to join the national movement, and he was soon to be elected commander of the Ukrainian Army.

Mike protested violently, saying if he did this Skoropadsky would be playing into the enemy's hands. And the latter answered he fully knew all that, but considered the only hope for law and order now was through the Austrian and German rule, and that he meant to remain in Kief first as a Ukrainian, then even under the Germans if they came, helping to establish some sort of stable government, and upholding the enemy discipline if need be. He said he cared nothing now for nationality, and saw no good in giving preference to a sentiment of patriotism when it only represented such chaos as ours did in the present. The only sensible view of what was good for Little Russia, our people and our class, was his, he said. After some further discussion, wherein Mike defended a broader form of patriotism, they parted with disappointment in each other.

There were a few of the proprietor class and of the great industrials at Kief who, after the fall of the provisional government, said they had no hope of safety or tranquillity now, save through German occupation; but I imagine it was only a momentary feeling, which none followed up by action, except Skoropadsky, who really did accept the position offered him, and followed out his policy to the end. I read the other day that under Von Eichorn's dictatorship now, in Kief, General Skoropadsky was still commander of the troops.

The Council of Soldiers' Deputies in Session in the National Duma at Petrograd

Lost Traditions

EVERYONE was naturally heart-broken over what came to ruin the nation and bring a complete loss of all we held dear—our traditions, fortunes, homes, and in many cases our lives. Nothing remained to us now; and though a few were furious and hysterical, most people were merely deeply depressed.

Saturday, knowing of the difficulties ahead, we went to the station at four P. M. to get places in our train for the south, which was to leave at eight-thirty. The station master was an adherent of Mike's, having had much to do with him because of the guard of Cuirassiers who had worked all summer on the station premises, with whom Biron had been greatly pleased. He therefore invited Madame Ivanoff and me into his private office, and kept us there out of the crowd and in comparative comfort and cleanliness for the four hours' wait. We watched the vast crowds from the window of this retreat, which overlooked the railroad platform; and we saw thousands of men and women and hideously dirty soldiers, with enormous packs of clothes, bedding and provisions, settled

(Continued on Page 24)

The Commander of the New Russian Legion Formed in France Addressing Some of His Men Before They Leave for the Front

Longer Life Where Wear Is Greatest

Up to this time science has evolved no rubber so tough and long-wearing as the Prōdium Processed tread of Republic Tires.

Side by side with other tires, this tread has repeatedly shown greater resistance to the grinding, rubbing strains of starting and stopping, of driving and steering the car.

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REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 22)

down, eating, sleeping, packing, dressing, all over the station, until they looked like refugees encamped.

We saw trains come in, and their contents of weary and worn humanity empty themselves out of the cars through windows as well as doors, while waiting mobs surged about in vast waves. No sooner was one set of occupants out of them than the cars were assaulted and taken by storm, with shouts, screams, lamentations, oaths and blows, crashing of glass and creaking and breaking of wood. The compartments and corridors were at once refilled to overflowing, and on the roofs, platforms and steps the khaki-clad soldiers clung like flies. Once they were placed they all settled down philosophically to the discomforts of traveling, and they unpacked provisions, ready to divide these with any chance neighbor. Officials were powerless to handle the situation, and I could see how much the Cuirassiers' large fists were missed.

Mike decided it would be impossible for us to fight for places against such odds, and he asked Biron, the station master, to allow us to go down into the car yards and get on our car there, where we would wait till the train started. Biron consented, and a messenger was sent to find out about places, for there were no possibilities of engaging any now, and it must be always first come first served.

When he returned the report was that the cars down there were already packed by hundreds of other people, who had had our idea without asking Biron's permission; and that there were not only no places left but that not even a small package or a pin could find space—and we had masses of hand baggage. So we gave up the start for that day, and our party returned to spend the night at home, greatly surprising the servants, who had remained in the house. Next day we would try our luck again.

Madame Ivanoff was terribly depressed and most agitated over the dangers of a trip of three days under such conditions. Mike was greatly annoyed and worried, and I was more than ever determined that at whatever cost we must go on the morrow, and not defer our trip again. The station master had told me much of his history during the hours I sat near his desk, and had said first of all he was delighted to meet an American, because he had heard much of my native land, having a brother settled there and grown rich; and he swore he would see to it that if we came tomorrow at two in the afternoon we should somehow have room to leave that evening.

The Kindness of the Cuirassiers

HE THEN expatiated on what was going on all over Russia; told me there were hundreds of cars broken down, standing in the yard at Kief, which no workman could be persuaded to mend, thanks to the intrigues of the committees; that free fights were in order now; and that twice in the last few days since the Cuirassiers had left he had been obliged to draw his revolver to defend himself in the station. All our rolling stock was rapidly wearing out and new could not be obtained from anywhere or made at home. He said it was only a matter of weeks when there would be a general strike of the road's employees, who were having constant trouble, and were even being wounded and killed all along the lines by the traveling soldiers, the latter wishing to dictate and have the trains run to suit themselves. On the other hand the railroad men, though seemingly martyrs to the cause, were demanding daily raising of their wages, and would not work properly or obey orders.

As he painted it the picture of Russia's present condition was less tragic than that of the future. I wondered that he should be anything but a raving maniac in such surroundings; yet he was calm and cool, and even found time to smile and be a little ironical; and he was also neatly shaved and wore a smart, clean uniform. I heard from Mike that Biron was considered one of the best men in his branch of the service in all Russia; and that he had remained at his post from pure patriotism through all these dreadful months; that he had said he would remain even now; and probably he would find his end in some riot impossible to quell.

The man had a fine, strong type of face, and when later I asked him what he thought of Russia he said: "For the country finally I believe in a great future, which we who stay here now won't live to see, princess. First, we'll have the Germans here, and they will whip us, which is what we seem to need, to learn our lesson. Afterward it will be all right, and we shall progress; but you do well to go to America for a time. It is better to choose another republic than ours just now, and anything is better than this." He waved toward the window. "I would go, too, and visit my brother if I could, but I can't, and now it is too late even to send the wife and children; so we are going to try to weather the storm here."

When we went home and had had some supper we slept in doleful, dismantled rooms, and I felt as if our journey had already begun, so acutely were the sights at the station impressed upon my mind. Madame Ivanoff's maid laid out the cards; and the latter foretold that they would not take the long trip on which we were going. This discouraged the woman's little old mistress immensely, who, adding this prophecy to what she remembered having looked at through Biron's window during the afternoon, decided she was doomed to die on the trip, crushed in the mob.

However, after a bath and breakfast next morning we were all less blue, except Mike, who had not yet traveled since revolutionary times, and who had been horrified by his observations of the day before. I was resigned, as I had made one or two trips in almost the same conditions; and I knew that owing to the national good nature our plan could be carried through, though it certainly looked unpromising in comfort. On our way to the depot we were obliged to cross the main street of Kief, and there we found that the public funeral of some of the victims—Ukrainians and Bolsheviki—of the past week's disorders was just passing. Masses of excited people packed the sidewalks and the side streets for a considerable distance back, looking on.

We were in Mike's auto for the last time; but Mike in civilian clothes and the chauffeur and Davidka minus their epaulets were not compromising. As the hearses went by and only political deputations made up the procession we noticed our smart machine was attracting attention and hostile looks.

Luckily just then our chauffeur saw in the crowd two mounted gendarmes, and saying to my husband, "Those may be some of ours, Highness, and perhaps they would help us through," he begged Mike to send Davidka to investigate.

Mike consented, and within a moment both gendarmes turned, looked, and gave us a broad grin, but no salutes, not wishing to give Mike away. They appreciated our delicate position and knew that probably if the crowd recognized Mike our car would be smashed to bits, and we should not live to tell the tale.

Davidka returned quietly and climbed into his place. "It is possible, they say; immediately," he said.

Then the chauffeur started his machine. A break in the procession occurred, and the two gendarmes drew closer to one another and spoke to the crowd between themselves and us.

"Travelers," they said. "They must get through to the train. Make room." The crowd amiably, and without interest in us, parted; and we slid up behind the two gendarmes. They then moved forward slowly, dividing the mob in two, and the latter stared at us in silence as we passed. I saw Mike feel his revolver, but he made no remark, and I was glad he was in the middle of the back seat, and not driving, as of old. It made him less noticeable. We crossed safely between two of the deputations taking part in the march, and then we pushed on behind our guard into the audience on the opposite side street.

There stood another Cuirassier camouflaged as a gendarme. He saw us, recognized his regimental motor and his old commander, and he silently saluted, with a pleased look on his face. We reached the free street a moment after, and left this danger behind, and we all of us sighed at once from sheer relief. Madame Ivanoff wiped her eyes. The poor little old lady was dreadfully upset; but she made no trouble.

Mike now thanked our Cuirassier saviors; and they with broad grins answered in voices gay, and with the fashion of ancient days: "Your health, Highness! You are very welcome!"

A Hazardous Journey

AFTER that we sped on through quieter streets and reached the station safely. Biron had planned with Mike our capture of a compartment, and the former had sent two sturdy agents to meet the train on its way north at a station outside of Kief. There they were to get on, and when the passengers left the cars in Kief they were to seize and hold a compartment till we could pile in. We on our side were to do this immediately the train came in from the Crimea, and before it even went to the yards to be cleaned up. Thus from two-thirty until nearly nine P. M. we would sit and hold our places against all comers. We were quite willing to do this in order to have them.

Mike had also engaged a porter from the hotel to help Davidka, and Madame Ivanoff's manservant was coming to put us in; so with two station baggagemen who came along we felt we were a strong party. Yet, even so, Mike was afraid we shouldn't be able to succeed in our attack. I was anxious for him, as he looked dreadfully ill and worn and he was suffering greatly from his wound, with constant dizziness and pain. It really seemed unfair he should have the acute discomfort of this trip on top of all the trouble he had already faced. He drew some consolation, however, from the fact that I had made a trip almost as bad in the summer over this same road; and he decided, after a suggestion of giving it up in despair, that as we must get away sometime it would probably be easier now than later on. Besides, since other people traveled daily by this route, there was no real reason why we might not succeed as well as they.

The amazing thing to me was that everyone in the station did not murder everyone else. No one seemed to suffer more than the dose of absolutely necessary misery to get through; and I counted as always on the excellent good humor of all these rough elements. Perhaps, too, I had really grown a little superstitious about my Faberger owl, for I held him tightly against me in the small bag that I carried on my wrist.

Old Madame Ivanoff did not have my mascot or my faith. As she watched the wavering mob her dismal forebodings overwhelmed her and she broke down. Trembling, she said she was too old to risk such conditions, and that she preferred to

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Litoshi Prison, Petrograd, Destroyed by the Revolutionists

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remain in Kief. Mike offered her no encouragement to accompany us; and I, after protesting a little, decided it would perhaps really be better if she returned to evils she knew rather than go on with us into the unknown, since in any case in the Crimea we must abandon her. I felt very sorry to say good-by to the panic-stricken little old lady; and I promised to return her trunk to her on the first occasion, since now it was no longer possible to recapture it from the mass of baggage. We parted sadly, feeling we should probably never meet again; and I keep a warm and grateful memory of her and her comfortable home. Her anxiety for our welfare was most touching, and her letters followed us on our wanderings for a long time.

Our train drew in. We had been placed, surrounded with our bodyguard who held the small baggage, exactly on the right spot; and as soon as the last incoming voyager had descended to the ground we slid onto the car steps, after which the crowding and pushing behind only helped us forward to our places. We found the compartment held by Biron's men, and we occupied it. I had kept Elène with us in order not to lose her, and we also retained for the moment all our four men, till the first fight for seats should have subsided; only Davidka left us, as he was going to travel in the baggage car in an attempt to defend our trunks from tampering or loss. In a compartment for two, consisting of one lower and one upper berth, both narrow benches, we were two women and five men; and thus we stayed for hours till we had convinced various groups it was hopeless to try to accompany us. I knew from past experience that we could never keep the whole compartment for ourselves. I told Mike this, and we decided when the second rush of passengers should come we could at least choose our companions in misery, and quickly and adroitly avoid, if possible, the dreadful dirty soldiers or refugees who might choose us. Soon our car was mobbed again by a throng who had come in on a train from the frontier stations. Many soldiers among these were bound south, and meant to find room for themselves at all hazards.

We saw in the front of the mass entering the corridor a Sister of Mercy, clean and in Red Cross uniform.

Strategy Wins

"Quick, sister, there is room for you here!" said Mike; and one of our guardians slipped out the compartment window while she pushed in through our door. I stored her with Elène on the top berth, where they proposed to get on as best they could together. Below there were only Mike and I and the rest of our guardians now. In a moment came a huge, blond, amiable-looking creature, comparatively clean, well shaved and dressed in the uniform of a colonel of cavalry of the line, with baggage that had seen three years and more of war by its looks, and a teakettle slung on one bundle which he carried; with him a small, dark soldier, evidently his soldier servant, for they were talking with familiar gayety, in old patriarchal fashion. We at once added this pair to our party and then, feeling that the most desirous of entering our compartment would acknowledge it could hold no more, we sent off our last guardians and began to settle down, locking the door and opening the window so we could breathe.

With Elène and the sister on the upper berth, their baggage stored in the racks about them, the colonel and his soldier, Mike and I had the narrow lower berth and floor space to ourselves. The men gave me the seat nearest the window, and I rolled my cloak and furs behind me for a cushion, putting inside them my jewel case, and my bag containing our money and papers. In front of me bags were piled to a great height, with the provision basket on top, where it was within reach. Mike sat next me, with a roll of plaids behind him, then the enormous colonel, radiating cheerfulness and gratitude that he had been chosen, and saying with ready hospitality: "I can make you tea whenever you care for it. Ivan here will run for hot water at the stations."

Ivan, who squatted on the floor at his officer's feet in Oriental fashion and grinned at his luck in having escaped the roof through our hospitality, looked ready for anything in the way of service. Mike introduced himself, since being in civilian clothes he could not be recognized. The colonel in return gave his name, and announced he had a leave, as had his Ivan also, and that they were going home for two months to Simferopol, the Crimean capital. We should therefore be making the entire trip together. I announced I would feed the party and, since we could count on the colonel for our tea and Ivan for the errands, we should keep house most comfortably in our compartment. By this time, though we were still in the yards, soldiers were settling on the roof, all the compartments were packed, and our corridor had numerous people and much baggage piled in it.

But this was not all that was coming to us. After another hour of waiting we were hitched to our locomotive and were dragged into the station, where a new set of what seemed lunatics tried to take us by storm. Secure in the fact that we were already like sardines in our compartment and could tempt no one we sat quietly listening.

The colonel laughed. "It is worse than the noise of battle. They are wild beasts, not men," he said.

A new wave surged into the corridor, and the roof above us creaked. Heads stuck in at our window, looked, and were convinced at once; then they drew out again. Our door was pounded, and Ivan opened it. "Two above, three below, one on the floor; also much baggage." And the intruders passed on. A general, who was alone with two aids-de-camp in the next compartment to us, was less lucky than we. He refused to open his door, and with cries of "Bourgeois!" "Capitalist!" "General!" his window was smashed on one side, and the mirror in his door on the other. After that oaths and noise and more breakage all about; but no one seemed hurt.

A Rough Night

Now the corridor was so full no one could sit down there, save some few who had come early and had perched on top of their bags and bundles near the ceiling. Our colonel peeped out and reported the toilet room was taken over and occupied by several soldiers; and that no one could possibly be able to reach it during the trip, since it was more than one's life was worth to get through that distance. Two wounded officers were raised over heads in the crowd. Word came along, "Wounded officers," and somehow they were carried or passed from hand to hand. Before they reached us two charitable people had given up places to them. Various travelers cried out they had fragile packages, and they found hands willing to save these and to store them away in the upper racks. Some were even handed in to us.

One was passed me by a soldier, who said with interest: "This is a cake. Belongs to a lady out here in the corridor. Please keep this side up."

I am sure no one but Russians could make a revolution in such a manner. It was hot, stuffy and frightfully uncomfortable, and the stench from the corridor was unbearable. I persuaded my companions it would be better if in spite of the November cold we opened our window; and really only this kept us alive.

At night we slept sitting up on the hard, unmade berth. There were neither cushions nor bedclothes, which had long ago been stolen. We couldn't get at ours or think of unpacking any of our bags. Impossible to move or to change places either. Equally impossible to stretch out. Above, the two women were lying down, but they had no room for an upright position, and it was hotter where they were. The colonel and Mike risked taking off their boots; and Ivan curled up, and in the darkness it was impossible to make out how he managed to take so little room. He was, I found, a Mohammedan Tartar soldier, seemed devoted to his master, and anxious to please and serve us; and when awake he was all smiles. Now he slept soundly, though occasionally he stirred, or woke and listened, then looked at the colonel and went to sleep again, like a true watchdog.

Pitch-dark it was in the car, save for the moonlight coming through my window, and very cold. The colonel snored comfortably and reassuringly. Mike moaned in his sleep with the pain of his wound and worn nerves. Both women were quiet in their berth, and all through the car there was the heavy weight of sleep. The morning came early, and from sheer discomfort children cried and women's voices complained or consoled, while men lent good-natured assistance here and there; or swore.

I had fallen asleep toward dawn, but not for long. I was too spoiled to rest well in such cramped quarters, but fortunately I had plenty of reserve strength to draw on, and my desire to make this trip helped me to a feeling of content in spite of discomforts, knowing we were at last on the road. I even tried to philosophize about the possible loss of our trunks, which I knew were on our train and under Davidka's capable eye. Then I found myself wondering if we should get through. We ought certainly to be all right, since the Faberger owl was along; so why worry? Thus far we had come out of Kief safely, and that was already much to the good.

In the morning at our first stop Ivan went through the window and fetched the colonel's kettle full of boiling water; then he and his master made us excellent tea, drawing the leaves from a newspaper scrap and some sugar lumps from a rag, all of which were packed together in an old flour sack they carried, tied with a string. I found cups and bread and butter in our provision basket, and we breakfasted contentedly enough. Then the men smoked and talked of their army experiences, and the colonel asked many questions, for he had not left the firing line far off in Galicia for ten months and more, and he was under the impression the rest of the army, like his Tartar regiment, was about all right, and doing its duty in spite of ridiculous propaganda. He was amazed to hear from Mike details of the occurrences in Kief and farther north. He had judged the whole situation by his own men's behavior. These scarcely spoke Russian, and were vague in their politics, and incidentally were excellent soldiers, remnants of the old conquerors from the Golden Horde. Nearly all of these were rich for their class, and were proprietors of land in the Crimean peninsula; consequently they were conservatives. He was shocked to see conditions as they were now on the railroad, but he accepted them with resigned toleration.

On the whole, in spite of what we told him, he was evidently keeping his easy, humorous optimism, and he was helped by his warm comprehension of his compatriots, and by believing in them in spite of the vagaries of disturbed times.

On the Way to Simferopol

As the long hours passed and we dozed or read or chatted I appreciated our colonel more and more. He was a thoroughly Russian type, dignified and never familiar, though always friendly and helpful. His tea and sugar and his servant were entirely at our service; but he showed great hesitation in accepting any of our provisions for himself and Ivan. All his conversation was addressed to Mike, and he did not propose lighting a cigarette till I thought of telling him I did not object to smoke. He was as modest as to the space he and his bundles should take as it was possible to be, and was the most undisturbing traveling companion one could imagine. He saw how ill my husband was, and he went on from war topics to entertain Mike with anecdotes and stories, and even gave us in mimicked copy an entertainment he had heard by a comic story teller somewhere at the Front, and which he remembered remarkably well.

Though evidently a sociable chatterbox he could be quiet, also, and let us rest through hours. And while he told us of his life and family at home he never once asked an indiscreet question. He cheered and jollied up the Red Cross sister, who was very peevish, giving first a headache, then a toothache, as her excuses. Finally we all sympathized with her, and forgave her crossness and complaints. Our colonel was ready to talk politics, and he greatly encouraged us by not regarding the situation as hopeless even now.

"We Russians like the longest way round and lots of messing, even to accomplish a little thing; and now how much more must there be noise for these great events."

Another long night, and we had still no possibility of moving from our places. I had not even taken off gloves or veil for thirty-six hours, and when we approached the great station where we must change trains for Simferopol it was a serious question how we should get out of our prison. Nearly all the passengers were remaining on the cars and going toward the Caucasus. Impossible to get through the corridor, and we were five people and all those bags, which must be somehow removed. Mike was dreadfully perplexed. I had watched so many going in and out of windows that though all these had been men I felt I had learned their method and could follow it in spite of cloak and skirt and furs.

I proposed this to Mike, saying it seemed to me infinitely preferable to the idea of traveling to a point beyond our destination. I knew Elène would follow me if I gave her a lead, and I thought it would be easy enough if only I had something to land upon below, as the jump from the window ledge to the ground was about three times my height. The colonel, on the alert, had heard our talk, and he now intervened:

"Ivan and I will go first, and pile our bags; then you and your maid shall come, princess, and we will help you land; then the prince shall pass us your bags, and follow himself."

And so we did it. As we drew into the station it looked a vast hive of angry bees, and when the train stopped the spry Ivan scrambled through the window and dropped lightly. The colonel threw him their bags, which made a soft, mountainous cushion on the ground; then the ponderous colonel passed, and I caught my breath, for I thought he had stuck in the narrow window; but he wriggled through somehow, and fell down on his property with a mighty thud.

Now was my turn. First I scrambled up on our pile of bags and, reaching the window sill, I sat down, swinging my feet outside. Then I wrapped my cloak tightly round me, so it did not catch or float but held my skirts. With the jewel case tight in my arms and the bag of valuables in one hand, also holding my muff, I gritted my teeth, shut my eyes and jumped. It was very scaring, but I felt myself safely caught and put upon my feet as I landed. The kindly colonel had seized me just at the right moment as I flew through the air, and I had not even felt a jolt.

Time to Change Cars

Elène dutifully followed, but having reached the window sill she looked below and cried with a despairing voice: "I can't! Oh, I can't!"

She looked frantic and disheveled.

"Jump at once!" I said. "You must."

But Mike was more energetic. Without a word he pushed her from behind, and with a scream she cleared the space and landed near me, where the colonel steadied her. Our bags followed. Then Mike unlocked the door into the corridor, and saying to the crowd in the hall, "There are five free places in here," he made a rush for the berth, from there stepped through the window and dropped beside us, while the occupants of the corridor broke into our compartment with a howl as of triumphant wolves; and the little Red Cross sister shrieked. I've no doubt, however, they all shook down soon and made their trip in perfect friendliness afterward.

We rushed into the station. I felt dazed and crippled by the long trip, with its fatigue of enforced immobility; and Elène and I lost no time in reaching for our dressing bags and hunting up the ladies' private room, where, though there were fifty or more women as travel-stained as we, and the room was far from attractive, I enjoyed my first sight of soap and water for two days. Never had I had greater pleasure than that given me by sponge and tooth brush and my rubber traveling bowl filled with hot water, all laid out on a window sill of that dirty station room.

Our train did not leave till noon, and I had had coffee without cream or sugar, then slept soundly for two hours with my head on my muff and jewel case, which were propped upon the restaurant table. Mike waked me to get on our next train, which was expected immediately from Moscow. He was very anxious, because he feared this part of our trip would be worse than the first chapter had been, for now we must get into a train already filled with travelers and he was wondering how we should negotiate the corridors. I reminded him we still had the bird along, by way of valuable help; and strong with our recent experiences I said Elène and I were not afraid of going through windows. Mike had hired two sturdy baggagemen, and had promised them each five rubles if they secured us places. In the crowd on the platform our colonel saw us; and he and Ivan joined us at once.

"Of course there will be places," he answered Mike's inquiry. "I am the biggest, and I shall go in first, instantly, as the train stops. You will be just behind me, and you shall be served."

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So we lined up, and as the car stopped a flying wedge went up its steps and in, with the valiant colonel at the apex. He scolded, coaxed, joked and apologized as he shoved through, drawing our two sturdy baggagemen and myself along; while Mike and Ivan, just behind us, brought up the rear of our party. It was a complete triumph, largely because of our energetic action, but also because in this Moscow express there was slightly more room than in the other train and only a dozen or twenty occupants were in the corridor. I was shoved into an empty seat in a compartment, between a gentleman, fat and very grumpy, and a neat pleasant-looking officer; beyond him sat a shy, miserable young woman with lovely black eyes, big turquoise earrings and an untidy dressy silk gown, who spoke Italian with her husband as he stood in the corridor near her.

I slipped off my ulster and furs and rolled them into a bundle, to use as a cushion; then I sat down with a sigh of real joy. There was room enough, clean companions and good air here; and only twelve hours more of our trip. And to cap the climax of our happiness Davidka had managed to get the trunks off on another train, slower but ahead of us. The worst of our trip certainly was over, and though we were scattered about and I hadn't the vaguest idea what had become of our bags and the provision basket, I hopefully left them to Elène's care and let myself go to solid enjoyment.

The Man With the Skullcap

The Italian lady near by was telling the officer of all she and her husband had been through: how driven from their estate and home by their peasants they had seen flames mount into the sky as the "tigers set fire to our house and sugar factory, while we fled by carriage to Kief. Luckily some of our fortune is in government war-loan bonds, and now we go to the Crimea to see if it is quieter there, and to rest; then we shall go to my home country, Italy, and I will never come back. My husband is driven away by the people who had lived off our factory for many generations. It is a horrible country, your Russia."

"It is truly rather wild just now," said the officer in a consoling voice, but he smiled bitterly. "We have much to learn yet, and must suffer first undoubtedly. We also have had great troubles at the Front. The soldiers are all frantic with their new liberties, and they understand nothing. I am going for a leave of two months to Yalta, and I hope to have peace and quiet there for that long, at least, whatever comes afterward."

I joined in their conversation a little, offering what optimistic arguments I could for the future, and I added my faith in the Russian national strength, and the beauty the people had always cherished in their ideals, which I counted on finally to help us to a good ending of the actual drama.

Above us, on the upper berth, lay an old man, agitated and a little too talkative; I fancied somewhat the worse for having emptied a flask which he held in one hand. He loudly tried to enter into conversation, and then he slept.

My fat neighbor on the other side continued silent, indignant that he had so many traveling companions; yet he was in the best corner near the window, and had two of the red velvet cushions behind his back, while neither the officer nor I had even one. With his European clothes he wore a tiny Tartar red velvet skullcap, embroidered in gay colored silks, on his close-shaved head, and he looked like a fat, grotesque statuette. Unresigned to the discomfort, for which he quite evidently held the Italian woman and myself largely responsible, he had protested the compartment was *complet;* but ignoring him I had sat down without a word. Now he wriggled and moved a large pasteboard box, which probably contained his best costume. It stood between us.

"It is very crowded," he said. At once and without remark I took hold of the big box and put it on a pile of luggage opposite me.

"That is my box," he said.

"So I supposed," I answered; "but it is large and made me uncomfortable, and now you say you are so too; consequently we will remove it."

And I sat back much more at ease, and turned again to join the conversation on my left without another sign. He evidently thought of protesting and recapturing his property and restoring it to the old place; and then he gave up the idea and coughed furiously. The man from the upper berth awoke, and with much talk and apology scrambled down to our level and went into the corridor.

"He is insupportable! Up and down all night, disturbing us. I have had no sleep at all," said he of the Tartar cap.

I turned on him. "That sounds like our trip," I said. "We were six in a compartment for two nights and a day, with five extra hours beforehand in our car at the Kief train yard; and we could not move as here, into the corridor, nor touch our bags, nor wash, nor rest."

He evidently felt my story put his troubles in the shade, and he was quiet again; and he drew a bit of bread and a bottle of milk from his provision basket, ate and drank, and then he had a nap. Soon he woke up. Mike had brought me a French newspaper to read, which contained the latest war telegrams.

"When you have finished that journal, madame, would you allow me to look at it?" said my fat neighbor suddenly in most humble tone.

I felt I could afford to consent, after the triumphs of having kept my seat and disposed of his box, so I passed him the paper, when I had read it, with my best smile.

"Do you read French?" I asked. "It is in French."

"Yes, madame, I read that easily enough."

Mike came in, bringing tea and some biscuits. He asked me in English if I would like anything else besides, and then he offered the Italian lady some of our beverage, which she accepted with pleasure, drawing some sugar from her pocket and giving me a share of that. We drank it together and went on with our talk, while the fat neighbor and the officer accepted biscuit.

I felt very weary afterward and, seeing me pushing my cloak about, the fat man said, with evident desire to have his crimes forgiven, "Won't you have one of these cushions? I have two."

I took it and felt luxurious. I slept some time, and when I woke I found my cross old neighbor had completely thawed.

"May I be indiscreet, madame, and ask your nationality?" he said. "You speak of Russia with good will and affection, even in these dark days, and yet you are obviously not Russian. You read French, yet you are not French, since you are not agitated, as are the Latins. You spoke English, but you are not British, I am sure, for you are more animated and more sociable than are they; and I have long been inquiring in my mind what you may be."

The Fat Man Melts

I laughed. "I am a Russian subject. My husband and children are all Russians, but I was born in America," I said.

"Surely, yes. That would be it exactly. When you came in I protested; but you sat down and stayed, without an argument. When you took away my box it was an accomplished fact without insult, discussion or comments, which would have been British or French. Then you were not cross from my crossness. Yes, certainly, American and Russian. A good combination. Most interesting."

"And you, monsieur? Are you Russian?"

He answered: "Yes, from the misguided Ukraine I come. I was one of the old government officials in Poland, but my corner went into German hands during the retreat of 1915, and I naturally had to drop out of the service. Since then, having a little money, I have been observing things from the side, and resting quietly. I live in Kertch, the Crimea."

We grew to be quite chums shortly, and we talked for several hours. I found my old neighbor was full of kindness now, anxious to make up for the first bad impression. Soon he offered me his seat by the window so I should be less disturbed by the going and coming of that idiot from above. He told me of his family and life, too, but we talked mainly of Russia. I found he believed in her future as I did; but he considered the reign of terror which these German-injected Bolsheviki would bring must be lived through, and he only hoped it would be short enough not to ruin us completely. As to help from outside we must have it if we are to recover from our hysteria. "It must come from the Allies or else Germany will conquer us completely, and though they may give us tranquility it will be at the price of our lifeblood," said he.

I like odd types invariably, and the fat man became quite charming now. Together we ate our supper, and I traded him an apple and a hard-boiled egg for some cookies he had, while we both used his milk and sugar with my tea. He left us that evening, but before going he called Mike to inherit his place and cushion for the night; which was a great joy, since we must continue our trip till four-thirty of the morning.

It was now three nights and two long days we had traveled through, without lying down or being really comfortable for a moment, and as we drew near Simferopol I felt I should be able to stand no more. My husband was ghastly, and I began to wonder if he would not break down before we reached our destination. I counted we could get hot food at the station, which I remembered as clean and gay in the summer. Then we would start at once in a good auto on the trip of nearly eighty miles across the mountains to my mother-in-law's villa at Suméiz on the southern coast.

The station I had looked forward to with such anticipation was a terrible disappointment; and because I had hoped for good air, seats and breakfast it seemed to me this was the worst experience of our whole trip. My tired eyes saw millions of men in worn and dirty khaki, all pushing us or lying under our feet; and the stench was so dreadful that one could scarcely breathe. Twice I worked my way to the only open window, which was in the women's dressing room, for a breath of air. This room was already filled with a number of women who had either fainted or were near it, as I was after the crowd in the main room. The rest of the station, packed till there was hardly a corner with standing room, was dimly lighted by run-down and broken lamps.

In the Crimea

Since Sebastopol, where our railroad terminated, was closed to all passengers but its own inhabitants and the sailors who were stationed there, this small station at Simferopol became the clearing house to all the Crimean coast, and was the traveling terminus for the soldiers who came south. Half the crowd was made up of these deserters, all carrying huge bags, with food and other comforts for themselves. The other half seemed Tartars with their families, or Jews, or refugees and beggars. All had bundles. I never conceived so much apparent misery and dirt as there was here.

Eating was out of the question. Chairs we seized through luck after more than an hour's waiting. Rest was impossible in that noise and I proposed moving out to the platform for our long wait; but after inspection Mike refused, saying the crowd was greater there and rougher than inside; that it was completely dark there and not safe for Elène and me. So we resigned ourselves, and remained suffocating where we were, from four A. M. till after seven.

Men, women, children lay about us on the floors, asleep or half awake; unpacking, eating, dressing there without scruple. We had to watch our bags constantly, and two or three times we turned suspicious-looking people, whom we judged to be thieves, away from them. A crowd of half-drunken rowdies in uniform were singing songs, and at the other end of the hall there was a violent political discussion between a sailor and a soldier. Soon people were taking sides, and it ended in blows, of course, which we feared would spread and become a general free fight. In another direction some women were shrilly accusing one another, and these also drew a group about them, who encouraged the fuss till they had to be separated by force. Babies screamed, and everyone shouted or swore and struggled, and then collapsed apparently in heaps.

It was really an anxious three hours to live through, and Mike looked so ill I was frightened for him, but at last daylight came and the welcome sun appeared; also various motor cars with their agents.

We lost no time in renting one of the autos and in leaving Simferopol, and as the fresh air struck my face and I realized the nightmare of our travels was over for the time I was deeply grateful to the special Providence which had guided us. We were safely out of Kief, and, I hoped, through the worst of our experiences; and though we still had some discomforts and dangers ahead I counted there would be no further subjection of my husband to particular pursuit, since from now on we should be beyond the Ukraine provinces and out of reach of those who sought revenge. So for the moment we might put anxiety behind us and enjoy the soft springs of our conveyance and the utterly splendid scenery, which I most specially loved, in this part of Russia.

I recalled the sunrises I had always watched when making this drive before, and I questioned our chauffeur as to why the cars now came so late to the Simferopol station to gather travelers.

"Because it is no longer safe, lady. Outside the station our motors would be stolen or broken by the soldiers, and on the road we should be stopped and attacked by the same comrades if we traveled early as of old; and you would probably be relieved of all your baggage."

Even down here in this delicious lost corner of our country, where the first of the revolution had passed so quietly, the troubles now had penetrated! I was silent under the stress of pity and regret for it all. Mike, suddenly feeling the strain on his nerves relaxed, dozed off, and I had all the beauty of our wonderful drive to myself. First through the fertile valleys, then up into the hills we went; and still upward till the rocks showed little vegetation and there was thick, soft snow in the crevasses, while the semitropical sun shone hot upon us, from a sky renowned for its invariable blue perfection.

Then over the pass, and at our feet, as we crossed it, lay the panorama, which for centuries had attracted beauty lovers to the Crimea, and which poets had sung and artists painted, without ever exhausting its resources. The revolution seemed impossible in this paradise. No wonder invalids came, and that so many poor exiles now chose it as their refuge. In terraces downward, first rocks, then woods, then vineyards and small prosperous fields, while below those again lay gardens riotous with greenery and flowers, edging the waters of the laughing, sparkling turquoise sea. The latter changed to deep purple and emerald green in spots, where it was lined with seaweeds or where sharp yellow crags pierced its smooth surface, standing up for waves to gather round.

Like a Pilgrim in Paradise

Hanging to the mountain's side were picturesque villages, with pink and blue terraced houses and showers of climbing roses. The Oriental Tartars lived in these, clustered about their white mosques. The mosques themselves fitted the landscape much better than did the occasional orthodox churches one saw, and evidently many visitors from afar appreciated this fact, for a great percentage of the villas and palaces half hidden in their parks were of the Moorish type, and white. It was all silent, rich, orderly and of a fairylike splendor, and after the past weeks in Kief, and our discouragements, I was ready to cry with joy in it all. I felt I knew just how a pilgrim appreciated paradise after a stage in purgatory.

Downward we wound, and the temperature changed so rapidly that within a short half hour I dragged off first my furs, then cloaks and finally my sweater, and we opened all the car windows to let in the feast of fresh sea air and sun, soft to the touch. We stopped near a small restaurant on the quai in the first town we reached, and were served quickly and with a smile by a pretty country girl, who recognized me from my last trip and asked for the children.

Never in my life had coffee and rich cream, hot toasts and fruits tasted so good. Mike woke up and did full justice to his share of the food. He still looked haggard; but his spirits were answering to the charm of our surroundings, and I hoped the Crimea would mend his health enough to make the long trip northward that must follow seem easier to him.

After breakfast our road skirted the coast, through woods and charming watering places, where gay hotel guests in pretty clothes were shopping or strolling and listening to the music, as if wars and revolutions were far away indeed. By Yalta, rich and luxurious still; and beyond it, we passed Livadia and Oreanda, with the imperial palaces shining in the light. No wonder the ex-Emperor had loved this, his private home, which did not belong to the state. I thought of the large family

living now, crowded into that small, far-away house, in a freezing Siberian town. What a contrast to all this!

Ei-ta-dor came next, where the poor Empress-Mother lived with her daughter and the latter's family, under surveillance now, and without the right to pass these gates. All their hopes and faith of the spring were done for, and gone. Tchaïre also we passed, where the old chief was, like a wounded lion hidden from view, under arrest, with sentinels at his gates, though still allowed a few faithful attendants, with Orloff at their head, never complaining, never protesting: though I was told he was breaking from his grief at Russia's abasement.

Finally we reached my mother-in-law's villa at Siméiz—simple but comfortable and pretty, all white, with a garden of roses in bloom and a view of mountains behind and sea before, and large enough to house her group quite easily. There was great excitement over our arrival. She had not seen her son since she had been in Petrograd, where the princess and Mike had lived the first days of the revolution together. I also had not met her since the spring. She was greatly distressed by my husband's evident bad health, and glad we had left Kief. Mike reported as to her business, and it seemed she and her household might consider themselves protected and comfortable for a year ahead at least by his arrangements. She had settled herself in the Villa Selbi for that long, and we brought additions to her of money and provisions—enough to stand a siege.

Russian Opinion

The only danger was from the motor loads of Bolshevik soldiers or marines, who made expeditions from Sebastopol all over the country to steal and kill. They especially threatened the members of the imperial family farther along the coast; but were a danger to all rich refugees, and the latter lived in constant fear of such visitations. My mother-in-law had entirely changed her feelings toward the revolution during the summer months, and from her immense enthusiasm she had passed to an especial horror of those first revolutionaries who had established the provisional government. She could not find words strong enough to express her anger and contempt, and she vowed that when she should be able to go beyond the frontier she meant to live always away from Russia, and never again have to do with any of our people. Her French powers of expression served her well in the present condition of her mind.

I saw no one else, however, who took quite her point of view, though all the Russians who had taken refuge on these southern shores were pathetic sufferers, having lost heavily by the revolutionary movement, and were terribly discouraged. Nearly all had had estates, which were now gone. Poor Princess Wiazimsky had lost two sons, besides—one killed by accident in the streets of Petrograd, one murdered by his peasants on his country estate; but when I saw her she was very calm and gentle and even seemed to trust in Russia's future. Sazonoff, whom I met at Yalta, and who also had lost his fortune, was hopeful, he said, that the Bolshevik régime would now precipitate events to such an extent that either there would be a sudden reaction in our country round some Napoleonic leader or if that was impossible that the Allies would be obliged in their own interests to interfere; and he preached courage and confidence on this basis. Orloff was as cool as in the spring. He admitted danger to the old grand duke, and incidentally to himself; but he hoped for the best, and he considered the Crimea comparatively safe for average inhabitants. The Tartars were conservative, owning land themselves; and he counted on their taking care of the refugees, if only in order to exploit them.

We tried to see the old chief, but permission was refused to all coming from outside; and it was the same with reference to the occupants of Ei-ta-dor whom I asked about; so we had to be content with messages sent back and forth. Everyone was very brave, I thought; and the exiles all seemed ready to do anything possible to help one another. They were determined to give way to anxiety only when they should be sure they could not escape the threatened dangers. Meantime they lived quietly and simply, saw one another sociably in Yalta, and tried to rest a little from the fatigues of the past three years. Every Russian noble I saw was more sad about the war than about his own private distresses, and each one said anything could be forgiven but the revolutionists' failure to keep faith with our allies.

Some feared our defection might mean Germany's victory in the war, and this thought caused the worst suffering. No one blamed the people much; on the contrary many said the revolution in the long run would develop our nation. Of course without exception these aristocrats deplored the passing of the old, beautiful traditions and the poetry of our country life with its patriarchal relations between proprietor and peasant; and undoubtedly these had disappeared for good. All spoke with pity of the poor Emperor and his danger, and the sad, imprisoned life of the imperials here in the Crimea.

Again I was struck with the extreme beauty of the Russian nature, its strength of faith and patience, its dignity, and the gentle generosity and fine breeding which our troubles only had brought out. Not a sign of panic nor of envy for us who were going away, out of it all. Only care was expressed, and anxiety and good wishes for our safety in the long journey.

Two weeks passed all too quickly. To me saying good-by was hard, and I didn't want to go, leaving all these associates of years behind; yet the reasons for our departure made it seem imperative: If my husband was ever to regain health and strength it could only be by going quite away from all these surroundings, with their tragic influences. There was nothing more he could do to serve the country now; and with means of communication cut he and I should be but two more mouths to feed from the family supplies; whereas, beyond the frontiers we no longer depended on these.

It was infinitely difficult, we found, to get places and tickets to go north to Petrograd; but fortune served us again, and a kind friend who was giving up her trip ceded us two compartments which she had retained long ago. By an amazing miracle the soviet of Sebastopol sailors replied to Mike's telegraphic request, granting us permission to pass through their fortress city and embark upon our journey from the railroad terminus there. Mike's family would not believe this permission possible till we proved it to them by exhibiting our telegram. I was immensely grateful for this boon, for it would be possible to settle ourselves and our belongings in the empty train, and we had some hope we might even hold the reserved places we had paid for, since it was a direct express train we were taking.

Pessimistic Farewells

The final good-bys were distressing, and I feared very much we might never see our family again. I hated leaving all its members to such danger; and it was hard for the poor old princess to go through such trials at seventy, and after her easy and luxurious life; as it was also for my two sisters-in-law and their children, all in fragile health, and with despair in their hearts, to face the future. They made a tragic picture as we parted.

It was the twenty-second of November, and though we were leaving the southern coast bathed in sunshine and draped in flowers our mood was not in tune. Numerous pessimistic friends foretold that our telegram from the Sebastopol soviet was a trap, and they were not reassuring as to what would happen to us when we got into the Bolshevik's fortified city. They felt sure we would be attacked or at least detained under arrest. Others, equally dismal, said this first part of our travels might turn out all right, but once embarked on the train our troubles would certainly begin; and they told us the express trains were especially ill treated. The Cossacks on the Don River were gathering under Generals Kaledine and Kornuloff, who had now escaped from his prison during an uprising at staff headquarters and had managed to traverse half of Russia incognito, joining Kaledine at Novoe-Tcherkass.

A battle was expected between these and the Bolshevik forces moving to meet them from Moscow, while the Ukrainians were also sending troops from Kief and Poltava. No one knew on which side these latter would take part. We should undoubtedly be caught between two fires, we were told, and killed in the scrimmages. We heard that there was no food in Petrograd, and that everyone was being assassinated; while permission to go beyond the frontier was always refused. The refrain of all conversations was the utter folly of our attempt.

My husband and I discussed with some hesitation what we should do, but finally decided circumstances would not be improving for a long time, and that if we wanted to go abroad we must try to do so now. Going seemed a necessity, because of Mike's health, and from every point of view we found it better to put our luck to the test while we still had sufficient strength of nerve, and money in plenty, and while communications seemed to be possible. We knew if the Cossacks' raiding cut the country in two or if the railroads broke down through strikes we should be tied up in a bag in the Crimea, helpless to carry out our plan.

Having once decided, we promised ourselves that whatever happened we would not regret our present act and that we would leave no possible stone unturned to get through successfully. If at Petrograd we could not push on to foreign lands we would simply gather what ready money we could from there, and somehow manage to return and establish ourselves near the family group for an indefinite stay. Meanwhile we were ready to pay in coin and with all our resources, to get through.

By way of beginning, my jewels were sewed into our traveling clothes, where they would attract less attention and be less encumbering than in the jewel case. We then divided our money, so that each should carry half, in case one or the other should be searched or robbed or we became separated. For an emergency we took ten thousand rubles in bills. We reduced our baggage to the last limits, leaving two trunks to my mother-in-law in case of our return, and with our determination wound up for any emergency we took the plunge.

In Sebastopol

Davidka started ahead by some hours, taking our trunks in a cart with a *troika* of good horses, and we followed by motor. He was to wait for us at the gates of Sebastopol, since Mike had the pass for us all on one paper. Mike was in civilian clothes, but our passports naturally gave our names and rank, and we were obliged to show them. I counted much on Davidka's soldier uniform to help us in case of accidents. We were too excited to talk much during our long drive, and we were preoccupied with our fears of many things. Upward we climbed to the pass in the mountains, and from there turned for a last silent look at the beautiful garden of paradise. The Crimea was below. As we came out of the narrow Baidarsky gateway in the rocks and faced northward the bleak cold winds blew against us with a flurry of snow. Two or three hours we traveled onward through it to the battlefield of Balaklava, and passed the monuments of French, English and Russian soldiers who had died and been buried there, where they had been enemies in that great fight of long ago. Then we reached the outside fortifications of Sebastopol and were stopped at the guardhouse.

Davidka and his cart were already there. Instead of the amiable dapper officer of old-régime days two rough soldiers with sullen faces came to meet us; but they were neither untidy nor drunk, and they read our pass and then examined our passports with gruff but perfectly intelligent comments. They were not entirely pleased with Mike's passport and mine, and hesitated a moment, while of course my heart went down into my boots. Mike explained we were only going through the city, leaving by the night train for Petrograd; and they finally acquiesced, and said we might go in. I could have embraced them for being so kind and hospitable

We went to the hotel, dined and had time to read a paper and to take a turn about the town. It had acquired an evil reputation lately with the inhabitants of the regions where we had been, and ever since late June, when Admiral Koltchak had been dismissed by his fleet, destruction and disorder had radiated from Sebastopol over the countryside, but now the place—though its sinister quiet and emptiness gave it an impressive atmosphere—was clean, and the most perfect order reigned. There were no crowds in the street, and no soldier deserters to be seen anywhere. All the sailors were trim and neatly dressed and freshly shaved, so I had a charming and restful impression.

However, at the hotel the director bewailed losses suffered through dearth of travelers and through constant requisition of his provisions. Some French officers were in the hotel, mainly young aviators; but they seemed on the eve of departure, and otherwise the house was practically vacant. At the station the same impression—few travelers, no motley public at all, almost no soldiers, a sprinkling of smart sailors and naval officers with their families; everything clean, and business being run without confusion.

We found our train easily and quickly, and our car, also. We paid twice the old prices or more, and we discovered that we had a trunk's weight more baggage than the very latest laws allowed. We were ordered to leave the trunk at first; but this was so distressing that Mike gave Davidka unlimited powers to act for us, knowing the influence of a soldier's position. Our man did his best, and after a half hour he came to tell us the trunk would not be confiscated but might go along in spite of the recent rule; only he had been obliged to buy an extra first-class ticket all the way to Petrograd, and to spend fifty rubles besides in bribes, because the ticket would not be used!

We did not think of regretting our rubles, and were only too delighted to get on so well.

In the train we had two compartments adjoining, and a dressing room; so if the comrade soldiers did not invade our premises we might count on a very comfortable trip. At first everyone had plenty of room. Two brawny sailors of the garrison got on our car, merely telling the conductor they wished to do so, by way of excuse; but they promised incidentally to see that we had no other inconvenient guests during the trip. They were allowed to sleep in our corridor. They soon settled down and chatted quite genially with Davidka.

The conversation seemed quite like old times, as I listened from my berth. I had put Elène with Davidka, and kept Mike with me for the sake of protection, with doors between the servants and ourselves all open; and we piled plaids and baskets, with our bags, against windows so the station mobs along the road would think our places crowded and would not be tempted in. There was no longer a pillow or a blanket or sheets left in any car. One of my windows was cracked from top to bottom, and of course undressing was impossible; but it was much to be able to lie down and stretch out, even if at any moment an invasion might be expected. I shivered to think of the masses awaiting our train at Simferopol and elsewhere on our route.

Rough Travel

For the moment we could, however, count on a few hours of tranquil sleep, and we all hastened to seize that, having arranged in case of difficulty that our servants could simply give up their compartment completely and join us in ours. Elène and I would then divide the upper berth, leaving Mike and his valet below.

I slept soundly till about two A. M. Then in a panic I awoke, and listened to howls and shrieks, thumps and bumps all about me. One woman, hysterical in the corridor, whose baggage was lost and whose hat with various other possessions had been dragged from her by the crowd, according to her complaints; another feminine voice broken by sobs told the same sort of tale farther on. Soldiers tramping and jumping to get warm on top of our roof; loud calls and oaths; more travelers with bags and bundles in the corridor; then a fight at the door, and sounds of broken glass, falling bodies and high words; threats of firing; laughter; irony; and taking by storm of the cars beyond; and our sailors could be heard keeping their word to us, for no intruders invaded our car.

A window crashed just beyond me; and then a heavy thing was thrown against one of our own. Fortunately it held; and this seemed to discourage the attacking party. Insults and cries of "Capitalista!" "Bourgeois!" And I saw Mike feel for his revolver. We both sat up and waited in silence for what might come.

Nothing happened; and the train drew out of Simferopol, leaving a vociferating group of seething humanity behind us. I took courage from this first experience, and

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THE PEOPLE'S FILMS ABOUT THE PEOPLE'S WAR

PRESIDENT WILSON stated the case correctly when he said, "*This is the People's War!*"

The people have a right to first-hand information about their war—hence the Committee on Public Information.

The Division of Films is a part of the Committee on Public Information.

It is, therefore, a strictly Government institution, organized to manufacture and distribute the Government's own films produced for the people of these United States and their Allies.

Its mission is the presentation, through the medium of motion pictures, of Government activities, especially America's preparation for and participation in the war.

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The Most Beautiful Car in America

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Immediate and cheerful compliance with our Government's every request is not only our duty but our cherished privilege. In order to speed up our War Work to the limit of our resources, our organization, our factories, every dollar of our capital, every ounce of our energy will very soon be placed on a one-hundred per cent War Basis.

We have pledged our hands, our heads, our hearts to the Service of the Colors — until the War has been Won.

Therefore, the manufacture of Paige passenger cars will be discontinued — for the Duration of the War — as soon as we have manufactured our quota of cars as requested by the Government.

Obviously, we shall manufacture but comparatively few more Paige Sedans and Paige Coupés, those cars whose comfort, economy and all-weather utility have won for them country-wide preference as war-time investments.

In offering this announcement to Paige purchasers we are actuated only by a desire to protect their interests. We are confident of their sympathetic understanding.

We offer them the patriotic support of 2,000 Paige Dealers who stand ready to preserve and protect the good name and good will of the Paige which they have helped build.

The Paige will be whole heartedly "*With the Colors.*"

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, U. S. A.

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

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went to sleep again; but we were told there would be other stations, where the crowd was worse than this had been; and we spent many anxious hours.

Our sailor protectors were truly admirable. They were the greatest aid and comfort, fraternized with Davidka and Elène, and looked after our safety always. They admitted to the premises, during the two days and three nights to Petrograd, those who showed proper tickets for their reserved places in our car, and they made exception only for three wounded soldiers, for whom they begged our hospitality. One of these was shot through the lung and could scarcely breathe; another, with a stomach wound, lay on his back; and the third was lacking both legs. There were no Red Cross trains since the revolution to transport such misery, and the wounded depended on chance. These had been fortunate, for our big sailors and Davidka helped the poor fellows as much as they could, while Mike often talked to them and saw to their comfort and we gave them tea and biscuits from time to time. With these men it didn't seem to matter about the revolution; or else it was because there was no German agent near enough to stir up trouble between us.

Safely we passed through the Cossack country, and the city of Kharkoff was one of our stops. When, the next day, we reached Moscow we read in special telegrams sold in the station that there had just been a battle in the night at this same Kharkoff, and all communications were cut off with the south—our train having probably been the last to go through.

Finally, after all our false alarms, we reached the capital, twenty-four hours late but quite content, though our trip had cost nearly two thousand rubles, when in old times three hundred would have amply paid for it. We thanked our protectors, the two sailors, for their good services, and we bade our wounded soldiers good-by, while they with enthusiasm all wished us well. We had had warm relations with them, such as certainly could never have existed in any other country in a like situation. It takes Russians to be so unexpectedly simple in the midst of complications.

We read in the papers on the road of the mutinous uprising at staff headquarters when the commander in chief, General Doukhonin, had been arrested and finally murdered in the railway station during his embarkation on the train for Petrograd. A comrade of Mike's, who had escaped from the fracas at the staff, afterward told us the murderer was an Austrian officer, disguised as a Russian sailor; that General Doukhonin had known him in Vienna, where he had been before the war, and that he had called the false sailor by name before the latter struck him down.

Winter Palace Orgies

Petrograd looked frightfully run down. The streets were lost in deep snow, frozen hard on them, but worn in ruts and holes; and the going was dreadful. The crowds were greater and more disorderly than ever. Hardly anyone ventured out at night without accident, which consisted generally in their being stopped and relieved of their money, furs, woolen clothes and boots, then left to go their way almost naked in the cold. Misery stared at once out of every decent face. It was the dreadful soldiers who had now taken to selling every kind of stolen merchandise, and we bought on the street pavements several rare and valuable editions for absurdly small prices. Evidently these came from some of the palaces, which were being constantly looted.

Half of the shops were closed, and many had been sacked and their windows left broken, or were boarded up against the street. Criminals infested the town, well-to-do people were feeling the pinch of actual hunger, while the honest poor were starving. The hideous Red Guards—who looked like men I have seen depicted in old French paintings representing the Reign of Terror in Paris—were "keeping order" on all sides, dressed in rough clothes, with occasionally some fine garment in their make-up, evidently stolen.

These men stalked about or sat at street corners, with excellent guns, drawn from our old reserves, loaded and slung over their shoulders by a rope or hanging loosely over an arm or even sometimes being used to bump along, as walking sticks. With such treatment guns were always going off. At the street corners fires were built and kept burning to warm these new protectors of the government; and I personally saw many a Red Guardsman use the barrel or the bayonet fixed to the barrel of his loaded gun to stir the blaze. Constantly also one heard machine guns firing in various quarters of the city; and occasionally passers-by would rush for shelter under doorways as the shooting approached; but no one stayed at home because of it, for it had become a matter of constant recurrence.

Prices of everything had soared to the sky, and people were obliged to pay or to go unfed, unclothed and unwarmed. There is no word for the general depression, yet I saw all my old friends who were still there, and I found them glad to talk of outside things or to laugh with sudden gay irony at some comic incident of their own plight, and they tried to forget their troubles always for a little while. General Kamaroff was still in charge in the Winter Palace, and he told us of the horrible days when at the end of October the great building had been taken and sacked by the mob. I myself saw its broken panes of glass and the walls riddled with bullets; and from several eyewitnesses we heard details of the multitude's work. Strangely enough, the rabble had passed by furniture, paintings, porcelains and bronzes of great value, and had even looked at a vitrine of ancient Greek jewelry wrought in pure gold. Saying disdainfully "Those are toys," they had let them stand; and then they hustled one another to cut leather coverings off the seats of modern chairs in anterooms and in the Emperor's sitting room; and to knock down gilded plaster from the walls, sure it must be real gold. The great Malachite Hall had been smashed beyond repair, and infinite damage was done to some of the upper apartments of ceremony. The cellars had been robbed, till all the crowd was dead drunk.

The Electric Guillotine

All over town the tragedy oppressed one, and the splendid capital seemed like some luxurious and renowned beauty dying in the gutter, disfigured and disgraced. On the street I heard German spoken constantly and openly, and doubtful-looking men with unmistakably German faces and clothes went about with assurance. The deputies from the German Government had arrived, with Count Mirbach at their head, and Brönstein alias Trotzky was entertaining them. General Kamaroff told me he had had a written communication from Trotzky ordering him to send silver and linen from the imperial storehouse at the Winter Palace to the hotel where these German deputies were to be lodged. Naturally he had paid no attention whatever to this document, and Trotzky had not protested, but had, Kamaroff thought, given the visitors such supplies as they needed from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where he was himself established, and on which now hung a great white placard. On this was written, "Welcome to Peace!"

Tatischtcheff I also saw, and he told us of Trotzky's entry into the ministry after Terèschtchenko's arrest, and of the assembled group of secretaries and officials, himself at their head, who, handing Trotzky the keys to all the cupboards and then bowing themselves out, had left their resignations piled on the center table. He pictured the new minister's surprise and his perplexity as to how he should get on without their services; of his threat to publish all the secret treaties of Russia with her Allies—a threat that was quite empty, though the creature did not know it, since long ago all important documents had been spirited away by loyal hands and could not be traced.

The Germans had arrogantly protested against the hotel where they were lodged, saying it was not good enough; and not daring to offer the Winter Palace, Trotzky had moved them to the Astoria Hotel, where they held high carnival. The conservative papers were printed only irregularly, and there were a hundred anarchistic sheets each day, of mushroom growth, which detailed the dastardly ambitions of the new leaders, with reference to peace and German occupation; and then advertising new measures and inventions, such as the degrading of all officers to the ranks and the new arrangement by which there were to be no commanders but only equal soldiers. Also the new guillotine was described, which was to be erected in the Palace Square. It was to be worked by electricity and could cut off five hundred heads at each blow.

Each day some part of the city was in darkness, and the water supply was constantly expected to break down. All other public service was erratic, and telephones and cabs were entirely accidental luxuries.

Even in our well-organized hotel, where we had gone into my same old apartment with almost a feeling of home-coming and of being protected, everything was more or less up in the air. We could not complain, however, as compared to those about us we lived in the lap of quiet luxury. By some miracle we had kept the good will of the hotel servants, who gave us admirable care. Even when one day there was a strike below-stairs, and the hotel guests were without food, the waiter on our floor confided to me with his ever-ready grin: "Your Highnesses shall have your lunch and dinner as usual, served here in the salon, since we do not wish you to be inconvenienced."

And so it was. Afterward I learned our party were the only people in the hotel who had had any meals. It was quite puzzling. Mike accused me of being in league with the Bolsheviki; but I have never understood the real reasons for the curious protecting influence that hovered about us through all our stay in Petrograd, unless it came from the devotion of these servants, whom I had known and often talked with through the three years I had been occupying that same apartment during my brief visits to the capital. I had done some of them small favors, but not enough to explain their present kindness. However, our relations had always been excellent, and the chambermaid had an ancient friendship with Elène.

The most mysterious proof of this care for us was an occurrence on the evening of our arrival. We had been warned by the hotel director on that first day of the constant visits the Bolsheviki made to our hotel to inspect and requisition arms; which requisition amounted to their carrying off anything that pleased their fancy. In consequence of this we had done up all our valuables at once, and had carried them to my bank, confiding them there to an old acquaintance, the manager of the Crédit-Lyonnais—all except my string of pearls, of which I was particularly fond, and some earrings, rings and pins I habitually wore. That evening we had dined, keeping with us a friend who had dropped in casually, and when the latter left us, about ten, Mike finished smoking and we moved to our bedrooms and began preparations for the night.

The Faithful Mascot Again

My room and my husband's communicated, and they were between Davidka's room, on Mike's left, and the salon, on my right, while my maid was placed alone, somewhat farther down the corridor. All our doors on the corridor were locked. In a dressing gown I was seated at my mirror, brushing my hair, with clothes tossed on chairs and odds and ends spread on the dressing table, when a knock on the salon door attracted my attention.

Too lazy to rise and open it, I called out: "That door is locked. Go to Number 15." Davidka slept there, and I spoke to Mike, asking him to tell Davidka to get whatever was being brought. Mike himself, always on the alert, went into his man's room just as the latter answered the summons from the hall. In an instant my husband was back at our communicating door.

He looked quite calm and said to me: "Quickly get ready! It is the Bolsheviki. I will hold them a minute or two in my room; but they will want to come in here."

Then Mike disappeared, and I heard loud conversation approaching from Davidka's room into his own. I seized my pearls and rings, and threw them high into my wardrobe, where they fell down behind the piles of lingerie there; then I hid my new slippers and my traveling boots behind the tub in the bathroom, and the Faberger bird went under a corner of the rug. There was nothing else I could put away, save my revolver, which I shoved into the lining of the empty traveling bag as it stood open. Clothes and furs and toilet silver must take their chances. I decided that in order not to seem too busy I would join Mike and his party.

I entered his room, and remained fixed on the threshold from sheer amazement, for our much-feared Bolsheviki were already going out of the doorway, and were saluting Mike respectfully in military fashion, and were giving him his title of General and begging his pardon for having disturbed us! I could scarcely believe my eyes and ears. Mike answered them amiably, and as they retired he closed the door and locked it, sending Davidka with the men, to show them Elène's room. The twelve sailors making up the party were commanded by a young doctor, and they had simply examined Mike's papers and had then said politely that these were perfectly in order and would pass. Two of the men had also remarked that they knew Mike since long before the revolution.

The following day our servants told us the sailors had left Davidka his revolver after some hesitation, and had said they knew all about his master, and that he was "ours." We have never comprehended to what we were indebted for such excellent treatment. Was it Mike's reputation since old times among his various commands as a liberal, and an officer they respected and were fond of? Was it the protection of the hotel servants and our own? Or was it sheer blind luck and the Faberger bird? At any rate we gratefully accepted results, and for the time being we eliminated the fear of Bolshevik inspection from our list of anxieties. Thereafter, though nearly every day bands of these men came to the house and things in all the rooms about us were confiscated, we lived with open doors and in complete unconcern, and they paid us no further visit.

The Banker's Good Advice

Toward the end of our stay in Petrograd, as conditions grew worse, one day I had a telephone message from the manager of the Crédit-Lyonnais, asking me to come to his office on urgent business—if possible at once; and naturally I lost no time in going. He received me with the news that by a mere chance he had been informed of the probability of all banks—foreign as well as Russian—being raided and closed within a few days. Would I give him checks ahead on my account, for any sum we needed, to pay our traveling expenses? He would give me this money from funds he had in the management's private safe, and then he would replace this money later, when it became possible to cash my checks.

He said I must accept this arrangement, as already they were only allowed by law to pay out to their clients a thousand rubles a day, and even this would soon stop with the complete closing of the banks; after which no one could act.

Mike's money, he knew, was in a Russian bank and could not be touched; and "I want you and your husband to be able to leave the capital on the day fixed, so you must take my advice, princess, and immediately. Also to-day, please carry your jewels home with you. If anything should happen to me you could not get them, for I put your packages in my private safe. One never knows; even if I am here the Bolsheviki may take it into their heads to confiscate all such objects; and insurance can't even be claimed."

After a little hesitation I did as Monsieur C—— suggested. I made a rapid calculation of what we should need till our departure and for the trip, and I wrote him at his desk a series of checks, of one thousand rubles each, dated to follow one another on successive days; then he handed me the ten or eleven thousand rubles which I needed, in bills.

By way of recommendation he added: "Buy as many five-hundred-ruble bills of the old régime as you can find, even paying a premium for them, in your hotel and in any shops. On these you will get a good rate of exchange, even if our values here should drop still lower than now. The Germans are collecting these in Stockholm and in Copenhagen, and you mean to go that way, I understand. I have already given you all of those which I have here."

Intensely grateful I tried vainly to put my thanks into words; and I asked with interest what he meant to do, and what would become of him? He laughed.

"I am waiting the Bolsheviki's orders," he said, "and we are quite expecting their invasion here. Our books are all prepared for their inspection. I think they won't ill-treat us seriously, as we are a French institution; but accidentally some of us might be killed. I know I am taking chances."

I inquired if my checks and his payment of them would not perhaps augment his difficulties.

"Don't think of that, please, princess," he replied. "I believe the men who will

come here cannot judge of any accounts they see. If they disapprove of this it is a very small detail as compared to all the other irregularities I have on my conscience. For months I have been running the bank to fit outside circumstances and the needs of our clients, taking care of the latter as best we could; and it has necessitated unconventional action constantly. If you hear I am killed don't you and your husband reproach yourselves. I shall not die for you, most surely. Good-by, princess, and good luck, and if you find I can serve you in case I have lived through all this racket let me know."

One couldn't have rendered a more thoughtful service in a kinder manner. He had been correct in his information, for the very next morning the Bolsheviki took over, occupied and closed every bank in town. All the directors were arrested and taken to Smolny Institute, where the de facto government held high carnival in an orgy of confusion. Most of these gentlemen of finance were set at liberty soon after, on payment of high ransoms; but till we left Petrograd the banks remained closed, and had it not been for the providential warning and help of Monsieur C—— we should never have been able to leave Russia when we did.

The situation in the banks was very peculiar. The Bolsheviki—soldiers, sailors and Red Guardsmen—who had taken charge of them were sorely disappointed at not finding piles of gold and silver on the floors; which was apparently what they had expected. After a few days, remaining to guard premises which they considered valueless bored them extremely; and in many cases they announced this fact, and with disgust departed, leaving the banking houses empty and to the care of their own people. Banks were not allowed to open, however, even then except at certain hours once a week, for payment of money to factory owners, who must show the amount of their pay rolls in proof that what they drew in money was only to pay their workmen belonging to the association of the Red Guard.

Most people had money hidden away in the houses and apartments in which they lived, so at first the difficulty was not particularly felt but was regarded merely as an added anxiety for the future; but it helped to make the well-to-do public blue and lacking in confidence.

Practical Camouflage

After I brought my jewels back to our hotel it became—in the constant uncertainty of life—a great question as to where we should keep them. We ended by tying them up in a bundle, together with our money, papers and other valuables; and then, wrapping the latter in a small white tablecloth, we kept this quaint object near the window of our salon. Outside this window was a small balcony, from which the deep snow had not been cleaned, and we decided that should by chance our rooms be subjected to an unwelcome visit of Bolsheviki or other thieves it would only be the act of a moment to drop our precious bundle outside into the snowdrift; then we counted on the whiteness of the tablecloth not to attract attention from anyone who looked out casually. The things could be fished up later, and would be saved in this way from loss, whatever damage might be done to our other possessions within the rooms. As a matter of fact, occasion never presented itself to put our scheme into execution; but the dangers and sufferings of those about us were so constant that we lived always with the idea our turn might come. Either Mike or I always remained at home, to be on hand in case of such accidents.

It was quite dreadful to see the troubles of those surrounding us, most of whom had not our hope of getting away to lean upon. Constantly some one or another of our acquaintances was refused permission to pass beyond the frontiers; and money was beginning to give out. Even those who had large sums of ready money were intensely anxious, since most of this capital was in the banks, and these were closed, and more often than not they were without funds. Estates were confiscated, and practically all factories were out of commission. Town property was paying nothing, since no one settled rent or taxes. In my own case I discovered why.

I had a large piece of city property, given me years ago by my husband, which I managed myself. The intendant who looked after it informed me in September that none of the tenants—not even the municipality, which was the lessee of one apartment—had paid rent for six months, not in fact since the beginning of the revolution. I asked him why he, my business man, had not carried these cases to the courts.

"I have, Your Highness, but when your lawyer appeared to file complaints the court officials said they were not hearing any such cases now. It was quite useless, since no one could ever win out, and no one had any money to pay; so it finally had bored them to occupy themselves in such hopeless causes."

Then I suggested that we take the law into our own hands and give our tenants no *dvorniki* unless they paid their rent.

"This you may not do, Highness; for the *dvorniki* themselves will aid the tenants to destroy your property, and the mob will come from outside to help them. I have seen many such cases."

Finally I gave orders that till the first of January all the house expenses should be paid; and I left enough money with the intendant for this purpose; after which date he was to abandon the whole affair to take care of itself, and he was to pay no expenses or taxes till the inhabitants themselves should come to the rescue. At least it would not be a daily drain on me, and as proclamations announced that all city property would shortly be nationalized it seemed unnecessary to take care of it further. I found in questioning other proprietors that they were all going through my experiences and reaching my decisions; and General Kamaroff told me that even in the buildings belonging to the court and at present to the government conditions were identical, with neither laws nor police to mete out justice.

A Sensible Messenger

It certainly looked bad for the future of the government's finances as well as for our own; and it also seemed as if soon all the city houses would be falling in ruins, since no repairs were being made and our climatic conditions were so bad. These dangers of poverty and disorder never seemed to strike the demagogues in power. Trotzky made violent and bloodthirsty speeches, preaching anarchy and crime against the counter revolutionaries, posing himself as the "protector of the people's revolution." I never could make out just what he and his government counted on for their continued popularity. Evidently they had no plan for saving Russia or for doing anything rational. Also, obviously they were the agents of Germany, stirring the country to a vast chaos of misery and uncertainty. Probably they foresaw that in the end the people would be completely exhausted and ready to accept reconstruction at the hands of the enemy's officials, whom they could thus introduce to a population too weak to resist.

Meanwhile they offered the scum a long holiday and Trotzky seemed to harangue them with great success. Usually this happened at some immense meeting, about four o'clock in the morning. Between the two main criminals leading the country to disaster there were the ministries, nearly all closed, or "on strike," as it was called; but a few, like the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, did curious business in still more curious manner. With the secretaries and all his official staff gone Trotzky felt obliged to fill the rooms again, and he appointed any workers willing to accept the places. The head of one department was the door porter of the old régime Foreign Office; and the permanent chief of chancelleries, replacing Tatischtcheff, was an interpreter, a Levantine who had been used in old days at our embassy in Constantinople. He used to apologize for his new position when he met anyone he had served or known in ancient days.

One Sunday Elène received a visit from a friend of hers, a girl who had been at work in a shop till recently; and the girl told us the following tale: With the bad times the business at which she worked was closed, and since one must eat she had accepted a place at the Foreign Ministry "though I have always worked before in respectable houses. However, now one cannot choose, and they offered me good pay. Also, I am head of the department which has to do with foreign papers, since I can read and write German, and I have also picked up a little French in the shop—enough to read and speak it badly; but in that crowd at the ministry my knowledge is precious; and constantly the men who must write papers in the Russian departments also come to me to ask how they must spell a word or form a sentence, because I know more of it than they do. I am very glad now that I went to school and learned well."

At another ministry one of the messengers was named to the direction of a department, and he, having served for years in that same ministry, realized fully the hopelessness of his position—also the ridiculousness of it. He at once called upon the man whom he was replacing, and the latter received his old messenger kindly.

"Well, Peter, and what can I do for you?" the ex-chief asked.

"Please, Excellency, I have so many favors from you in the past; but I come again to beg help! Will Your Excellency do my work, so it shall be well done, for the sake of the ministry? I have been named to your old place. Then we shall divide the pay, and afterward, when there is order again and these terrible times are over, perhaps Your Excellency will remember me and obtain for me my old post of messenger again."

Everywhere this was the situation. Tales were told which, when one is no longer in the same situation, seem even to me quite unbelievable, and which were comic to a degree though always they held such tragic suggestions. The base of the government upon which it all stood was Smolny. In the old buildings of the young ladies' institute, founded by Catherine the Great for the education of the daughters of her noblemen, there were held meetings in continuous session of disorganized groups of Bolsheviki. It was somewhat on the model of the Ukraine's rada, but those in Petrograd spent their whole time wrangling and struggling for power, while giving out proclamations on all subjects; and each man was doing business for himself without rime or reason, and with no result except the general augmentation of noise and confusion. It was here one must go to ask for passports or for anything else; and it was the merest accident as to what reply, if any, one received. Arrested people were taken there, and released or put into prison by the caprice of the individual to whom they were handed over; and no one was safe.

Favor for Pro-Germans

Curiously, protection was given to certain people of the old régime, especially those who at court had belonged to the Occult Party. Schéglovitoff, who had been the brains of that clan, and had first occupied the chair of the Minister of Justice, then had been president of the council of the empire just before the revolution, was now released from his prison in the fortress and invited to take a portfolio in the Bolshevik cabinet. To do him justice, he refused this honor. Madame Wiroboff was released, too, and was so well furnished with money that she established herself with more luxury than she ever had in ancient times, and she now lived in a large apartment. She was, I heard, an intimate friend of Trotzky-Brönstein and the latter's wife, and I was told we should have no difficulty in obtaining passports if we addressed ourselves to her; but we did not consider this to be a possible method. General Woyeikoff and others of the same crowd were also set free, while special severity was shown toward the old liberals and the early revolutionists, as well as to the recently arrested provisional ministry. The German occupation was expected soon, and queer tales were afloat of letters which certain people were receiving, purporting to be from acquaintances they had made years ago in Germany and who by these documents promised them protection from all difficulties, once the enemy should be settled among us. I tried to verify some of these letters, as well as the rumors of talks with German officers disguised who were supposedly already in Petrograd; but I never obtained an admission from anyone of his having personally received such a letter or had such a conversation; and except for the fact before stated that German was often heard openly spoken on the streets I never succeeded in establishing any proof of these stories. The whole atmosphere was, however, uncanny and tragic.

Perhaps the most deplorable situation was that of the officers of both the army and navy. They were degraded from their rank and they walked about minus their epaulets, unpaid and literally starving. One of the railroad stations wanted to engage a group of them as baggage porters; General Kamaroff tried to take another group to cut the wood for the stoves in the public buildings. All this was not allowed. "They are intelligencia, and can use their science and work with reading and writing, which we cannot do. Let them then do that and not take the bread from us poor men," was the reply the rabble government gave in each case. Pensions were abolished for the old and weak, for government officials retired, and for all officers both wounded and well; also for all those wearing the St. George's Cross, which decoration had formerly carried a small pension with it. This last measure affected many soldiers, too, which made a commencement of discontent in their circles against the workmen Red Guards, who were now on the top of the wave.

As to the officers, they and their families were dying of want, when they were not being actually killed by mutinous troops. Some friends of ours picked up a starving officer who when discovered unconscious had on no underclothes beneath his uniform, and had eaten no food for three days. He had tramped the streets looking for any kind of work. A charming little woman whom I had known previously came to me to ask for sewing, and told me that her husband, decorated for bravery and twice wounded, was now without pay, pension or work. Cases like these could be counted by the thousands, and stories of the torturing and murdering of officers on every side were too horrible to relate, and occurred constantly.

Our Plucky Ambassador

The foreigners were greatly worried. They were not allowed to count on protection in Russia, or on permission to leave. Their situation was certainly most precarious. I heard from all those who met the French, both of the embassy and of the military mission, that they were loud in their complaints and accusations and in their unconcealed anger against our country and its people of all classes. The British kept much cooler, though they were even more harassed than the French were, because Sir George Buchanan with great dignity but continued determination had refused to receive Trotzky or to have anything to do with him, and had refused also the Red Guards that were offered him for the protection of the embassy. Monsieur Noulens had, on the contrary, had an interview with Trotzky at the French Embassy, and had also accepted from the actual government a guard, which I believe was composed of Polish troops. One day I saw Lady Georgiana when I went to call, and I found her very anxious, as poor Sir George was ill in bed. She said they were hoping to get away from Russia soon, though as yet they could not obtain permission, and she was quite brave, though extremely indignant at the treatment they were receiving. The Italian Ambassador had immediately fallen ill and left Petrograd when the Bolsheviki came into power.

Mr. Francis was as usual cheerful and amiable, and deeply interested in the historical situation he lived in; and in a most difficult position he seemed full of strength and resources. He hoped for the successful interference of the Cossacks, led by Kaledine and Korniloff, and though we were not converted by his optimism we could not but admire the splendid spirit and the fearlessness of the American Ambassador. Once he admitted that he was somewhat disappointed in the Russian people or in the use they had made of their great boon of liberty, but this was merely in passing; and it evidently never occurred to him to leave his post, whatever came; though he spoke quite frankly of the threats and dangers to which he was constantly subjected. He had refused the guards offered by the government for the embassy, while permitting General Judson, head of the military mission, to accept them for his offices, and the ambassador and his secretaries were themselves keeping guard at the embassy night and day. The embassy staff equaled their chief in pluck and good spirits, and one was full of admiration for the little group. We personally felt immense gratitude for their many kindnesses in helping us to arrange our departure.

In spite of everyone's predictions we had obtained our passports. Mike, without trying any byways or protections, intrigues or bribes, had merely spoken with the hotel man who looked after such documents for

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(Concluded from Page 34)

those living in the house, and had ended by driving with this man to Smolny one morning, to ask the permission necessary, before applying to the police for passports to go beyond the frontier. At Smolny, where they had been scarcely noticed, a soldier had directed them to a large room, on the door of which they saw written "Passports." Here they had knocked, been admitted, and found themselves opposite a Jewess, who wrote out the application which Mike had signed. Then she had taken over all our papers of identification and our old passports, saying there would be a reply in three days. Then we waited five days, of which the last two were spent in acute anxiety as to what answer would be given us.

Finally the passport agent returned from Smolny on the fifth day and came to our rooms at once, saying with what seemed real pleasure: "See, Highness, your papers are all here and in order; and you are the only people to whom permission has been granted. These others are all refusals." And he showed a large bunch of papers that he carried. Needless to say Mike gave the man a fat tip, but again we could not understand the mystery of our success in these circumstances.

After this we were still in Petrograd about two weeks, till all the formality of the making out of passports had been gone through. These were most complicated. With Smolny's permission we claimed and received ordinary passports from the municipality police section; then the general staff, because they did not recognize Smolny, gave us military passports. The fact that America did not recognize the Bolshevik government either, made it necessary for the American Embassy to give us still another set of documents for admission to the United States. Besides this we had to obtain visés from the Swedish, Danish and British legations and control offices. These were finished at last and we were able to turn to the question of tickets, which came to us through someone's giving up accommodations taken long before; the same luck we had had in the Crimea.

Hiding the Diamonds

All these various complications and arrangements progressed slowly, and frequently we were obliged to change details in our plans. Each time panic seized us lest everything should fail; or lest, if we stayed too long, the railroad strike, which was daily threatened, should shut us in. My husband's health suffered extremely from the cold. He was on the verge of nervous breakdown, and I was very weary of the struggle; but each day more than ever I felt convinced we must and would go somehow, and I was less worried since our first success in obtaining passports.

We gave up the trip we had planned through Siberia and Japan, on account of the cold and the disorders on the railroads; also, because we heard there were violent outbreaks along the road in the big cities, and because a three weeks' trip in such circumstances seemed impossible in my husband's failing condition. When finally we were sure we should go by the Swedish route I was greatly relieved, and I gladly went on with the work of our arrangements. At the last moment the problem of what to do with my jewels became the white elephant of our difficulties and I grew almost to hate all the pretty things I had always worn with such delight.

Finally Mike left the disposition and hiding of my jewelry to me. I sewed it in my furs and heavier clothes, scattering the latter about in different trunks, with a silent prayer that I was choosing places wisely, where rough soldier hands would not encounter their weight or hard surfaces. I also sewed in various stiff collars of dresses or coats a quantity of the old régime five-hundred-ruble notes, which according to Monsieur C——'s instructions we had collected. My most valuable stones, pearls and diamonds I fastened to the inside of my traveling muff and boa, between the fur, which was heavy and stiff, and the cotton stuffing of the linings, where except for a slight addition to the fur's weight they could not be noticed. Also some smaller things I put between my hat form and its ribbon trimmings.

With all these placed as they were I could quite easily undress if necessary, without an appearance of having anything to hide or calling attention to the valuables. Mike carried only the sum of money allowed, and all our necessary papers, putting them quite visibly in his portfolio, while I had a small sum of money in my purse, so that we should not rouse suspicions by seeming too poor. Elène also carried money and some jewels scattered in her small trunk. Mike had the brilliant idea of calling in the hotel painter, who the day before we left, under our direction, covered over the crowns and monograms on our trunks and bags with black or white paint, roughly splashed, and who made our belongings look as shabby and smeared as possible.

We wore for the trip clothes which had served for hunting and winter sports in the country, and which looked unpretentious, shapeless and somewhat shabby, though they were warm and comfortable. We decided we would thus be quite inconspicuous in the crowd of travelers.

At the entrance to Finland our passports fell into the hands of an officer who by chance had known Mike in the army, and who took pains to be very polite and to make no trouble. Several other passengers were stopped and turned back to Petrograd from this station in spite of their protests. That night in the train we were quiet, and all the next day as well. We heard we were eight hours late, and we wondered what effect that would have on the feelings and the humors of the soldiers who awaited us at the customhouse. As we approached the frontier we noticed the general agitation, and Mike grew feverish, while I felt very cold, somehow. We saw the passengers round us destroying letters and papers, and we did the same, leaving only our documents of identification.

As we reached the station of Torneå we realized our train had been very warm and comfortable, for outside in the dark night the thermometer registered thirty-three degrees below freezing, and it was almost impossible to breathe. When we went into the station a row of soldiers behind the low counter on which baggage must be examined, looking tired and sleepy, sat about, dully talking to one another. We preceded the crowd which entered, and there among the men I saw one drowsy, good-natured face which attracted my attention at once.

I said to Mike, "Let us choose that man," and we instantly had our bags carried and laid upon the counter in front of him.

He opened Elène's, and finding nothing of interest passed on. I think he judged us poor, and probably without anything worth confiscating in our baggage, we ourselves seemed so shabby. However, he opened one of my bags and fingered casually a blue serge costume, which he regarded with indifference. He never guessed that under his hand in its high stiff collar I had sewed five thousand rubles. The other bags were even less exciting, though he did draw a time-table map of Russia from Mike's, saying that if the latter wished to take this with him abroad he must go with it to the censor. Mike made him a present of it, saying it had lost its use for him, since we were leaving Russia.

More Good Fortune

In one of my bags he found a few sheets of white writing paper with their envelopes lying on top; and he opened each one of these, holding it to the light to see that nothing was written there; then he captured a sheet of black tissue paper Elène had laid on top of my dressing gown. This he held up to the light with the greatest interest; but when I offered it to him as a gift he put it back again with a grunt. We were entirely patient, and we encouraged him, saying how well it was to look carefully into everything; and we made as if we would continue opening bags and plaid rolls till the fellow said it was enough; and then with my best smile I pointed out our trunks and asked when I should open those.

"You need not do that at all," he answered, amiably enough. "You evidently have nothing of importance or which is forbidden. You are three people, and there are but four trunks."

With the weight of the knowledge of all that lay in my trunks in the way of jewels, furs, laces and clothes; also money, and five ancient, valuable oil paintings—which were heirlooms I had risked saving by rolling them at the bottom of one trunk—I carried also on my mind a terror of these ruffians and a fear they would arrest Mike. Now the former anxiety no longer existed since we had safely passed this ordeal of the customhouse examination, and I began to breathe more normally. Just then someone spoke to us from behind in a cordial voice and giving Mike his title, which seemed perhaps a little risky in such circumstances.

"Why, prince, is it really you, and can I do anything to help you? Your passports have just been put into my hands, and I was so glad to see them. Will you present me to your wife?"

We turned, and Mike recognized a young officer whom he had known at the Front. Under fire they had formed a sudden warm acquaintance, and my husband was delighted to see the nice young fellow again. He presented him to me, and we were soon chatting casually; and as if in ordinary times we gave him some news of Petrograd, while he told us he had already looked over and stamped our passports, adding: "Now if you are through here with these comrades you can go on and make your declaration as to money, and then continue to the restaurant, and dine there, while these other travelers are struggling through their interrogations."

He accompanied us, and Mike showed what money he had and made his declaration that we carried no gold coin, Russian or foreign. Then we passed into the dining room and ordered a hot supper. I felt ravenous after the long train trip and the extreme tension of the last hours. The young officer, whom we had invited to join us, came after a little, bringing a colleague who had also met Mike somewhere at the Front; and soon we were eating gayly and conversing.

The Last Lap

Soon I noticed at the next table a group of five sailors listening to us with sinister expressions and extreme attention. One of them turned sidewise, and sat almost touching the back of Mike's chair, to hear better what the latter was saying of conditions and reports in the south. I signaled, and Mike changed the course of his remarks. Instantly the interest of his hearer flagged.

I felt as triumphant as the other travelers over our successful passage through the customhouse in spite of its dragons. I had always prided myself that no guilt of smuggling on any frontier was mine; but now I had no scruple with reference to the Bolshevik government, and I felt enough was to my credit in that direction in past years to balance the debts of to-night. Besides, we were carrying nothing away of all Mike's fortune, which lay behind us, confiscated and smoking, an absolute loss.

Having finished supper we gathered our effects together and put on our heavy coats again, and sending the baggage in one big sleigh ahead we followed behind in a second. A great, low, deep affair it was, with a soft straw cushion, upon which we stretched out with great carpets warmly tucked in about us. We pulled our furs high above our mouths, to breathe in the cold air through them. One young officer was to drive with us as far as the passport delivery at the frontier barrier, where the guard house stood, and where we heard one must get out for a last identification and to receive all one's papers before passing into Sweden.

As the sleigh slowed down, preparing to stop, the officer spoke: "You need not get out," he said. "Here are your passports, prince, and they are in order. I separated them from the others at the station already and have kept them for you. Take them and drive on, right through the barrier gate. I will answer for you."

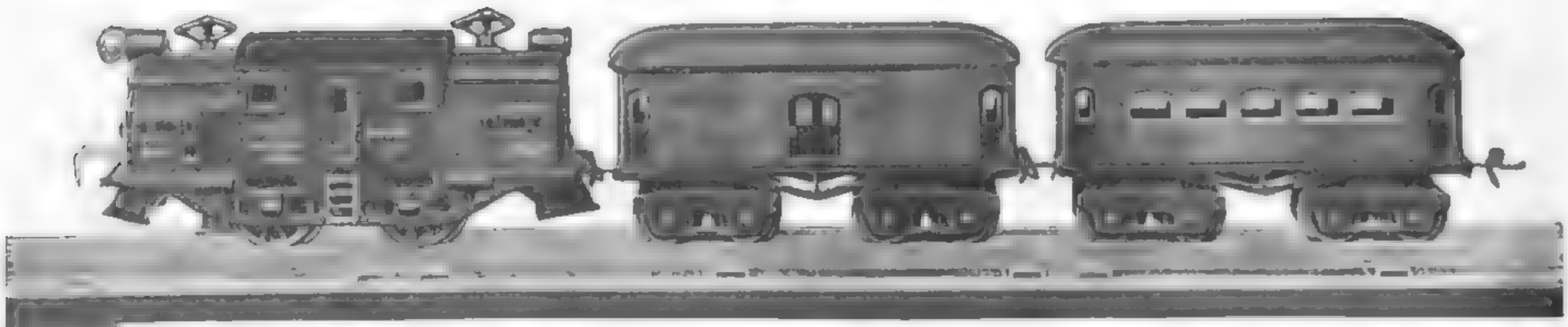
And he stepped off the back of our sleigh and saluted, while our driver whipped the three horses of his troika and we dashed on over the soft snow, past the barrier, down the river bank and across the ice, climbing rapidly to the other side, with the lights of Haparanda just ahead of us.

We were in Sweden, and I turned back to look my last at the homeland we were leaving. A great white plain stretched out as far as we could see, but instead of being dark night now, and threatening, as when we had left our train, the sky over Russia was transformed and was hung with stars; and from the horizon on the Russian side rose high into the heavens the splendid halo of a most magnificent aurora borealis.

Perhaps this was a promise for the future of our unhappy country. Mysterious as always, it stretched out its great plains toward the light. And that was all we could see of Russia.

As I faced round again and looked at the station of Haparanda I gratefully realized we were out of danger now; and though exiles we were free.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène.



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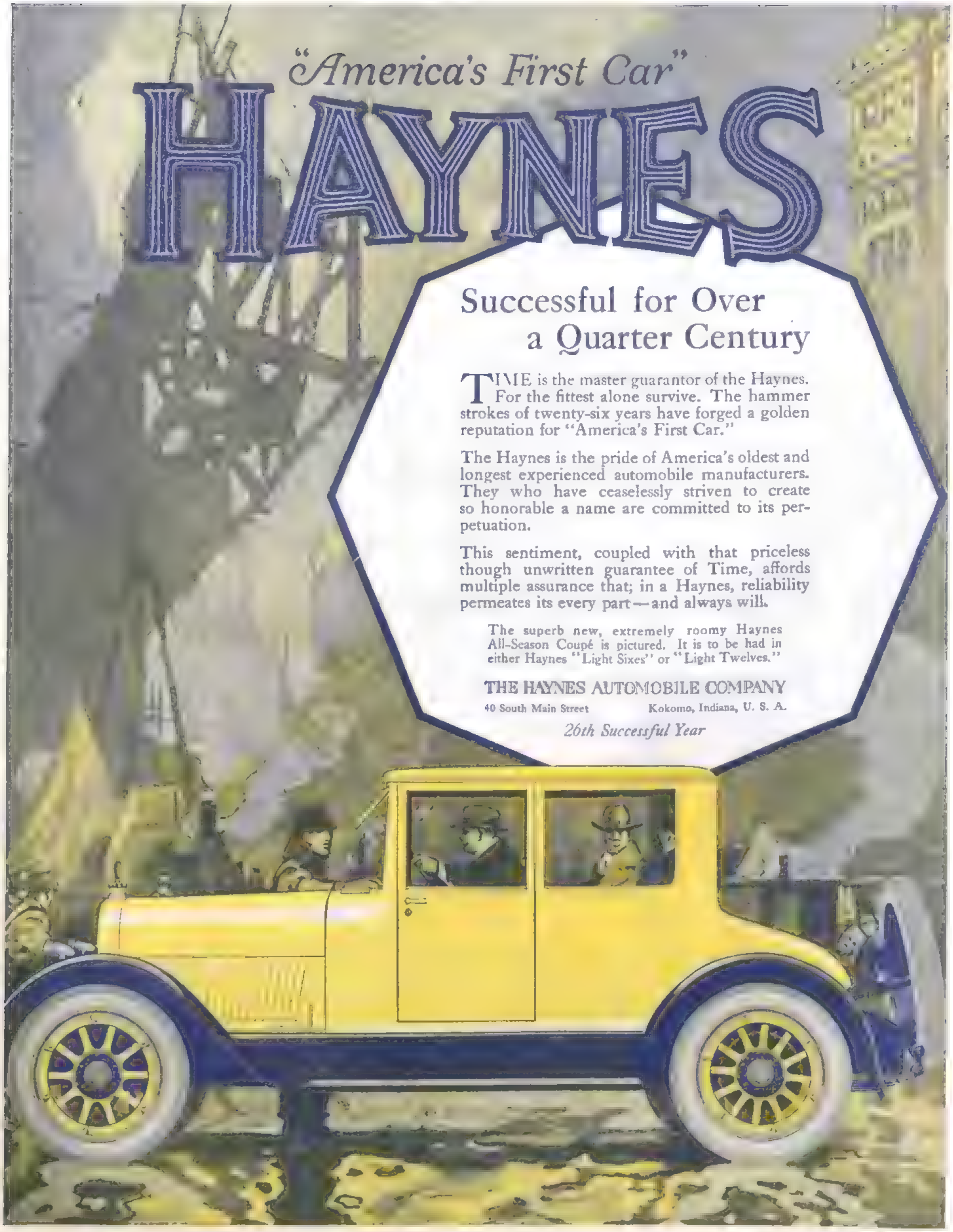
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THE QUITTER

(Continued from Page 11)

On another occasion his squad commander had to apply the boot to Windy to get him out of the dugout to his post when a barrage the boches put down lifted and the men rushed out to repel any attack that might come. He lay in a bunk, with a sick, cowed look on his face, until the noncom hauled him out by the neck and began to kick; then he stumbled up the stairs and out, groping blindly, seeing nothing in his fright, but driven on by the threats of what would happen if he weakened.

Of course his comrades instantly divined what ailed him.

"Well, if you won't fight," they said, "for the love of Mike, sing! Where's your mandolin?"

"I didn't bring it up. Thought they wouldn't let me," he replied weakly.

Had they provided an orchestra to play his accompaniments, Windy could not have sung. There was no song left in him. Often half the company had gathered round, when they were in billets at ——, to listen to Windy render Sweet Genevieve and My Little Gray Home in the West. Then he had been popular among these homesick men—he had been one of them—an untried soldier burning for action. And now he was an outcast, treated with tolerant contempt by comrades who had been his friends.

"I can't help it!" he repeated over and over in the night watches. "What's the matter with me? What's the matter with me?"

On the fifth day he determined to get out of it. He could not desert—couldn't "go over the hill"—for they would pick him up in no time. But there was another way out.

Just before dawn they brought Foster in, both legs mashed by a shell and hanging grotesquely. The sight sickened Arnold; Foster had been his bunkie when first they came over. The wounded man lay on a stretcher, gray with the pallor of approaching death, but not a moan nor a word of complaint did he utter. Instead, he asked for a cigarette, lighted it with his own hands, and drew three or four deep puffs. Then his eyes closed. Within five minutes he was dead. Arnold slunk away to his dugout, shaken to the depths of his being.

Later he was to see another type of wounded. This time it was W——, who came limping along the trench, dragging one foot.

"Why, you did that yourself!" cried the lieutenant after a cursory examination.

"No, sir. A sniper got me."

"How could a sniper in a shell hole shoot you through the instep? Hey? Don't try to lie to me—I can see the powder burns on your shoe. Take him away. I'll deal with him later."

Arnold was startled, yet curiously elated too; for hope had dawned. He knew better than the platoon commander that W—— had shot himself; it takes guilt and fear to detect guilt and fear, and the truth was writ large in the renegade's eyes. But what a bungle he had made of the attempt! Why couldn't a man injure himself so that it would be impossible to establish with certainty that it was self-inflicted? He pondered that all day.

Back to the Trenches

And the same night he shot himself. There in the stillness, while a comrade dozed in the firing bay, he held his right hand a few feet from the muzzle of a placed rifle and pulled the trigger with a cord. Just after he did it the trenches and No Man's Land stood revealed with startling clearness in the light of flares sent up from the boche lines, and Arnold cowered down, his conscience persuading him that his act had been discovered and this was for his benefit.

Then the other man jumped up and began to shoot wildly; others took up the firing; Sergeant Andrews came hotfoot to learn what all the fuss was about. By that time Windy had removed all evidence of his trick.

"Hum!" said the sergeant, later in a dugout, staring at the injured hand.

However, nobody could pronounce positively that it was self-inflicted. It was only when the doctors in the field hospital had given him an anaesthetic that the truth came out. Windy blabbed it all, and upon waking he was lying in a cot under the sign: Self-Inflicted Wounds.

Such incidents are not peculiar to any army. They occur in every force in the world. Always there is a percentage of men who prefer self-mutilation to the uncertainty and tension of war. If a regiment has been kept unduly long in the trenches under heavy fire and punishment, with consequent interruption of the rations supply and great loss of sleep, the proportion of S. I. W.'s will rapidly increase. Men who, under ordinary conditions of warfare, would never dream of shirking, then break under the constant strain, and seek to end it.

So Windy remained in hospital, where he had plenty of time to reflect on what he had done—and to rue it. The general's visit occurred almost immediately after they operated on his torn hand; the next day Arnold was able to stir round. He became a walking case. And shortly thereafter they sent him back to duty with his regiment.

"Welcome to our city!" said his comrades grimly. His platoon commander said nothing, but there was something ominous about the way he eyed Windy.

A Period of Probation

"I reckon you'll be diggin' latrines and workin' on the wire and shovelin' mud for a while, hey?" remarked an erstwhile bunkie prophetically; and that was precisely the fashion in which Private Arnold employed his time during the remainder of their tour in the trenches. Every hard job that came up was sure to find him detailed for it.

He performed cheerfully enough. Working in the wire frightened him badly, especially when flares and rockets from the boche lines illuminated No Man's Land and everybody flattened out or stood still; and he grew to hate the moon with a bitter and enduring hatred. Still, the treatment meted out exceeded his most sanguine expectations and he showed unusual diligence.

To his great surprise his comrades let him down easy. They asked a lot of questions with a sting in them, and their comments would have been brutal had the circumstances been different; but Arnold felt that he had earned the worst they could give and was resolved to take his medicine. What he found hardest to bear, because they were indirect attack, was the stories the boys would tell—stories of a general nature, but with an application unmistakable. Everybody would guffaw and look at Windy. He never resented them, but went steadily ahead with his work. And gradually he detected in their attitude a willingness to give him a chance.

"Aw, leave him be!" protested a big buck private one morning, after the boys had been worrying Arnold. "Some of you guys've been so dog-gone close to shootin' yourselves, too, that it was no joke. Yes, you have—I've seen you so plumb scared you was gulpin'. Cut it out! Give him a chance. Maybe the ——'ll come back."

Luckily there was nothing but intermittent artillery activity during the remainder of their tour. The gas alarms were now less frequent. It was the second time in for the company and they had ceased to shoot blindly at shadows and to fling hand grenades at the wire posts. In other words, they were becoming seasoned.

When they were relieved the battalion went back to a village about twenty miles behind the line to rest. The French call it being *en repos*.

Immediately came a marked improvement in Windy's morale. He perked and grew chirpy. Within no time he was quite his old self. If he had done nothing more than routine since his return to the front, neither had he displayed any marked symptoms of weakening; so that he felt an access of confidence. Once again he could hold up his head among his fellows.

The change was signified by the reappearance of the mandolin. He squatted on the steps of a billet the second night and gave them Sweet Genevieve, and My Little Gray Home in the West, and Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny. The boys gathered round and joined in, and they perpetrated some fine barber-shop harmony.

Much is forgiven a man who can entertain the crowd. Before Lights Out! sounded, Windy had almost regained his former popularity.

He took a slump very soon, however. In the company was a boy named Rooney, a freckled kid with a mop of red hair. He belonged to the "peanut" squad—that is to say, Private Rooney was one of the midgets. But if he was only about half the size of a full-grown man, Rooney never felt that way. His creed was simple: The bigger they are, the harder they fall!

Something he said offended Windy and they exchanged a deal of vitriolic repartee, which half the company heard. Half the company also saw Arnold back out ignominiously when Rooney proposed that they settle the difference then and there.

"What? He wouldn't fight him?" cried the platoon commander, aghast. "Why, Arnold's twice the size of that half portion!"

"Sure he is, sir!" answered the top sergeant. "But Rooney's all man!"

The following night a couple of boche airmen flew over and dropped a few round and in the village. They could hear the assassins' approach long before they arrived and a bugler sounded the *Alerté*; but hardly a man bothered to move until the crash of the bombs brought them to their feet. The soldiers in one billet were blown out of bed and an old French woman was horribly mangled in another house; but that was the sum of the damage.

"Aha! He does not like the avions—no?" exclaimed a young girl next morning to a group from Arnold's platoon. "M'sieu Windy, he comes running into the cellar of our house *comme ça*. *Oui*—like this!" And she gave a perfect imitation of a person tumbling down the stairs in a panic.

They all laughed; but it angered them too. Yet he retrieved himself the selfsame day.

It happened thus: The company had made a pet of a tiny girl named Alice—Aleece they called her, conforming to her own pronunciation. She was the daughter of the miller and spent her entire time hanging round the *soldats Américains*. And they spoiled her utterly. A naturally robust digestion was being ruined with extra food in the shape of slum, and white bread thickly smeared with jam or syrup; also, with lemon drops purchased from the commissary, and small chocolate cakes secured from the Salvation Army canteen.

Windy Makes Good

Aleece was rapidly developing a chronic indigestion and laying up trouble for the future, but she was blissfully happy and hoped the Americans would never depart.

Her special chum and playmate was Windy Arnold. He might be a quitter and a liability in the front trenches, but she loved him. Windy was never too busy to play with her; always he could find something for Aleece to eat; so that whenever Private Arnold hove in sight the child went running to leap into his arms.

Aleece was fond of riding the supply company's mules and horses as they were led to water beside the mill. A careless teamster placed her astride Useless, a big buckskin mule from Missouri, noted for his contrariness and tendency to brain storms. Now Useless was not in the habit of being ridden; he didn't like it and didn't propose to stand it. Jerking away from the man who led him, he dashed off through the field at a canter, the child clinging to his neck and screaming.

Of course all the men within sight and hearing instantly gave chase. It was a foolish thing to do, for perhaps Useless would have stopped of his own free will before any harm was done; but when he found himself pursued and chivied round the field, when he discovered that every avenue of escape was cut off, the mule took to the water. He went in with a splash and headed into the middle of the stream.

The river was swollen by heavy rains. Moreover, it was icy cold. Useless could not make a landing. Again and again he tried, only to be swept out and down by the swift current. And to his back clung Aleece, half drowned by the mule's frequent immersions, and shrieking for help.

At this juncture Windy arrived on the bank, peeling his blouse as he ran. Without a second's hesitation he plunged in at a point well below the drifting mule and

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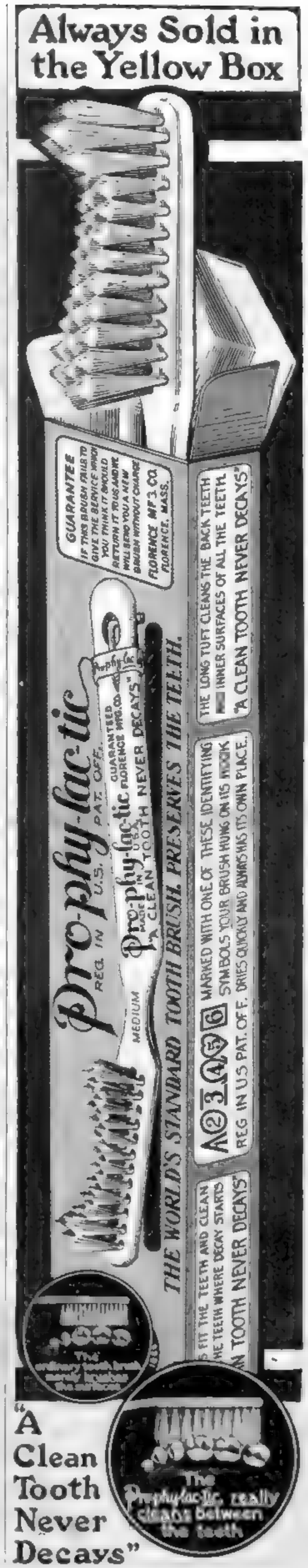
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THE famous old dinners always ended with delicious "nuts and raisins." And that old-time custom not only still remains, but is gaining new converts wherever good meals are served.

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Observe that "nuts and raisins" are no longer merely a Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner offering in the homes you visit.

It is now the style to serve "nuts and raisins" because they are *efficient foods*. Food value, not fad, calls for these dainties, for they are both good and good *for* you.

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So raisins as energy-producers are among the best of foods.

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Serve Sun-Maid Raisins with boiled rice. See how the raisins improve this dish.

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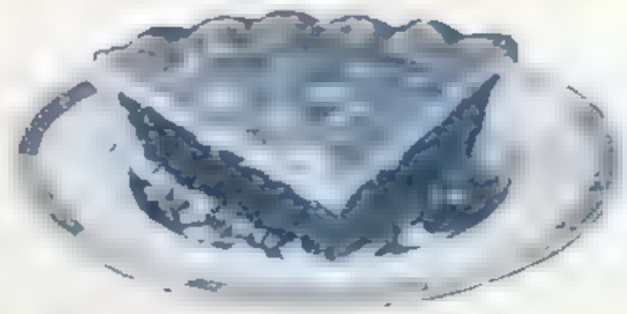

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(Concluded from Page 39)

swam out. The child perceived him and began to whimper. Then she stretched out her arms, slid from Useless' back, and went under. Windy waited until she reappeared, then grabbed her.

A moment and the torrent carried them inshore, under the overhanging boughs of a willow. Arnold seized one, and in no time at all he and Aleece were hauled out. As for Useless, that sagacious beast landed unharmed farther down the stream in an eddy.

Well, M. Carreaud, the miller, was frantic with joy and anger. First he walked up to the teamster who had set Aleece on the mule and called him every name he could remember, waving his arms and shooting out his hands. The soldier listened shamefacedly.

"What the Sam Hill is he driving at?" he inquired. "Tell him for me it ain't my fault. A mule's a mule, and that's all there is to it."

Next the father fell upon Windy and embraced him and kissed him on both cheeks before Windy could protect himself. And everybody drank a lot of wine to celebrate Aleece's escape.

"I check the bet," declared his platoon commander gloomily. "He won't fight, yet he risked his life without batting an eye. I just can't figure that guy out at all." But he was easier on Arnold from that day.

Still under the stimulus of this feat, Windy volunteered for a raiding party when his battalion went back to the trenches. Both his lieutenant and captain appeared frankly dubious, and he was filled with a sudden hope that they might refuse him, for no sooner had he offered than doubts brought repentance. But they accepted him.

"If he was scared he wouldn't volunteer, would he?" demanded the captain. "No; I believe Arnold's trying to make good. Let him go."

The lieutenant, who was to command the raiding party, had no answer for this; but in his own mind he was resolved to keep an eye on Windy.

A terrific bombardment preceded the raid. The American artillery opened a preparation fire on all the back areas along a front of four miles; they pounded the communication trenches; they deluged the boche battery positions with gas. Most of this fire was diversion fire, designed to conceal from Heinie the point of assault.

As the shells went whistling and screaming and whimpering overhead, and the earth quivered to the rending, crumping crashes of the heavy stuff, Arnold hunched on his heels and shivered. Many of the others were shivering too, but theirs was a different state of mind. With them it was the same sort of nervous, tingling eagerness that a dog displays at sight of the quarry; with Windy it was sheer fright.

And then came two blinding flashes, nearer than any of the bursting shells. The engineers had exploded the pipes thrust under the enemy wire.

Scared Again

The guns died. A moment of breathless, terrible quiet, and down came the box barrage with a steady, rhythmical rum-tum-tum-tum, rum-tum-tum-tum, rum-tum-tum-tum! Over the raiders went!

Windy clambered out with the rest, but he was now moving in a species of trance. They threaded their own wire, crossed No Man's Land, and penetrated the boche entanglements through the gaps made by the pipes.

How they did it, what they passed or saw on the way over, Windy could never recall. He was blind to everything but the fitful flares going up from the enemy lines, frantically signaling for help; he was deaf to everything but the splitting detonations of the seventy-fives that were putting down the barrage. The prospect of a German recovery and a consequent counter barrage did not enter his mind. He was too dazed to give it a thought.

Next thing he knew, his comrades were leaping down into the boche trenches with wild yells. Windy tried to yell too, but could not hear his own voice.

There was nobody in the trenches to oppose them. His half of the party, led by the lieutenant, advanced toward the tip of the salient which was cut off by the barrage; the other half, led by a sergeant, was converging from the other side, and the two detachments would meet at the tip, thereby surrounding any of the enemy remaining in the trenches. They went stumbling through the dark, grenades and bayonets ready for instant use.

In some fashion Windy slipped and fell; and when he regained his footing he found himself at the tail of the line. The others were not more than twenty feet ahead.

As he ran forward to catch up he heard the crackling explosions of hand grenades—evidently the raiders had run upon a party of boches. And then, right beside him, up rose a Heinie about eight feet tall. How the party had missed him was a mystery—probably he had been hiding in a drainage ditch; but there he was at Windy's elbow, in the dim light looking bigger than Goliath.

Had Windy waited a second he might have been a hero, for the Hun stuck up his hands and quavered "Kamerad!" But Arnold did not know that, for at the first glimpse of the formidable enemy he bolted past him and started up the trench after his comrades, running for dear life. Seeing him run, the boche took heart. He shouted lustily and gave chase, his bayonet held for a thrust.

The first the lieutenant knew that anything was amiss was when he heard rapid footsteps along the duckboards, just as he tossed a hand grenade down a dugout entrance. Thinking it was an attack from the rear, he whirled.

"Don't shoot!" panted Windy in an agony of fear. "It's me—Arnold!"

A Mystified Lieutenant

The next moment he had plunged into the midst of his comrades, gathered near the dugout door. Then the lieutenant descried who was behind and why Windy fled. He cracked a grenade on his helmet and flung it; and the pursuing boche, unable to halt in time, caught the slugs full in the face.

They found only three of the enemy in the salient. One they killed as he was about to hurl a bomb; the others they carried back. The return was made on schedule and in perfect order. A couple were wounded by a seventy-seven shell just as they were reëntering their own trenches, but they did not lose a man.

At dawn:

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

The lieutenant and Windy were alone in the former's P. C. The officer was seated on a bench behind a small rickety table made out of a packing case; the latter stood at attention in front of him. A candle lighted the dugout dimly. Windy was haggard and miserable.

"Nothing, sir."

"What did you run for?" cried the lieutenant passionately. "Good God, man! An American soldier to run from a boche!"

At that Arnold went all to pieces. His frame relaxed, he began to wring his hands, and his voice was choked with sobs.

"I don't know, sir—oh, I don't know. I wish I was dead! I wish I was dead! Why don't you kill me? I deserve it."

It was something new in the platoon commander's experience to hear a culprit admit his guilt without excuses.

"What I don't understand," he said, still stern but in a more moderate tone, "is why you volunteered to go on the raid if you were scared. You didn't have to go."

"I know, sir. But I thought—I thought maybe I wouldn't be. I wanted the boys to see I wasn't a coward. I wanted to come back."

He ended with a little squeak in his throat, and then started to cry like a child. The officer stared at him.

"Arnold," he said at last, "what's the matter with you, anyhow? I just don't get you. I know you want to do your duty, because you've tried. What's the trouble?"

Windy drew the knuckles of one hand across his eyes and burst out, in staccato sentences: "Just yellow, I guess. Born that way. I can't help it. Honest, I can't, lieutenant! I'm not afraid to die. Perhaps you don't believe me, but I'm not. Often and often I've taken a chance on that. But I just can't—can't fight."

"Fight? How do you mean—if you're not afraid of death?"

"It's the truth! I was always this way. Born like that, I reckon. Anyhow, I know I can't fight. I've tried and tried, and hoped and hoped; but now I know. There're lots of things I'll do that some other guys wouldn't, and yet they'd fight and I'd be scared to. It was always that way—with me. At school—when I was a kid—littler kids ran it over me because I wouldn't hit back. And I could have smashed 'em with one hand. And later—when I grew up—lots of guys got ahead of me, and got more pay too, all because I was afraid to brace the boss. I just couldn't brace him."

His voice trailed off and he sniffled. The lieutenant waited a while; then, as Windy showed no intention of continuing, scratched his close-cropped poll.

"Well, get out of here, and let me sleep. I'll take it up with you again—later. And say, tell Sergeant Andrews to come here right away."

Windy clattered up the dugout stairs, undecided whether to be glad or sorry that he had gotten the trouble out of his system.

At noon the battalion major came along, anxious to obtain the story of the raid at first-hand. To him the platoon commander told everything, but the greater portion of his tale was devoted to Windy.

"And that's all. I sent him to get some sleep. What the devil should I do with a guy like that, sir?"

Wild Bill, as they called the major, puffed on his cigarette, gazing thoughtfully at the floor. For nineteen years he had handled men singly and in bulk, and every year had added to his knowledge. So now he pondered long before he spoke.

"Jimmie," he said, as a father might to his son, "there's one rule I've learned never to break, since I joined this man's army." The lieutenant waited respectfully.

"Never force a man beyond his capacity. If you do you'll only ball things up and ruin that man absolutely."

"Yes, sir; that's all very well," cried his junior earnestly. "I agree with you. But what am I going to do with a man like that? He's here. I've got him on my hands. What is he fit for?"

But Wild Bill had no suggestion to make in that direction. He smiled slowly, rolled another cigarette, and announced that he must be moving along.

"Something'll turn up that he's fit for. Just let things rock along a while. He seems willing, doesn't he?"

"More than willing. He volunteered for the raid!"

"Then all you've got to do is to sit tight. The boy'll come out O. K. And if he doesn't we can send him back to some S O S job."

Windy Springs a Surprise

Such was the situation when Sergeant Andrews failed to return from night patrol. He went out in charge of the party; they unexpectedly stumbled upon a strong boche patrol, and a brisk free-for-all ensued. With a prisoner to their credit and the enemy in flight, Andrews decided to take his party back with all speed, lest the German artillery turn loose on them while they were in No Man's Land.

He himself brought up the rear. A sniper got after them during the return trip, but nobody suspected any damage had been done until the patrol was safely in its own trench; and then Andrews was missing. Three of the party immediately crawled out to search, but they could not find him anywhere along the route they had come.

So Sergeant Andrews was reported missing. The supposition was that he had either been killed by one of the sniper's shots, or had lost contact with his own men and suffered capture.

For about twenty-four hours nothing more was learned of him. Then, in the glare of a sunshiny morning, a sentry heard somebody calling from beyond our wire. He summoned his sergeant. The sergeant sent for the platoon commander.

"It's Andrews," he declared emphatically, even before answering the call.

Andrews it was, lying helpless in a shell hole about a hundred and twenty-five yards from the trench. They risked talking with him, for the boche line was a full quarter mile distant at this point. The sergeant was badly wounded and all in, having wandered about No Man's Land the entire night on which they had patrolled and having lain in a shell hole the whole of the day close to the boche wire, only to resume his fruitless wandering the next night. Daylight had come upon him still outside the American entanglements, spent from loss of blood and want of food and water.

"He can't stay there till dark. Somebody's got to fetch him in. I'll go," said the lieutenant.

"Please, sir, let me."

It was Windy Arnold. Had the whole boche army suddenly risen up from the trenches and headed for the Rhine, the platoon commander could not have been more surprised.

"You really mean it?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. I'm not scared of that sort of job," declared Windy stoutly.

Remembering the incident of Aleece, the lieutenant let him go. In broad daylight Windy crawled out and started toward a gap in the wire used by the patrols to get into No Man's Land. He moved on his stomach, dragging himself forward by his elbows; and he carried no weapons.

Private Rooney's Apology

From various points of observation they watched his progress. He made his way slowly through the wire without attracting notice—along the front of the entanglements, heading toward the right. They could hear him call softly; they heard the sergeant answer. Then he disappeared from view into a shell hole.

A few minutes of breathless suspense and Windy appeared on the rim of the hole, dragging Andrews by the shoulders.

"Holy mackerel!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "He'll have to keep lower than that. They'll see him sure!"

One of them did. There came the vicious rat-tat-tat of an automatic, and little jets of dirt flew up close to the pair. With the first crack of the rifle Windy threw himself flat.

"By God, he's on top! He's on top!" cried the lieutenant prayerfully. "Some man, that guy!"

Arnold was protecting the sergeant with his own body. The sniper continued his fusillade, but now came a whirlwind of answering fire. Two American machine guns and a one-pounder went after him. His post was inside a tree far to the left of where Windy lay; from this position he could command a wide stretch of No Man's Land and partially enfilade a short section of the American trench.

The one-pounder and the machine guns had long been searching and feeling for that post. Time and again they had offered tempting lures, hoping that the boche would betray his location; but to no avail. And now they had him! A furious sputter, three direct hits in the tree with one-pound shells, and the sniper grew silent. Windy recommenced his slow and painful progress, hauling the sergeant after him yard by yard.

Before he reached the trenches, the little duel had developed into an artillery engagement of respectable proportions—the American and boche batteries were blazing away all along a front of four miles. But Windy and his burden were safely inside a dugout before shells began to drop in their vicinity.

Said the lieutenant to Wild Bill, the major:

"Well, he told the truth. Dog-gone if he didn't! He won't fight, but he surely isn't scared to die."

Said the major to the lieutenant very casually:

"He'd make a find for the medical corps. A boy like that could handle stretcher bearers."

And that is how it came about that Windy was transferred. Also, that is how he won a decoration.

As for Private Rooney, the red-headed midget who had made Arnold back out of a fight—as for Private Rooney, of the peanut squad, that little terrier spent an entire day trying to think up an apology which would cover the case. And this is what he said

"Say, Windy!"

"Uh-huh!"

"You mind what I called you that time? Well—it don't go, Ol'-timer!"

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Army and Phosphate Bill

THE Phosphate Bill hereinabove referred to is not an Act of Congress, but an act of God. In brief, he is a goat; and he is in the Army.

Ammunition, food, clothing, guns and goats—all these the Army must have or the morale suffers; and an army is no more than its morale. The fact that, through some strange oversight on the part of the War Department, goats are not specified as regulation equipment may at times make complications which require compensatory arrangements.

For instance, the ——th Artillery was recruited in a certain state, and ordered into cantonment at ——. It was summer and the sun was hot. The boys were fresh from home and close to home. The girls came down to hold their hands. Mother still sent them things from home. This was natural. It was fine; it was splendid! But it was not war.

The brigadier general who came to inspect the cantonment told the colonel of the ——th that his regiment lacked "click!" The colonel was soldier enough to admit the truth, and officer enough to seek a remedy. After the brigadier general had gone, he called in the favorite top sergeant of his favorite captain and asked him what to do.

"Get 'em a goat, sir," advised the sergeant. "Occupies their minds, sir."

"That will do, sergeant!" said the colonel.

But it was good advice, as is always the advice of a top sergeant who has been with the regulars.

The colonel called in the captain of his favorite company and said to him severely with a wink—a very large wink:

"Goats are forbidden in this cantonment. For a regiment to have a goat is to distract the attention of the men from their other duties. We have got to have more click! The personnel is getting droopy."

"Very good, sir," replied the captain with a small and discreet wink.

The captain got into his car and for two days combed the nearest large city in search of a goat, and found no goat, because they had all been made into mutton chops.

An idea came to him. He had a friend who was the head of the phosphate department in one of the big packing-house firms in Chicago—an old college chum on whom he had always been able to rely.

Must Have Horns

The record of the official correspondence of the ——th Artillery holds in its files a copy of the letter to the head of the phosphate department:

"*Sir:* I beg to advise you that the Medical Department, ——th Artillery, is in search of a goat for scientific purposes. Shall be obliged if your firm can put me in touch with parties competent to furnish such. Your ob't serv't." And so on.

The files do not contain a copy of the postscript the captain added on a separate slip of paper:

"For God's sake, Sid, hurry up that goat! The boys are getting droopy."

The next morning the captain got a telegram which read:

"You're on! SID."

Sid went out at once into the Chicago yards with one of the pen buyers. But there were no goats.

"Young man," said he, "do you mean to tell me there ain't a single, solitary dash-blamed goat in these yards?"

"Offerings light," said the buyer. "Can get you some swell hogs."

"Not at all!" said the head of the phosphate department. "I don't want any hogs, horses, stockers, cows, lambs, knockers, heavies or corn-feds. I don't want any hens or iced peaches. I want goats! Do you hear me? G-o-a-t-s!"

The next day the pen buyer came in looking sad, and reported to the head of the phosphate department:

"Sorry, sir; goats still running light. Have got two good young camels from Arizona. Will they do?"

"Certainly not!" said the head of the phosphate department. "What do I want of a camel?"

The pen buyer stood on one foot.

"If it's any of my business," said he, "what do you want of a goat?"

"It ain't any of your business," said the head of the phosphate department; "but I don't mind telling you that I want this goat for the same reason that the darky wanted the razor—for social purposes. It's for the morale of the Army."

"I don't know what that is," said the buyer; "but I know I ain't got no goats."

That was Saturday morning. Before Sid left his desk in the phosphate department he ordered out a circular inquiry by wire to every agent and representative of the firm as far west as Nebraska. It was an S O S call for goats.

Then he went out to play golf. On Monday morning, when he returned, he had one solitary show. East Alton, Illinois, offered one goat, but queried: "Must goat have horns?"

This brought up a question Sid could not answer; so he wired the captain at the —— Cantonment, inquiring briefly: "Must goat have horns?"

On Tuesday morning he got a reply, couched in formal language, to the effect that the Department of Munitions had handed down a ruling that horns were regarded as more decorative on military goats. The letter was signed: "Your very ob't serv't"—and so on—"Capt., ——th Art'y, U. S. A."

Charged to Phosphate, Personal

As this sarcastic reply was somewhat cryptic, Sid resolved to buy this East Alton goat on a chance. But on the same day he wired for it he received a telegram advising him that the goat mentioned had been sold; so that ended East Alton.

About this time a salesman came in from the road and reported having seen three goats at Sioux City, Iowa, from the train as he passed through. The enterprising phosphate head at once wired the agent of the packing-house firm at Sioux City:

"Advised your locality abounds in goats. How many can you ship to-morrow? Market strong."

The answer came twenty-four hours later:

"Supply weak. Offerings one goat, female. Shall I ship?"

The head of the phosphate department regretted very much that he had not taken up all these details with his customer in the first place, but took immediate measures to correct the matter, and wired the ——th Artillery once more:

"Goats not strictly phosphates. Doing my best. Will female goat do? Answer."

As it chanced, the ——th Artillery just at this time was ordered out of the —— Cantonment to the new encampment at Brownsville, Texas. The captain, being very busy, was unable to answer from any place north of Jackson, Mississippi; from which place he wired en route:

"Munitions Department rules only male goats of sober character and with horns can be accepted. Ob'd't serv't." And so on.

By this time Sid had a wire from the agent at Sioux City:

"No word received. Shipping one goat, female, F. O. B. eleven dollars."

The telegram was altogether unwelcome. Sid wired at once to Sioux City:

"Hold shipment. Goat market gone off entirely."

But before he left the office for the day he got in reply:

"Too late; goat out this afternoon."

This goat was duly received and paid for, but as the packing house had really no use for it, it was charged to phosphate's personal account; so Sid had it sent out to his country club, where it was given essential employment as a lawn mower.

About then the comptroller of the efficiency department came, with a grave face, to ask him, as head of the phosphate department, to compare this week's figures with those of last week. Sid endeavored to explain. The comptroller ruled that goats were not phosphates.

The next day a friend of Sid's, another traveling man, came in off the road, and they had lunch together. When Sid told his troubles the salesman said:

"Send to Fort Worth, Texas, on your own private order. When I came through there I saw a million goats in the yards. They've always got 'em."

"You have saved my life!" said Sid. "I thank you."

So he queried the Fort Worth office by wire as to the goat supply, and got answer:

"Supply strong. Twenty-eight cars this morning. How many ordered. Wire."

It would have been hard to tell whether the Fort Worth manager was more puzzled than enraged when, on the following morning, he got a wire from the head of the phosphate department in Chicago:

"Ship one male goat—steady habits, horns—to Quartermaster, ——th Artillery, U. S. A., Brownsville, Texas."

"Just for that," said the Fort Worth manager, "I'll fix that Chicago bird. Dang me if I don't send this single old he-goat back to Brownsville by express! That's where his carload came from, anyhow. And horns? Well, I'll say he's got horns!"

So he wired to the head of the phosphate department in Chicago:

"Order received. Goat as specified shipped Q. M., ——th Artillery, Brownsville. Charges collect. Express twelve dollars."

This was not altogether pleasing to Sid, but at least it represented definite action. He wondered why he heard nothing from his friend the captain; but, of course, did not know that the latter was absent on a practice hike of five days' duration.

By the time the men got back to camp the Fort Worth goat had arrived again on his native heath at Brownsville; but the charges, which now amounted to eighteen dollars, war tax included, had promptly been refused by the quartermaster, who stated that he had not ordered any goat, did not want any goat, and would be pleased to be informed why any infernal idiot in Fort Worth should send a single goat to a whole U. S. regiment in Brownsville! The goat, therefore, was turned loose in the station yards for further orders.

No Camels Allowed

In some way the knowledge of its presence came to the captain after his return; also a letter from the head of the phosphate department in Chicago, exulting in the fact that he personally was the greatest little deliverer of goods on the job, and pointing with pride to the aforesaid sober and horn-ful Fort Worth goat, trusting same would prove satisfactory, and awaiting further orders.

The captain sent him a night letter that voiced an indignant personal protest. It stated that when the ——th Artillery had detrained at Brownsville it looked out over a whole sea of goats, millions of goats; goats anywhere a fellow could look!

He explained that Brownsville was the place where all the goats in the world came from, and added that this Fort Worth goat shipment had originated in Brownsville; and so had all the other goats ever known. He begged to advise the head of the phosphate department that the sole industry of Brownsville was goats; that the supply of goats extended as far as the naked eye could reach. And he concluded with the touching words:

"You poor stiff! Why should the Army pay eighteen dollars for a goat when we can get all we want down here for six bits apiece at the outside? Good-by, old man! Goat held subject to your order."

This message seemed to Sid the height of Fate's cruelty. He wired to his friend that he really had all the goats he wanted—to wit, one—and begged him, as man to man, to make good on his previous order and receive the Fort Worth horned animal, pointing out the several points of excellence, under commercial guaranty, of this highly valuable specimen.

The next day he received from the captain in Brownsville yet another message:

"Regret to state goat stolen from yards by unknown parties. Trust same entirely satisfactory to you."

Naturally this ought to have closed the incident; but it did not. The colonel of the ——th called in the captain, by reason of the fact that recently he had heard certain sounds of revelry along the company streets. He showed the captain a communication from the brigadier general in command.

"I do not need to tell you," said he to the captain, "that when this regiment detrained it had twelve dogs. It had twelve dogs at ——. Can this be called a coincidence? I did not see these dogs in any of the coaches of the troop train. It is a matter for the Military Intelligence to investigate."

"Neither did I see them, sir," replied the captain respectfully.

"But they're here! And this order expressly forbids the carrying along by the American Expeditionary Forces on transports of any pet animal whatever—such as rats, mice, parrots, canaries, lambs, dogs, goats, camels, or any other birds or quadrupeds commonly designated as pets, dependents or mascots."

"Quite right, sir!" said the captain. "Camels are clearly undesirable. Our service is not in Mesopotamia, sir."

He Treated 'Em Rough

"And, therefore," resumed the colonel, "as we may get orders to entrain for New York at any time within the next two or three months, you will, as officer of the day, appoint a detail to collect any pets, dependents or mascots included in the foregoing enumeration, with orders to take all such animals out to a proper distance from camp and have them shot and buried."

Whereupon, the colonel—God bless him!—winked a large wink; and the captain—God bless him!—winked a small wink; and the top sergeant—God bless him!—a few hours later winked a very grave and unsmiling wink when he reported to the officer of the day that the firing squad had completed their duty—and showed the shovels to prove it.

Now all these incidents being as they are—and, indeed, as they were—how are we to understand the letter the wife of the top sergeant got from her husband from a place vaguely described as A. E. F., France, which, after mentioning a great many more important details regarding socks, cigarettes and soap, concluded as follows:

"We got across all O. K. and layed a while back of the lines befoar we went up. When the Marines and Infty was ordered forward last week our men got mixed in somehow; the whole shuting match went over in the Sacred Michael salient. Them twelve dogs of ours is verious by now; and Bill, our goat, you herd about, got nicked in 1 leg too; but the Doc says he'll be all right. And I'll say he ought to have a D. S. M. The Ennemy had a goat of there own in there duggout, and Bill was right with me when we begun to mopp up their lines. And how Bill mopped up that Dutch goat was skandelous! He smeared Deutchland über Alles—beleave me!—and he dident take no Prissoner.

"Pets, dependents or mascots is not aloud under Regulations; so we keep Bill in the cage with the Prissoners, which we call the Kumrads, thinking he might amuse the Kumrads. He does!

"P. S. I got hit, too, in 1 leg; but the Doc says I'll be out in 2 weeks. All us boys is feeling fine; but—gee!—Bill is soar! I don't know why the Captain calls him Fosfate Bill, so I ast him; and he says Fosfates is something like tabasco, ginger or pep. Trusting this is entirely satisfactory to you & hoping this finds you well, I am your ob't serv't and your loving Husband, Dan, 1st Sgt. of Art., U. S. A.

"P. S. Gee, but Fosfate Bill is soar! He treats 'em rough!"

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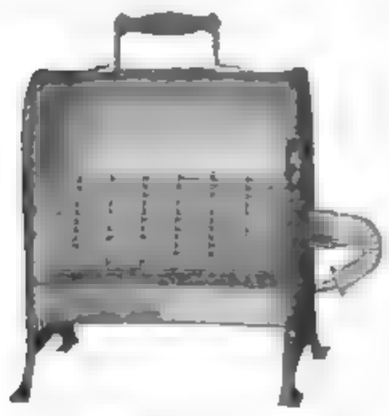

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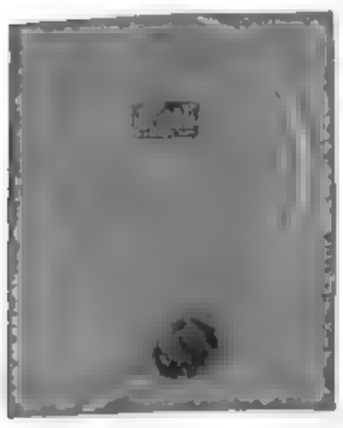

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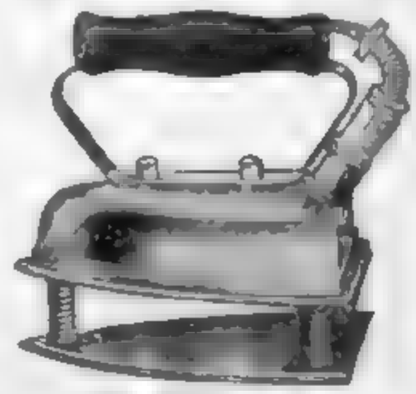

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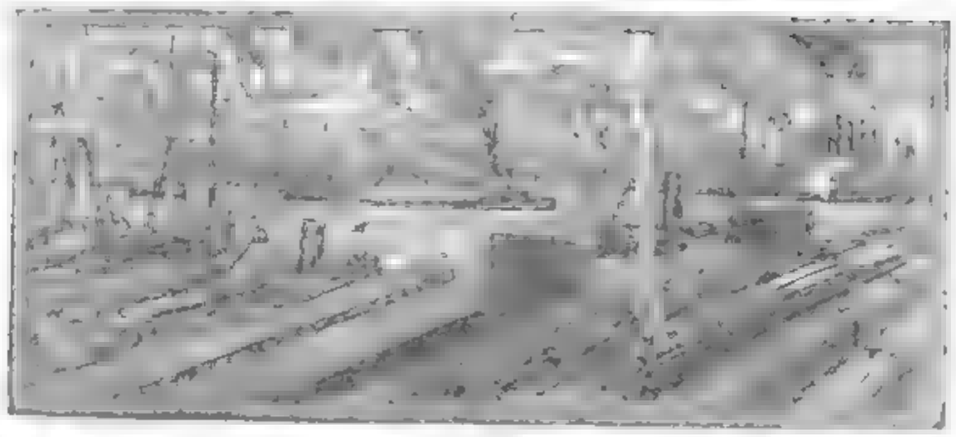

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ATLAS EXPLOSIVES

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
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THE CITY OF COMRADES

(Continued from Page 5)

My father and mother had had five children, of whom I was the fourth. My two brothers were married, prosperous and respected—one a lawyer in Montreal, the other a banker in Toronto. My elder sister was married to a colonel in the British Army; the younger one—the only member of the family younger than myself—still lived at home.

We three sons were all graduates of McGill, in addition to which I had been sent to the Beaux Arts in Paris. Out of that I had come with some degree of credit; and there had been a year in which I was in sight—oh, very distant sight!—of the beginning of the fulfillment of my childhood's ambition to revolutionize the art of architecture in Canada. But in the second year that vision went out; and in the third came the night on my brother Jerry's doorstep.

I had nothing to complain of. The family had borne with me—and borne with me. When we reached the time when I was supposed to be earning my own living and my father's allowance came to an end my mother, who had some money of her own, kept it up. She would be keeping it up still if she knew where I was—but she didn't know. From the moment of leaving Montreal I decided to carry out Jerry's injunction. They should neither see my face nor hear my name again. I didn't stop to consider how cruel this would be to the best mother a man ever had—to say nothing of the best father—or rather when I did stop to consider it it seemed to me that I was taking the kindest course. I had no confidence in myself or in the future. New surroundings and associations would not give me a new heart, whatever hopes those who wished me well might be building on the change. For a new heart I needed something which I hadn't got, and saw no means of getting.

II

SOMEWHERE about dusk I fell asleep. It was dark when I woke up. It was dark and still and sultry, as it often is in New York in the middle of June.

The lamps were lit in the park, and in their glow shadowy forms moved stealthily. When they went in twos I took them to be lovers, when they went alone I put them down as prowlers of the night. I didn't know what they were after, but whatever it might be I was sure it was no good.

Not that that mattered to me! I had long been in a situation where I couldn't be particular. When I had risen and stretched myself I, too, moved stealthily, dogged by a crime I hadn't yet committed, but of which the guilt was already in the air.

As I had nothing by which to tell the time I was obliged to wait till a clock struck. I hoped it was eleven at least, but when the sound came over the trees it was only nine. Only nine, and I could do nothing before one! Nothing before one, and nowhere to go! Nowhere to go, and no food to eat, and not a drop to drink!

Doubtless I could have found water; but water made me sick. With four hours to wait I thought again of the dark river with its velvety current, running below Greeley's Slip.

Aimlessly I drifted toward it—that is, I drifted toward Columbus Circle, whence I could drift farther still through squalid, fetid, dimly lighted streets down to the water's edge. The night was so hot that the thought of the plunge began to appeal to me. After all, it would be an easy, pleasant way of stepping out.

But I didn't do it. The unknown beyond the river once more drove me back. Besides, the adventure I had planned was not without its fascination. I wanted to see what it held in store. If it held nothing—well, then, Greeley's Slip would still be accessible in the morning.

So I skulked back into the depths of the park again. Those who went as twos began to disappear, and the lonely shadows to steal along more furtively. Now and then one of them approached me or hung in the distance suggestively. Once or twice when someone passed near enough I heard the low murmur of an inarticulate invitation. It was not like any of the encounters that take place in daylight. It was more as if these dark ghosts had floated up from some evil spirit land, into which before morning they would float down again.

But twelve o'clock struck at last, and I took midnight as a call. It was a call to leave the great human division in which

I Might Have Effected My Escape Had I Not Been Checked by the Figure of a Man Looming Up Suddenly Before Me

I had hitherto been classed, and become a criminal. Once I had done this thing I should never be able to go back. The angel with the flaming sword would guard that way, and I could never regain even such status as that which I was abandoning.

If my head had not been swimming I might at the last minute have felt a qualm at that, but my mind had lost the faculty of deconcentration. It was fixed on the thing before me in such a way that I couldn't get it off. For this reason I went, on leaving the park, directly to the street and number where my thoughts were.

I was surprised by the emptiness and silence of the thoroughfares. Not till then had I remembered that at this season of the year most of the houses would be closed. Closed they were, looking dark and blank and forbidding. I happened to know that the house to which I was bound was not closed; and though the fact that there were so few to pass in the streets rendered me more conspicuous it also made me the less subject to observation.

Indeed, there were no observers at all when I approached the black spot made by the vacant lot. There was nothing but myself and the blackness. Not a light in the house! Hardly a light in any of the houses roundabout! Not a footfall on the pavements! If ever there was a good opportunity to do what I had come for it was mine.

But I passed. The black spot frightened me. It was like a black gulf into which I might sink down. I repassed.

I went farther up the street and took myself to task. It was a repetition of my recoil from the children in the afternoon. I must have the nerve—or I must own to myself that I hadn't. If I hadn't it then I had no alternative but Greeley's Slip.

I turned in my steps and passed the house again. If from the blank windows anyone had been looking out my actions would have been suspicious. I went far down the street, and came back again far up it. Then when I had no more power of arguing with myself I suddenly found my footsteps crushing the dusty, sun-dried shoots of nettle and blue succory. I was in the vacant lot.

All at once fear left me. As well as any old hand in the business I seemed to know what lay before me. At every second some low-down prompting, sprung from nameless depths in my nature, told me what to do.

I noted in the first place how accurate the experts had been as to light and shade. The house stood so far up on one of the long avenues that the buildings were thinning out. So, too, the street lamps. They were no more than in the proportion of two to three as compared to their numbers half a mile lower down. Just here they were so placed that not a ray fell into the three or four thousand square feet which had probably never been built upon since Manhattan was inhabited. Even the wall of the house was windowless on this side, for the reason that within a few months some new building would probably block the outlook.

Once I had crept close to the wall I knew I presented neither silhouette nor shade to any chance passer-by. I could feel my way at leisure, cautiously treading burdock and fireweed underfoot. I came to the low wooden fence, in which there was a gate for tradesmen, which was possibly unlocked; but I didn't run the risk of a click. With my long legs a stride took me over into a small brick-paved court.

I paused to reconnoiter. The obscurity here was so dense that only my architect's instinct told me where the doors and windows would probably be. I located them by degrees. The doors I let alone. The windows I tried, first one and then another, but with no success. There was probably some simple fastening that I could have dealt with had I had a pocket-knife, but the one I had carried for years had long since been lying in a pawnshop. To reflect I sat down on the cover of a bin that was doubtless used for refuse.

A footstep alarmed me. It was heavy, measured, slow. With the ease of a snake I was down on my belly, crawling toward cover. Cover offered itself in the form of the single shrub that the court contained—lilac or syringa—growing close against the kitchen wall. Lovey would have commended the silence and swiftness with which I slipped behind it.

The footstep receded, slow, measured, heavy. Coming to the conclusion that it was a policeman in the avenue I raised my head. I had no sense of queerness in my situation. It seemed as much a matter of course as if I had been doing the same sort of thing ever since I was born.

There was apparently a providence in all this, for looking up I spied a window I had not seen before because it was hidden by the shrub. With scarcely the stirring of a leaf I got on my feet again—and lo! the miracle. The window was actually open. I had nothing to do but push it a few inches higher, drag myself up and wriggle in. I accomplished this without a sound that could be detected twenty feet away.

Coming down on my hands and knees I found myself amid the odor of eatables,

(Continued on Page 48)

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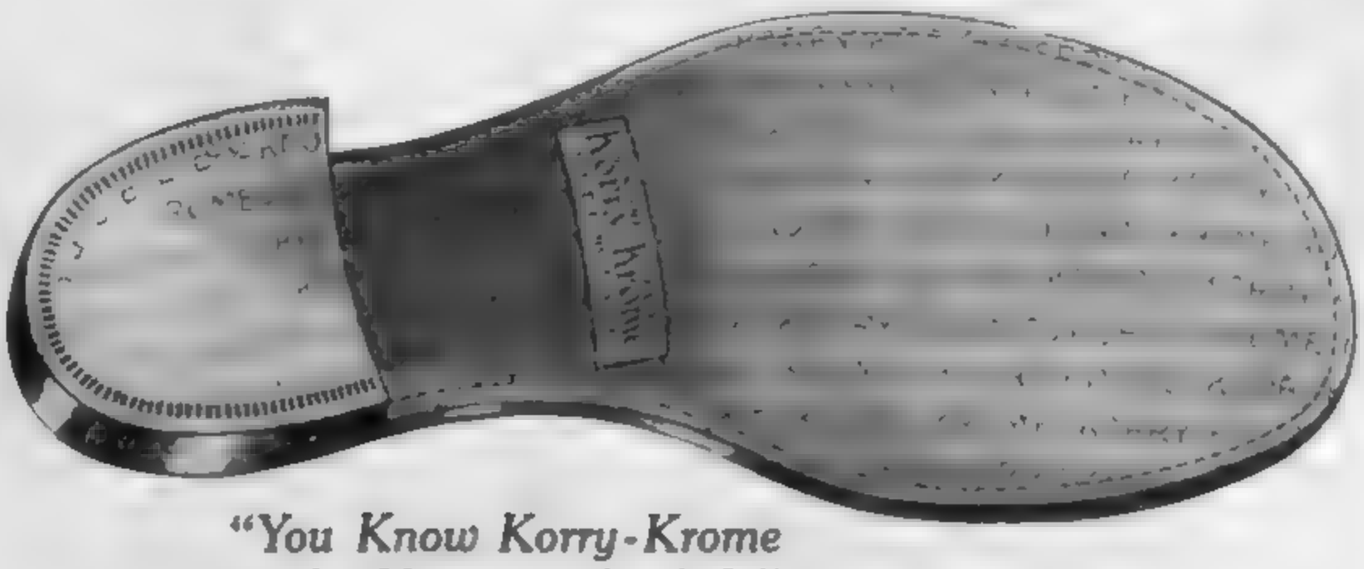

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(Continued from Page 45)

chiefly that of fruit. I rested a minute to get my bearings, which I did by the sense of smell. I knew I must be in a sort of pantry. By putting out my hands carefully, so as to knock nothing over, I perceived that it was little more than a closet with shelves. A thrill of excitement passed through me from head to foot when my hand rested on an apple.

I ate the apple there and then, kneeling upright, my toes bent under me. I ate another and another. Feeling cautiously I discovered a tin box in which there was bread and cake. I ate of both. Getting softly on my feet I groped for other things, which proved in the main to be no more than tea, coffee, spices and starch. Then my fingers ran over a strawlike surface, and I knew I had hold of a demijohn.

Smell told me that it contained sherry, and such knowledge of housekeeping as I possessed suggested that it was cooking sherry. I took a long swig of it. Two long swigs were enough. It burned me, and yet it braced me. With the food I had eaten I felt literally like a giant refreshed with wine.

It occurred to me that this was a point at which I might draw back. But the spell of the unknown was upon me, and I determined to go at least a little farther. Very, very stealthily I opened the door.

I was not in a kitchen, as I expected to find myself, but in a servants' dining room. I got the dim outlines of chairs and what I took to be a dresser or a bookcase. Another open door led into a hall.

My knowledge of the planning of houses aided me at each step I took. From the hallway I could place the kitchen, the laundry and the back staircase. I knew the front hall lay beyond a door which was closed. At the foot of the back staircase I stood for some minutes and listened. Not a sound came from anywhere in the house. The kitchen clock ticked loudly, and presently startled me with a gurgle and a chuckle before it struck one. After this manifestation I had to wait till my heart stopped thumping and my nerves were quieted before venturing on the stairs. As the first step creaked I kept close to the wall to get a firmer support for my tread. On reaching a landing I could see up into another hall. Here I perceived the glimmer or reflection of a light. It was a very dim or distant light—but it was a light.

I stood on the landing and waited. If there were people moving about I should hear them soon. But all I did hear was the heavy breathing of the servants, who were sleeping on the topmost floor.

Creeping a little farther up I discovered that the light was in a bedroom—the first to open from the front hall upstairs. Between the front hall and the back hall the door was ajar. That would make things easier for me, and I dragged myself noiselessly to the top. I was now at the head of the first flight of back stairs, and looking into the master's section of the house. Except for that one dim light the house was dark. It was not, however, so dark that my architect's eye couldn't make a mental map quite sufficient for my guidance.

It was clearly a dwelling that had been added to, with some rambling characteristics. The first few feet of the front hall were on a level with the back hall, after which came a flight of three or four steps to a higher plane, which ran the rest of the depth of the building to the window over the front door. In the faint radiance through this window I could discern a highboy, a bureau and some chairs against the wall. I could see, too, that from this higher level one staircase ran down to the front door and another up to a third story. What was chiefly of moment to me was the fact that the bedroom with the light was lower than the rest of this part of the house, and somewhat cut off from it.

With movements as quiet as a cat's I got myself where I could peep into the bedroom where the lamp burned. It proved to be a small electric lamp with a rose-colored shade, standing beside a bed. It was a rose-colored room, evidently that of a young lady. But there was no young lady there. There was no one.

The fact that surprises me as I record all this is that I was so extraordinarily cool. I was cooler in the act than I am in the memory of it. I walked into that bedroom as calmly as if it had been my own.

It was a pretty room, with the usual notes of photographs, bibelots and flowered cretonne which young women like. The walls were in a light, cool green set off by a few colored reproductions of old Italian masters. Over the small white virginal bed was a copy of Fra Angelico's Annunciation. Two windows, one of which was a bay, were shaded by loosely hanging rose-colored silk, and before the bay window the curtains were drawn. Diagonally across the corner of this window, but within the actual room, stood a simple white writing desk, with a white dressing table near it but against the wall. On the table lay a gold mesh purse, in which there was money. I slipped it into my pocket, with some satisfaction in securing the first fruits of my adventure.

With such booty as this it again occurred to me to be on the safe side and to go back by the way I came. I was, in fact, looking round me to see if there was any other small valuable object I could lift before departing when I heard a door open in some distant part of the house—and voices.

They were women's voices or, rather, as I speedily inferred, girls' voices. By listening intently I drew the conclusion that two girls had come out of a room on the third floor and were coming down the stairs.

It was the minute to make off, and I tried to do so. I might have effected my escape had I not been checked by the figure of a man looming up suddenly before me. He sprang out of nowhere—a tall, slender man, in a dark blue suit, with trousers baggy at the knees, and wearing an old golfing cap. I jumped back from him in terror, only to find that it was my own reflection in the pier glass. But the few seconds' delay lost me my chance to get away.

By the time I had tiptoed to the door the voices were on the same floor as myself. Two girls were advancing along the hall, evidently making their way to this chamber. My retreat being cut off I looked wildly about for a place in which to hide myself. In the instants at my disposal I could discover nothing more remote than the bay window, screened by its loose rose-colored hangings. By the time the young ladies were on the threshold I was established there, with the silk sections pulled together and held tightly in my hand.

The first words I heard were: "But it will seem so like a habit. Men will be afraid of you."

This voice was light, silvery and staccato. That which replied had a deep mezzo quality, without being quite contralto.

"They won't be nearly as much afraid of me," it said fretfully, "as I am of them. I wish—I wish they'd let me alone!"

"Oh, well, they won't do that—not yet awhile; unless, as I say, they see you're hopeless. Really, dear, when a girl breaks a third engagement ——"

"They must see that she wouldn't do it if she didn't have to. Here—this is the hook that always bothers me."

There were tears in the mezzo voice now, with a hint of exasperation that might have been due to the lover or the hook, I couldn't be sure which.

"But that's what I don't see ——"

"You don't see it because you don't know Stephen—that is, you don't know him well."

"But from what I do know of him ——"

"He seems very nice. Yes, of course! But, good heavens, Elsie, I want a husband who's something more than very nice!"

"And yet that's pretty good, as husbands go."

"If I can't reach a higher standard than as husbands go I shan't marry anyone."

"Which seems to me what's very likely to happen."

"So it seems to me."

The silence that followed was full of soft, swishing sounds, which I judged to come from the taking off of a dress and the putting on of some sort of negligée. From my experience of the habits of girls, as illustrated by my sisters and their friends, I supposed that they were lending each other services in the processes of undoing. The girl with the mezzo voice had gone up to Elsie's room to undo her; Elsie had come down to render similar assistance. There is probably a psychological connection between this intimate act and confidence, since girls most truly bare their hearts to each other when they ought to be going to bed.

The mezzo young lady was moving about the room when the conversation was taken up again.

"I don't understand," Elsie complained, "why you should have got engaged to Stephen in the first place."

"I don't either"—she was quite near me now, and threw something that might have been a brooch or a chain on the little white desk—"except on the ground that I wanted to try him."

"Try him? What do you mean?"

"Well, what's an engagement? Isn't it a kind of experiment? You get as near to marriage as you can, while still keeping free to draw back. To me it's been like going down to the edge of the water in which you can commit suicide, and finding it so cold that you go home again."

"Don't you ever mean to be married at all?" Elsie demanded impatiently.

"I don't mean to be married till I'm sure." Elsie burst out indignantly.

"Regina Barry, that's the most pusillanimous thing I ever heard. You might as well say you'd never cross the Atlantic unless you were sure the ship would reach the other side."

"My trouble about crossing the Atlantic is in making up my mind whether or not I want to go on board. One might be willing to risk the second step, but one can't risk the first. Even the hymn that says 'One step enough for me' implies that at least you know what that's to be."

"You mean that you balk at marriage in any case."

"I mean that I balk at marriage with any of the men I've been engaged to. I must say that; and I can't say more."

During another brief silence I surmised that Regina Barry had seated herself before the dressing table, and was probably doing something to her hair. I wish I could say here that in my eavesdropping I experienced a sense of shame; but I can't. Whatever creates a sense of shame had been warped in me. The moral transitions that had turned me into a burglar had been gradual but sure. With the gold mesh purse in my pocket a burglar I had become, and I felt no more repugnance to the business than I did to that of the architect. Notwithstanding the natural masculine interest these young ladies stirred in me I meant to wait till they had separated—gone to bed. Then I would slip out from my hiding place, swipe the brooch or the chain that had been thrown on the desk, and go.

"What was the matter with the first man?" Elsie began again.

"I don't know whether it was the matter with him or with me. I didn't trust him."

"I should say that was the matter with him. And the next man?"

"Nothing. I simply couldn't have lived with him."

"And what's wrong with Stephen is that he's no more than very nice. I see."

"Oh, no, you don't see, dear! There's a lot more to it than all that, only I can't explain it." I fancied that she wheeled round in her chair and faced her companion. "The long and short of it is that I've never met the man with whom I could keep house. I can fall in love with them for a while—I can have them going and coming—I can welcome them and say good-by to them—but when it's a question of all welcome and no good-by—well, the man's got to be different from any I've seen yet."

"You'll end by not getting anyone at all."

"Which from my point of view, don't you see, won't be an unmixed evil. Having lived happily for twenty-three years without a husband I don't see why I should throw away a perfectly good bone for the most enticing shadow that ever was."

"I don't believe you're human." Before there could be a retort to this Elsie went on to ask: "How did poor Stephen take it?"

"Well, he didn't go into fits of laughter. He took it more or less lying down. If he hadn't ——"

"If he hadn't—what?"

"Oh, I don't know. The least little bit of fight on his part—or even contempt ——"

As this sentence remained unfinished I could hear Elsie rise.

"Well, I'm off to bed," she yawned. "What time do you have breakfast?"

There was some little discussion of household arrangements, after which they said their good nights.

With Elsie's departure I began for the first time to be uncomfortable. I can't express myself otherwise than to say that as long as she was there I felt I had a chaperon. In spite of the fact that I had become a professional burglar the idea of being left alone with an innocent young lady in her bedroom filled me with dismay.

I was almost on the point of making a bolt for it when I heard Elsie call out from the hallway: "Ugh! How dark and poky! For mercy's sake, come up with me!"

Miss Barry lingered at the dressing table long enough to ask: "Wouldn't you rather sleep in mother's room? That communicates with this, with only a little passage in between. The bed is made up."

"Oh, no," Elsie's staccato came back. "I don't mind being up there, and my things are spread out; only it seems so creepy to climb all those stairs."

"Wait a minute."

She sprang up. I breathed freely. My sense of propriety was saved. The voices were receding along the front hall. Once the young ladies had begun to mount the stairs I would slip out by the back hall and get off. Relaxing my hold on the silk hangings I stepped out cautiously.

My first thought was for the objects I had heard thrown down with a rattle on the writing desk. They proved to be a string of small pearls, a diamond pin, and three rings, of which I made no inspection before sweeping them into my pocket.

I was ready now to steal away, but to my vexation the incorrigible maidens had begun to talk love affairs again at the foot of the staircase leading up to the third floor. They had also turned on the hall light, so that my chances were diminished for getting away unseen.

Knowing, however, that sooner or later they would have to go up the next flight I stood by the writing desk and waited. I was not nervous; I was not alarmed. As a matter of fact the success of my undertaking up to the present point, together with the action of food and wine, combined to make me excited and hilarious. I chuckled in advance over the mystification of Miss Regina Barry, who would find on returning to her room that her rings, her necklet and her gold mesh purse had melted into the atmosphere.

In sheer recklessness I was now guilty of a bit of deviltry before which I would have hesitated had I had time to give it a second thought. On the desk there was a scrap of blank paper and a pen. Stooping I printed in the neat block letters I had once been accustomed to inscribe on the margin below a plan:

"There are men different from those you have seen hitherto. Wait."

This I pinned to the pincushion on the dressing table, beginning at once to creep toward the door, so as to seize the first opportunity of slipping down the back stairs.

But again I was frustrated.

"I'm all right now," I heard Elsie say reassuringly. "Don't come up. Go back and go to bed."

Miss Barry spoke as she returned along the hall toward her room:

"The cook sleeps in the next room to you, so that if you're afraid in the night you've only to hammer on the wall. But you needn't be. This house is as safe as a prison."

I had barely time to get into the bay window again and pull the curtains to.

Some five minutes followed, during which I heard the opening and shutting of drawers and closets and the swish and froufrou of skirts. I began to curse my idiocy in fastening that silly bit of writing to the pincushion. My only hope lay in the possibility that she would go to bed and to sleep without seeing it.

With hearing grown extraordinarily acute I could trace every movement she made about the room. Presently I knew she had come back to the dressing table again. Pulling up a chair she sat down before it, to finish, I suppose, the arranging of her hair.

For a few seconds there was a silence, during which I could hear the thumping of my heart. Then came the faint rattling of paper. I knew when she read the thing by the slight catch in her breath. I expected more than that. I thought she would call out to her friend or otherwise give an alarm. If she went to a telephone to summon the police I decided to make a dash for it. Indeed, I meant to make a dash for it as it was, as soon as I knew her next move.

But of all the next moves the one she made was the one I had least counted on. With a sudden tug at the hangings she pulled them apart and I was before her.

I was before her and she was before me. It is this latter detail of which I have the most vivid recollection. In the matter of time all other recollections of the moment seem to come after that and to be subsidiary to it.

My immediate impression was of two enormous, wonderful, burning eyes, full of amazement. Apart from the eyes I hardly saw anything. It was as if the light of a dark lantern had been suddenly turned on me, and I was blinded by the blaze. I was blinded by the blaze and shriveled up in it. No words can do justice to my sudden

(Continued on Page 52)

SHERWIN

WE put this mark on everything we make. It identifies our many products and is a guide for you in buying. But to be valuable as a guide it must be a mark which you believe in, and to believe in it you must know what it means.

It means many things and one of the things it means is this:

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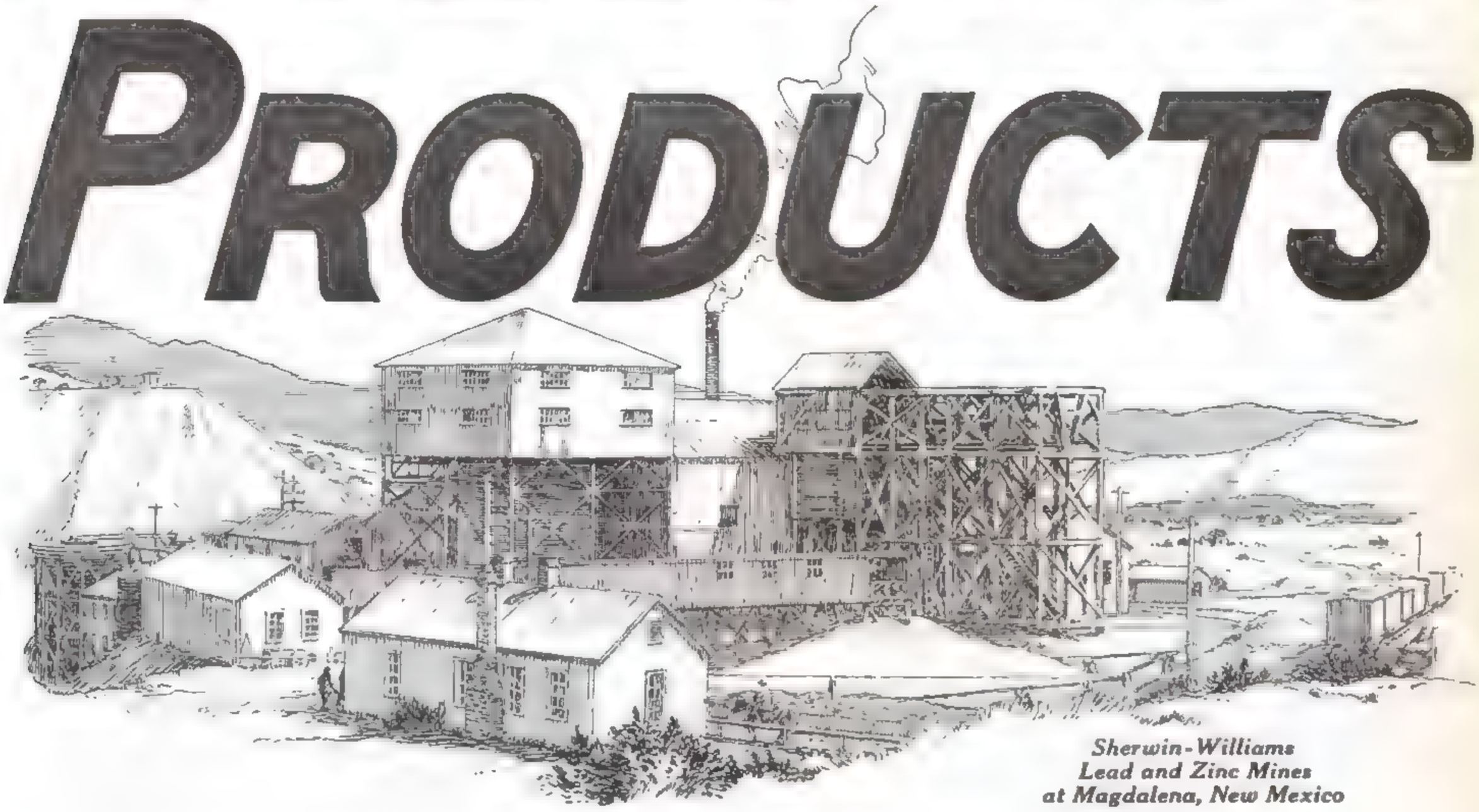

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OUT in Magdalena, New Mexico, there are lead and zinc mines which we own and operate. At Coffeyville, Kansas, the ore from these Magdalena mines is converted into leaded zinc by us.

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Our lead and zinc mines and smelters, our flaxseed crushers and linseed oil refineries, our dye and chemical plants are all operated for the sole purpose of getting the right materials from which to make some product that you need, whether it be a pint of paint for your kitchen shelf, or 50,000 gallons of varnish for a fleet of airplanes.

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THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

Main correspondence office, Cleveland, Ohio

Plants, Warehouses and Sales Offices all over the world

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sense of being a contemptible loathsome reptile.

"Sh!" was the first sound that came from her. She raised her hand. "Don't make a noise or you'll frighten my friend. She's nervous already."

Instinctively I pulled off my cap, stepping out of my hiding place into the middle of the room. As I did so she recoiled, supporting herself by a hand on the writing desk. Now that the discovery was made I could see her grow pale, while the hand on the desk trembled.

"You needn't be afraid," I began to whisper.

"I'm not afraid," she whispered back; "but—but what are you doing here?"

"I'll show you," I returned with shamefaced quietness. "I shall also show you that if you'll let me go without giving an alarm you won't be sorry."

Pulling all the things I had stolen out of my pocket I showered them on the dressing table.

"Oh!"

The smothered exclamation made it plain to me that she hadn't missed the articles.

"May I ask you to verify them?" I went on. "If you should find later that something had disappeared I shouldn't like you to think that I had carried it away."

She made a feint at examining the jewelry, but I could see that she was incapable of making anything like a count. It was I who insisted on going over the objects one by one.

"There's this," I said, touching the gold mesh purse, but not picking it up. "I see there's money in it; but it has not been opened. Then there's this," I added, indicating the pearl necklet; "and this," which was the brooch. "The rings," I continued, "I don't know anything about. There are three here. That's all I remember seeing; but I didn't notice in particular."

She said in a breathless whisper: "That's all there were."

"Then may I ask if you mean to let me go?"

"How can I stop you?"

"Oh, in two or three ways. You could call your servants; or you could ring up the police ——"

Her big burning eyes were fixed on me hypnotically. The color began to come back to her cheeks, but she trembled still.

"How—how did you get in?"

I explained to her.

"And the only thing I've taken," I went on, "is the food I ate and the wine I drank; but if you knew how much I needed them ——"

"Were you hungry?"

"I hadn't eaten anything for two days; and very little for two days before that."

"Then you're not—you're not one of those gentleman-burglars who do this sort of thing out of bravado?"

"As we see in novels or plays? I don't think you'll find many of them about. I'm a burglar," I pursued, "or I—I meant to be one—but I'm not a gentleman."

"You speak like a gentleman."

"Unfortunately a gentleman is not made by speech. A gentleman could never be in the predicament in which you've caught me."

"Well, then, you were a gentleman once."

"My father was a gentleman—and is."

"English?"

"I'd rather not tell you. Now that I've restored the things, if you'll give me your word that I shan't be molested I shall ——"

"You shan't be molested, only ——"

As she hesitated I insisted:

"Only what, may I ask?"

Her manner was a mixture of embarrassment and pity. She had not hitherto taken her eyes from me since we had begun to speak. Now she let them wander away; or, rather, she let them shift away, to return to me swiftly as if she couldn't trust me without watching me. By this time she was trembling so violently, too, that she was obliged to grasp the back of a chair to steady herself. She was too little to be tall, and yet too tall to be considered little. The filmy thing she wore, with its long loose sleeves, gave her some of the appearance of an angel, only that no angel ever had this bright, almost hectic color in the cheeks, and these scarlet lips.

"Was it," she asked, speaking, as we both did, in low tones and rapidly, "was it because you—you had no money that you did this?"

I smiled faintly.

"That was it exactly; but now ——"

"Then won't you let me give you some?"

I still had enough of the man about me to straighten myself up and say: "Thanks, no. It's very kind of you; but—but the reasons which make it impossible for me to—to steal it make it equally impossible for me to take it as a gift."

"But why—why was it impossible for you to steal it, when you had come here to do it?"

"I suppose it was seeing the owner of it face to face. I'd sunk low enough to steal from someone I couldn't visualize—but what's the use? It's mere hair-splitting. Just let me say that this is my first attempt, and it hasn't succeeded. I may do better next time if I can get up the nerve."

"Oh, but there won't be a next time."

"That we shall have to see."

"Suppose"—the mixture of embarrassment and pity made it hard for her to speak—"suppose I said I was sorry for you."

"You don't have to say it. I see it. It's something I shall never forget as long as I live."

"Well, since I'm sorry for you, won't you let me ——"

"No," I interrupted firmly. "I'm grateful for your pity; I'll accept that; but I won't take anything else." I began moving toward the door. "Since you're good enough to let me go I had better be off; but I can't do it without thanking you."

For the first time she smiled a little. Even in that dim light I could see it was what in normal conditions would be called a generous smile, full, frank and kindly. Just now it was little more than a quivering of the long scarlet lips. She glanced toward the little heap of things on the desk.

"If it comes to that I have to thank you."

I raised my hand deprecatingly.

"Don't."

I had almost reached the threshold when her words made me turn.

"Do you know who I am?"

"I think I do," was all I could reply.

"Well, then, why shouldn't you come back later—in some more usual manner—and let me see if there isn't something I could do for you?"

"Do for me—in what way?"

"In the way of getting you work—or something."

My heart had leaped up for a minute, but now it fell. Why it should have done either I cannot say, since I could be nothing to her but a fool who had tried to be a thief, and couldn't, as we say in our common idiom, get away with it.

I thanked her again.

"But you've done a great deal for me as it is," I added. "I couldn't ask for more." Somewhat disconnectedly I continued, "I think you're the pluckiest girl I ever saw not to have been afraid of me."

"Oh, it wasn't pluck. I saw at once that you wouldn't do me any harm."

"How?"

"In general. I was surprised. I was excited. In a way I was overcome. But I wasn't afraid of you. If you'd been a tramp or a colored man or anything like that it would have been different. But one isn't afraid of a—of a gentleman."

"But I'm not a ——"

"Well then, a man who has a gentleman's traditions. You'd better go now," she whispered suddenly. "If you want to come back as I've suggested—any time to-morrow forenoon—I'd speak to my father ——"

"Not about this?" I whispered hurriedly.

"No; not about this. This had better be just between ourselves. I shall never say anything to anyone about it, and I advise you to do the same." I had made a low bow, preparatory to getting out, when she held up the scrap of paper she had crumpled in her hand. "Why did you write this?"

But I got out of the room without giving a reply.

I was descending the back stairs when I heard a door open on the third floor and Elsie's voice call out: "Regina, are you talking to anybody down there?"

There was a tremor in the mezzo as it replied: "N-no. I'm just—I'm just moving about."

"Well, for heaven's sake go to bed. It's after two o'clock. I never was in a house like this in all my life before. It seems to be full of people crawling round everywhere. I think I'll come down to your mother's bed, after all."

"Do," was the only word I heard as I stole into the servants' dining room, then into the closet with shelves, where I shut the door softly. A few seconds later I was out on the cool ground, in the dark, behind the shrub.

I lay there almost breathlessly, not because I was unable to get up but because I couldn't drag myself away. I wanted to go over the happenings of the last hour and seal them in my memory. They were terrible to me and beautiful.

I had been there some fifteen minutes when I heard the open window above me closed gently, and the fastening snapped. I knew that again she was near me, though as before she didn't suspect my presence. I wondered if the chances of life would ever bring us so close to each other again.

Above me, where the shrub detached itself a little from the wall of the house, I could see the stars. Lying on my back I watched them till it seemed to me they began to pale. At the same time I caught a thinning in the texture of the darkness. I got up with the silence in which I had lain down. Crossing the brick-paved yard and striding over the low wall I was again in the vacant lot.

It was not yet dawn, but it was the dark gray hour which tells that dawn is coming. I was obliged to take more accurate precautions than before, as, crushing the tangle of nettle, burdock, fireweed and blue succory, I crept along in the shadow of the house wall to regain the empty street.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE LEAGUE OF FREE NATIONS

(Concluded from Page 10)

have long since technicalized and brought to a very keen and cutting edge.

The practical man is far less interested in the exact legal and terminological value of this council or standing conference or group of committees—or whatever the exact form of world control may be to which the plain logic of human necessity is driving mankind—than in the way that control will work, the powers it must have, and the means by which it will keep itself in touch with the general consciousness of the people of the world.

The present war has made nothing more manifest than that the effective control of militarism must extend to issues that are not in themselves military. The development of war, as I have already pointed out, has been steadily abolishing the noncombatant; modern war is a struggle of whole populations, fighting with all their industrial and economic strength, and an effective world control of food supplies and of the supplies of staple articles generally—of coal, iron, and the like.

Moreover, a world control of war implies a world control of the causes of war. Modern wars, it has been said, are invariably economic; they are struggles for markets and raw material. And it is evident, therefore, that a world control of militarism which does not provide some substitute for war settlements upon these questions will be no better than restraining a suffocating man from smashing a window that gives upon fresh air.

A world control of militarism will lead, it will be found, to a world control of shipping and of the world distribution of staples; to restraint upon tariff wars; and, indeed, to a general control of international trade. This is a large order, both for the free trader and the tariff reformer; but it is a necessary part of any scheme for an effective control of war.

The experience of the Allies confirms this proposition. It has been asserted again and again that even now a league of nations exists in the alliance against the Central Powers. But the steady pressure of necessity has already carried the Allies beyond the mere League stage, and it must ultimately take them beyond mere exclusive dealing with their allies. The attainment of a unity of military command has been accompanied by a progressive pooling of interests and resources, less conspicuous perhaps, but more significant.

In matters of food, coal, metals and shipping the Allies have been forced to scrap, first in this instance and then in that, the idea that they were separate competing entities.

America goes easy with the bacon that England may be fed, and England will shiver this winter that Italy may not be frozen out of the alliance.

Though the faint-hearted gentlemen of the Weak League of Nations movements are assuring us that the nations of the earth are far too jealous to tolerate the slightest infringements of their sovereign rights, these poolings are going on upon a tremendous scale. When at last the German mind is attuned to revolutionary ideas and the Hohenzollern incubus is set aside, so that a chastened Germany can come to the peace conference, it is inevitable that these pooling organizations must assume a practically world-wide scope.

However much Englishmen may dislike Germans, they must get back to some momentary footing in common, even if it is only to secure the economic reinstatement of Belgium. There must be some restraint upon a desperate and planless resumption of industrial competition. There must be no scramble for food. These are matters that will not be settled in a few weeks or months.

It is natural to look to such committees of world control that will necessarily be formed at the peace conference to restore the shattered financial and economic order, as bodies that may be given permanence by treaty, that may be supplemented by permanent world committees to deal with health, navigation, emigration, and other general purposes, to form the civil administrative side of a world league.

The creation of a general sense of the world league in men's minds through propaganda and education, and its embodiment in political forms, may, indeed, be rather the culmination and recognition of a process of human unification already in full progress than a real new departure in human affairs.

From being a proposed addendum to human life, in the form of a court of jurists, the league of nations has now become the outline of a broad and hopeful scheme for the reconstruction of international relationships upon a sound and enduring basis. It is a new world policy. It is a scheme that may inaugurate a new and happier phase in the troubled history of mankind. But at every step it demands sacrifices of prepossessions.

There is no good in clinging to ideals of a world of unrestricted free trade and *laissez faire* if the world controls of the league of nations are to come into existence; it is equally unreasonable to dream of schemes of a self-contained British Empire, taxing the foreigner and economically hostile to all foreigners, including those of France, Italy and the United States.

We must cease to think imperially as we have had to cease thinking parochially; and we must think now in terms of the peace of the world. The league of nations points straight to a pooling of empires, and it is no good blinking the fact. And, since it cannot operate in an atmosphere tainted by suspicion, the league of nations demands for its effective operation a change in our diplomatic methods.

The world has become too multitudinous for secret understandings. In this swarming world of half-taught crowds, with its imminent danger from class hostility and distrust, governments must say plainly what they mean and stand by their declarations unambiguously.

It may at times be difficult and tedious to inform a whole population upon the values of some international situation, but the danger of misconception and spasmodic crowd action outweighs the desire of the expert for an uncriticized freedom. There must be an end to secret diplomacy. Nations must understand their responsibilities.

The welfare of the world requires that the very children in the schools should be taught the broad outlines of the treaties that bind their nations into the mosaic of the world's peace. They have to grow up understanding and consenting, if only on account of the grim alternative the precedent of Russia suggests.

"These cakes surely hit the spot!"

From "Somewhere in France" a young American engineer wrote home of how he longed for a plate of good old Aunt Jemima Pancakes!

Someone sent the Aunt Jemima Mills Company his letter in his local newspaper and they promptly sent him as large a package as Uncle Sam would take. Other people, reading his letter, also sent off packages of Aunt Jemima to him.

Imagine his delight and surprise when the smiling, red Aunt Jemima boxes appeared in his mail!

"There are about sixty men in our barracks, and the night when the first package came I undertook to supply them all with cakes. They crowded around the stove and stood patiently in line for some time awaiting their turn, overflowing with eagerness and boisterous demonstration.

"We could only obtain the crudest implements with which to bake them; we had a small stove commonly known as a 'Jam Can'; removed the top and in its place put a large piece of sheet iron which served as a griddle; the top of a Nabisco box flattened out with a piece of iron served as a ladle, and a good-sized chunk of pork fat did for the grease.

"But even with such an assortment of utensils, and in the primitive method with which we baked them, the cakes lost none of their flavor and deliciousness and better results could not have been obtained in the most modern kitchen. We followed directions and added nothing but water, and the results were all that could be desired.

"The fellows all join me in thanking you and the other good people who remembered us with Aunt Jemima, the cakes surely 'hit the spot!'"

I am gratefully,

Pvt._____

Co. D, U. S. Engineers, A. E. F.

Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour makes fine muffins, waffles and breadsticks

Reg U S Pat Off.

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AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

FROM MY OVERSEAS NOTEBOOK

(Continued from Page 7)

attention; and then he's a gone goaling, marching to the calaboose, with steel jewelry on both wrists.

But when this pair slipped nearer and nearer until they could touch the big colored man, and one of them barked the command right in his ear, he merely turned his head and, without straightening his slouchy form, inquired politely:

"Speakin' to me, boss?"

Nevertheless, to be on the safe side, they asked for his papers.

"Whut kinder papers?"

"Your military papers—your pass—something to identify you by"

"W'y, boss," he asked, "does you need papers to go round wid yere in Sa'nt-Nazaire?"

"This ain't Saint-Nazaire," they told him. "This is Paris."

"Paris? My Lawd! Den dat splains it."

"Explains what?"

"Splains w'y I couldn't find all dem niggers dey tole me wuz in Sa'nt-Nazaire. Here I been in Paris all dis time—ever since early dis mawnin'—an' I didn't know it! No wonner I couldn't run acrost dem big wharf boats an' dem niggers!"

"Never mind that. I just asked you where your papers are."

"Papers! Me? Huh! Boss, I ain't got no mo' papers 'n a hant. Effen you needs papers to git about on, you gen'lemen better tek me an' lock me up right now, kase I tells you p'intedly I ain't got nary paper to my name."

"That's precisely what we aim to do. Come on, you!"

They took him to Number 10, Rue St. Anne, where our provost marshal in Paris has his headquarters; and there the tale came out. I got it at first hand from the captain of the Intelligence Department who examined him; and I know I got it straight, because the captain was a monologist on the Big Time before he signed up for the war, and he has the knack of narrative and the gift of dialect.

Then, later, I saw the central figure in the comedy and interviewed him. In a way of speaking, I think his adventure was the most remarkable of any I have heard of on this side of the ocean—and I have heard my share. How a big, lubberly American negro, with absolutely nothing on his person to vouch for him or his purposes, could travel halfway across a country where no one else can stir a foot without a pocketful of passes and visés and credentials, and how, lacking any knowledge of the language, he managed to do what he did do—— But I am anticipating.

Watterson Gets the Third Degree

It was at 10, Rue St. Anne that my friend the ex-vaudevillian took him in hand with the intention of conferring the third degree. For quite a spell the interrogator couldn't make up his mind whether he dealt with the most guileless human being on French soil or with a shrewd black fugitive hiding his real self behind a mask of innocence. After he had made sure the prisoner was what he seemed to be, the intelligence officer kept on at him for the fun of the thing.

Batting his eyes as the questions pelted at him, the giant made straightforward answers. His name was Watterson Towers; his age was "sommers round twenty-fo' or twenty-five," he didn't "perzackly 'member w'ich"; he was born "an' fotched up" in Bowling Green, Kentucky, and at the time of his coming to France he resided at Number 34, East Pittsburgh.

"Number Thirty-four what?" asked the inquisitor.

"Naw, suh; not no Thirty-fo' nothin'—jes' plain Thirty-fo'."

"But what street is this Number Thirty-four on?"

"'Tain't on no street, boss."

"What do you mean no street?"

"Boss, wuz you ever in East Pittsburgh? Well, suh, den does you 'member dat string of little houses dat stands in a row right 'longside de railroad tracks ez you comes into town f'um de fur side? 'Tain't no street; it's jes' houses. Well, suh, I lives in de thirty-fo'th one."

"Oh, I see! Well, how did you get here?"

"Me? I rid, mostly."

"Rode on what?"

"Rode part de time on a ship and part de time on de steam cyars, but, fust an' last, I done a mighty heap of walking also."

Further questioning elicited from Watterson Towers these salient facts: He had taken a job that carried him from East Pittsburgh to New York and left him stranded there. He had heard about the draft. He knew that sooner or later the draft would catch him and send him off to France, where he would be expected to fight Germans; so he decided that before this could happen he would visit France on his own hook and, as a civilian bystander, a private observer so to speak, would view some of the operations of war at first hand, with a view to deciding whether he cared enough for it as a sport to take a hand in it voluntarily.

He had smuggled himself aboard a transport—heaven alone knew how—and, fortified with a bag of gingersnaps, he had hidden away in a cargo hold until the ship sailed. Two days out from land a new and very painful sickness had overcome the stowaway, and he had made his way up on deck for air. There he had been caught and sent to the galley to work his passage across.

When he had progressed thus far his cross-examiner broke in:

"What was the name of the ship?"

"Boss, I plum disremembers; but it muster been de bigges' ship dey is. W'y, suh, dey wuz 'most six hunderd folkses on dat ship, an' I had to wash up after ever' las' one of 'em. W'ite folkses suttinly teks a lot of dishes w'en dey eats—I'll tell de world dat."

"Well, where did the ship land? Do you know that much?"

Francs for Dollars, Even-Stephen

"Boss, hit wuz some place wid a outlandish name, an' dat's all I kin tell you. I never wuz no hand fur 'memberin' reg'lar names, let alone dese yere jabber kind of words lak dese yere French folkses talks wid."

"What happened when you got off the ship?"

"W'y, suh, dey let me off de ship, an' a w'ite man on de wharf boat tells me Ise landed right spang in France; an' he axes me does I want a job of wuk? An' I tells him: 'Naw, suh; not yit.' I tells him Ise aimin' to travel round an' see de country an' de war 'fore I settles down to anything. Den 'nother w'ite man dat's standin' dere he tells me dey's a lot of my color in a place called Sa'nt-Nazaire, an' I 'cides I'll go dere an' 'sociate a w'ile wid dem niggers. So I changes my money an' I ——"

"I thought you said you didn't have any money when you started."

"I didn't, boss; but de w'ite folkses on de ship dey taken up a c'lection fur me, account of me washin' all dem dishes so nice and clean. It come to twenty dollahs. So I changes it into dese yere francs. De man give me twenty francs fur my twenty dollars didn't charge me no interes' a-tall, but jes' traded even-Stephen Den I sets out to find dis yere Sa'nt-Nazaire place. Dat wuz two days ago, an' I been movin' stiddy ever since"

"How did you know what train to take?"

"I didn't. I jes' went to de depot an' I clim' aboa'd de fus' train I sees dat looks lak she might be goin' sommers. An' after a w'ile one of dese Frenchies come round to me whar I wuz settin', an' he jabber somethin' at me; an' I tell him, plain ez I kin, whar I wants to go, an' axes him is dis de right train? An' den he jabber some mo', an' I keep on tellin' him de same thing over ag'in An' after a w'ile he jes' th'ow up both hands—lak dis an' go on off an' leave me be in peace. W'ich dat very same thing happen' to me ever' time I git on a train; an' I done been on t'ree or fo' before I gits to dis place dis mawnin' early.

"My way wuz to stay by de train twell she stop an' don't start no mo'. An' den I'd git off an' walk round, lookin' for de big wharf boats where de w'ite man tole me dem niggers would be wukkin'; but not no place I went did I see ary wharf boats, so I jes' kept a-movin' twell I got yere, lak I'm tellin' it to you. An' I says to myself den: 'Dis suttinly must be Sa'nt-Nazaire—it's shore big enough to be, anyway.' But I took an' walked 'bout ten miles, an' I couldn't find no wharf boats, an' no niggers neither, scusin' some Frenchified niggers all dressed up lak Misty Shriners, an' dey couldn't talk our way of talkin'. I seen plenty soldiers, but dem I left alone kase I didn't aim to git tangled up wid no soldiers twell de time come to be one.

"Finally I sees a big place dat look lak it mout be 'nother depot; an' I went on in there, an' wuz fixin' to tek de next train out w'en dem two soldier men of yourn, wid de bands on dere arms, come up to me an' dey run me in. An' yere I is!"

It was explained to Watterson Towers that, to avoid complications, he had better enter the Army forthwith; and he very promptly agreed. Travel seemingly was beginning to pall on him.

Then, to spin out the gorgeous humor of the interview, the intelligence officer put one more question; and when he told me what the answer had been I agreed with him that the reward was worthy of the effort.

"Now, Watterson," he said, "what kind of a regiment would you prefer to join—an all-white regiment or an all-black regiment, or a mixed regiment, part black and part white? Take your choice."

"Boss," said Watterson, "it don't make no diff'ence a-tall to me w'ich kind of a regiment 'tis—jes' so it's got a band!"

We certainly are creatures of habit. Because somebody, a century or so behind us, speaking with that air of authority which usually accompanies the voicing of a perfectly wrong premise, stated that all Irishmen were natural wits, and that no Englishman could see a joke, the world accepted the assertion as a verity. Never was a greater libel perpetrated upon either race.

It has been my observation that the Irish, at heart, are a melancholy breed. Certain it is that no people have produced more first-rate humorists and more first-rate comedians than the English Witness the British output in this war; witness Bairnsfather and those satirical verses on war topics that have been running in Punch I'm mostly Celt myself—North of Scotland and South of Ireland, with some Welsh and a little English mixed up in my strain—and I feel myself qualified to speak on these matters.

Another common delusion among outsiders, and particularly among Americans, is that Englishmen are stolid, unimaginative creatures, who fail to show their feelings in moments of stress because they haven't any great flow of feelings to show. Now, as a general proposition, I think it may be figured that a Frenchman, turning sentimental, will give free vent to the thoughts that are in his heart; that an American will try to hide his emotions under a mask of levity; and that an Englishman, expressing after a somewhat different pattern the racial embarrassment he shares with the American, will seek to appear outwardly indifferent, incidentally becoming more or less inarticulate.

A Charing Cross Drama

The Frenchman takes no shame to himself when he weeps or sings in public on being stirred; the Yankee is apt to laugh very loudly; the Englishman will be mute and will exhibit slight confusion, which by some might be mistaken for mental awkwardness. But there are exceptions to all rules.

So far as the rule pertains to the Britisher I am thinking of two exceptions. To one of these instances I was an eyewitness; the other incident was told to me by a man who was present when it occurred.

He said he was passing through Charing Cross Station one night when he saw a couple of Canadian subalterns emerging from one of the refreshment booths. Both of them had been wounded One had his right arm in a sling and limped as he walked. The other was that most pitiable spectacle this war can produce—a young man blinded. Across his eyes was drawn a white cloth band and he moved with the uncertain fumbling gait of one upon whom this affliction has newly come.

With his uninjured arm the lame youth was steering his companion. The two boys—for they were only boys, my informant said—halted in an arched exit to put on their topcoats before stepping out into the drizzle. The crippled officer released his hold upon his friend's elbow to shrug his own garment upon his shoulders.

The second *blessé* was making a sorry job at finding the armholes of his coat when a handsome elderly officer, with the badges of a major general upon his shoulders and a breast loaded with ribbon decorations, stepped up and, with the words, "Let me help you, won't you?" held the coat in the proper position while deftly he guided the blind boy's arms into the sleeve openings.

In a second the unexpected dénouement came. The youngster reached into his pocket; then felt for the hand of this volunteer who had come to his assistance.

"Thank you very much!" he said; and there in the palm of the astonished general lay a shilling.

The other lieutenant, the youth with the bandaged arm, stumbled to his comrade's side. He may have meant to whisper, but in his distress he fairly shouted it out:

"You've just handed a tip to a major general!"

Horrified, the blind boy spun about on his heel to apologize.

"I'm so sorry, sir!" he gasped. "I—I thought it was a porter, of course. I beg your pardon—a thousand times, sir. I hope you'll forgive me—you know, I can't see any more, sir." And with that he held out his hand to take back the miserable coin.

The splendid-looking old man put both his hands upon the lad's shoulders. His ruddy face was quivering and the tears were running down his cheeks.

"Please don't! Please don't!" he gulped almost incoherently. "I want to keep your shilling, if you don't mind. Why, God bless you, my son, I want to keep it always. I wouldn't take a thousand pounds for it!"

And then, falling back one pace, he saluted the blind lad with all the reverence he would have accorded his commander in chief or his king.

Off for the Rhine Country

Here is the other thing—the one of which I speak as having first-hand knowledge:

Three of us, returning by automobile from a visit to the Verdun massif, took a détour in order to call upon our friends, the blithe young Britishers who make up Night Bombing Squadron Number ——. They're a great outfit, representing, as they do, every corner of the empire; but, to my way of thinking, Big Bill and the Young Un, both captains and both seasoned pilots of big Handley-Page bombing planes, are the pick of the lot. As I think I have already remarked somewhere else, the average age of this crowd is somewhere round twenty-two.

This fine summer night we arrived at their headquarters opportunely, for there was to be a raiding expedition to the Rhine. First, though, there was a good dinner, at which we were unexpected but none the less welcome guests. Catch a lot of English lads letting a little thing like the prospect of a four-hundred-mile air jaunt into Germany and back interfere with their dinner!

Just before the long, lazy twilight merged into the silver radiance of the moonlight, all hands started for the hangars a mile or two away, across on the other side of the patch of woods that surrounded the camp. Upon the running boards of our car we carried an overflow of six or eight airmen; the rest walked. Clinging alongside of me—I rode in the front seat—was a tall, slender boy—a captain, for all his youth—whom I shall call Wilkins, which wasn't his name, but is near enough to it. He was the minstrel of the squadron; could play half a dozen instruments, as we knew, and sing cockney ballads with a gorgeous whine.

At the field our added passengers dropped off and each ran to superintend the soldier crews as they went over the planes, tuning them up. After a little while the signal for departure came. One after another the machines got away, each bearing its pilot and its gunner-observer, and, with its freight of great bombs dangling from its undersides as it lifted and went soaring away toward the northeast, making a yet more wonderful picture if, in rising, it chanced to cut across the white, white disk of a full moon which had just pushed itself clear of the wooded mountain top.

Next day about noontime our route again brought us within ten miles of the squadron's camp, and we decided to turn

(Continued on Page 57)

KANTLEEK

A Rexall PRODUCT

It *Can't* Leak Because it's Made in One Piece

—that's why we guarantee satisfaction or your money back

HERE is a hot water bag that will not leak at the neck—at the edges—or at the bottom. It *can't* leak, for it has no seams to open up—no patches to work loose—no bindings to rip off.

The Kantleek is *molded into one piece* of soft, pliable Para rubber. Rubber that *feels* good—that will not harden and crack—that will not stick together or tear.

The Kantleek Hot Water Bag is *guaranteed* against leakage for *two years*. The date of purchase, punched into the lip of the bag, is a constant reminder that if it leaks within two years you get a new bag free. Any Rexall Store—anywhere—will replace it, regardless of where purchased. No delays. No red tape. No guarantee tags to save.

We guarantee the life of Kantleek for two years, but the usual life is many years more.

See this bag that can't leak—that comes to you with better protection than was ever given you before. See it at any Rexall Store—and carry one home with you.

There are also other Kantleek rubber products, Kantleek Syringes, Ice Caps, Face Bottles, Bulb Syringes, Breast Pumps, etc. Prices 40c. to $4.75.

The 8000 Rexall Stores

throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain are the only stores where Kantleek Rubber Goods may be bought. They have been given exclusive sale because they are linked together into one great National Service-giving organization. Rexall stores are the leading drug stores in their localities.

The Bag

The Fountain Syringe

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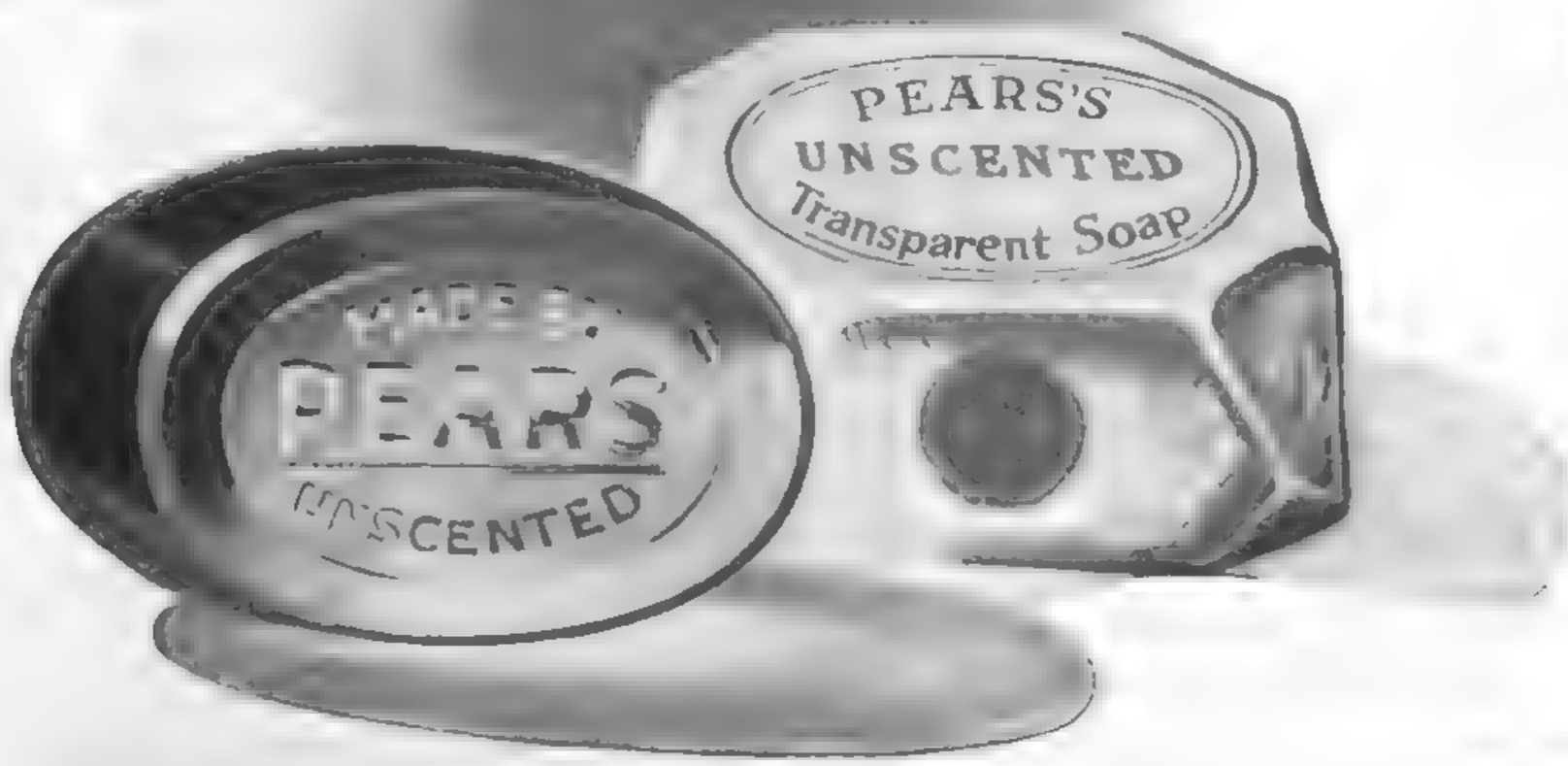

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The Soap of Self-Respect

A SELF-RESPECTING woman is, and has every right to be, particular—yes, even fastidious—as to the purity and wholesomeness of the materials that go into her toilet soap. After that she demands a delicate yet *thorough* cleanser, one that leaves a sense of refreshment and comfort.

Pears' Soap is an exquisite toilet soap, made of the purest and choicest materials, and aged for many months in storage before it comes to you.

It is really delightful to use. Yielding a soft, sparkling lather, it cleanses delicately, swiftly, surely.

The rare materials out of which Pears' Soap is made are brought to their highest perfection by the aging process. Pears' is matured—*ripened* like a rare wine.

The maturing process eliminates all free moisture, thus giving you a soap that is all soap. It gives you, too, that deep, transparent amber hue that makes Pears' so good to look at.

There is enough in a sample of Pears' Soap to last for several days. Try it, and see for yourself how pleasant it is to wash with Pears'.

Here are two forms of the same good soap:
Unscented — For those who prefer the elemental sweetness of perfect purity.
Scented — A glycerine soap scented with the delicate fragrance of genuine flower perfumes.
Cake and sample are illustrated in actual size.

FOUR CENTS

This usable sample of Pears' Soap (unscented) sent anywhere in the United States for 4c in stamps. It will tell you quicker than any words how pleasant it is to use Pears'. Walter Janvier, 419 Canal Street, New York, U. S. Agent for A. & F. Pears, Ltd.

(Continued from Page 54)

aside that way for an hour or so and learn the results of the raid. Sprawled about the big living room of their community house in the birch forest we found a score or more of our late hosts.

"Well, what sort of a show did you put on last night?" one of us inquired as we entered.

In the vernacular of the British fighting man any movement aimed at the Hun's peace of mind and well-being, from an engagement in force to a solitary prowl in No Man's Land, is a show.

"Oh, a priceless show!" came the answer. "We gave the dear old boche a sultry evening; make no ruddy error about it. Spilt our little pills all over Mannheim and Trèves. Scored a lot of direct hits, too, as well as one might judge while comin' away in more or less of a hurry."

"It was rippin' fun while it lasted," put in another. "We didn't get back, though, until nearly four o'clock this morning. It left me feelin' rather seedy—I must have my beauty sleep or I'm no good for the whole day." Behind his hand he yawned.

Now ordinarily the next question would have been framed with a view to finding out whether all the bombers had safely returned; but the airman's code of ethics forbade. It is perfectly proper to inquire regarding the effects of a raid into hostile territory, but the outsider must refrain from seeking information regarding any losses on the part of the raiders until one of them volunteers the news of his own accord.

Mourning in Secret

But there was no rule against our silently counting noses; and this we did industriously. As nearly as I could make out, there were, of those we knew had participated in the expedition, five or six missing from the assembled company; but then, of course, the absentees might be asleep in their quarters. Yet it struck all three of us—and in my own case I know the impression deepened as the minutes passed—that, for all their kindly hospitality and all their solicitude that we should feel at home, there was a common depression prevalent among them.

Some, we thought, betrayed their feelings by a silence not habitual among these high-spirited youths; others seemed abstracted; and some were just a trifle irritable. And when this one or that described the bombing of the two enemy towns which had been their particular targets I was sure I detected something forced about the enthusiasm he put into his speech.

Presently there fell one of those awkward little silences that inevitably occur in any gathering where the spirit is a bit forced and strained. It was broken by a lanky twenty-year-old observer, a member of a famous Scotch clan.

"H'm!" he began, clearing his throat and striving to make his tone casual. "You know, Wilkins and his observer didn't get back!"

That was all—no details of how his two mates had gone rocketing down somewhere behind the German lines, probably to instant death; or, if not that, to what scarcely was preferable to the vouchsafed mercy of a quick death—captivity in a German prison camp. In those few words he stated the bald fact of it, and then he looked away, suddenly and unduly interested in the movements of someone passing by one of the open windows.

On my right hand sat that winning little chap his mates called the Young Un. The Young Un was lighting a pipe.

"Beastly annoying," he grunted between puffs at the stem of his brier-root, "losin' Wilkins so. As a matter of fact, he was the only decent pianist we had. Rotten luck, and all that sort of thing, to lose our pianist. Eh, what?"

Coming from the Young Un, with his gentle smile and his soft whimsical drawl, the last remark seemed so utterly unsympathetic, so callous, so cold-blooded, that the shock of what he said left me mute. It left my two companions mute too.

I turned in my chair and stared at the Young Un. He seemed to have trouble getting his pipe going. His two hands were cupped over the bowl, making a mask for his face. By reason of his hands I could not see much of his face; but I could see this much—that his chin was trembling; that the big muscles in his throat were twitching and jumping; and that, though he winked his eyes as fast as he could, he couldn't wink fast enough to keep the big tears from leaking out and running down his cheeks.

Because he was an experienced airman it was a part of the professional code to make no pother over the loss of a fellow flyer by the hazard of chance, which every one of them dared as a part of his daily life.

Because he was an Englishman he felt shame that he should show an emotion; but because his heart was broken he cried behind the cover of his hands.

Shells and bombs are forever doing freakish things. The effects of their tantrums set one to thinking of the conduct of cyclones and earthquakes. For example:

In Bar-le-Duc, which most Americans used to think of not as a city but as a kind of jelly, I saw, when we passed through there the other day, the place where a bomb dropped by a German air raider did a curious bit of damage. I reckon people who believe in omens and portents would call it significant.

Just off the railroad station, in a little paved square, stands a monument, put up by popular subscription, to the men of this town who died for their country in 1870–71. Upon one face of the granite shaft, being the one that looks inward toward the town, are two bronze figures of heroic size. The lowermost figure is that of a dying boy soldier with one hand pressed to his breast and the other holding fast to his musket. The other figure, which is that of a winged angel, typifies the spirit of France, which is hovering above him with a palm branch extended over his drooping head.

The bomb, descending from on high, must have grazed the face of the monument. A great hole in the pavement shows where it exploded. One flying fragment sheared away the fingers and thumb of the dying soldier's hand, so that the bronze musket was torn out of his grasp and flung upon the earth. Someone had picked up the musket and laid it at the base of the marble; but the hand sticks out into space, empty and mutilated. Otherwise the monument is untouched.

I dare say a German might interpret this as meaning that France was to be left crippled, disarmed and mangled. But I read it as a sign to show that France, the conqueror, and not the conquered, will be one of the nations that shall take the lead in bringing about universal peace and universal disarmament, once Germany has been cured of what ails her.

Old George J. Methodical

When I was writing an article about one visit of several that I paid to the old Lunéville sector, where our buddies, in the spring of this year, first left their tooth marks on the Heinies, I forgot to tell of an incident which occurred on the last day of our stay up there as the guests of a regiment of the Rainbows.

Martin Green and I had just returned from a four-hour tramp through some of our trenches. It was long after the hour for the midday meal when we got back, weary and mud-gaumed, to regimental headquarters in a half-wrecked village. But the colonel's cook obligingly dished up some provender for us and for the young intelligence officer who had been our guide that day. Just as we were finishing the last round of flapjacks with molasses, the Germans began shelling the battered town; so we adjourned to the nearest dugout, which was the next-door cellar, that had been thickened as to its roof with sandbags and loose earth and strips of railroad iron. Down there we came upon several others who had taken shelter, including one of the majors.

"When were you fellows figuring on starting back to your own billets?" he inquired. "Sometime this afternoon, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Green; "we counted on leaving here about three o'clock; but I guess we'll be delayed if the Germans keep up their strafing. Neither of us fancies trying to make a break out of here while the bombardment is going on; and I don't suppose our chauffeur would be so very enthusiastic over the prospect either. I only hope the Germans let up on the fireworks before dark. It's forty-odd miles to where we're going, and the thought of riding that distance after nightfall over these torn-up roads, with no lights burning on our car and the road full of supply trains coming up here to the Front, does not strike me as a particularly alluring prospect."

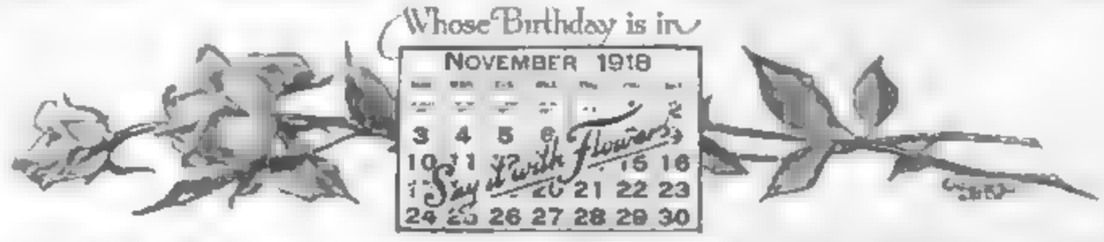
ROSES, Violets and the earlier blooming potted plants compete with late Chrysanthemum varieties, to dominate Thanksgiving displays in Flower shops everywhere. It's needless to say that flowers will contribute much to your Thanksgiving observance.

This Thanksgiving, perhaps, your soldier boy will be on furlough, or you'll entertain another soldier boy in his place. Think how much he will appreciate the presence of flowers there in your home.

Your florist is ready to handle Thanksgiving orders with infinite care as to details of arrangement. The cost will be as small as you desire.

It's appropriate to send Thanksgiving Floral Remembrances

Flowers may be sent anywhere in the U. S. or Canada through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery



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No matter what kind of tires you use, send us your address and we will mail you, without cost, one copy of this valuable repair guide—"Guide To More Tire Mileage"

Now that most service stations are running on short hours and tires are costly and hard to get, it is more important than ever that you repair your own and make them work out every dollar that you put into them. "Guide to More Tire Mileage" tells just what you've always wanted to know about repairing.

Inner tubes—tube punctures—tube blowouts—valves—rut worn casings—misapplication of chains—under inflation—rim cuts—bad alignment—street car track wear—tread blowouts—plain cuts—small inside fabric breaks—fabric breaks near bead—tread patches, etc.

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These and many other causes of tire wear illustrated in halftone reproductions of actual worn tires. This valuable information all free to you regardless of what kind of tires you use. Don't wait. Send your address for one of these valuable books while the edition lasts. No obligation whatever.

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The Goggles that Protect

"Don't worry!" said the major with a grin, which proved he was holding something back. "You can get away from here in—well, let's see ——" He glanced at the watch on his wrist. "In one hour and three-quarters from now, or, to be exact, in one hour and forty-six minutes from now, you can be on your way. It's now two-fifteen. At one minute past four you can climb into your car and beat it from here; and if you hurry you'll be home in ample time for your dinner."

"You talk as though you were in the confidence of these Germans," quoth Martin Green.

"In a way of speaking, I am," said the major. "I've been here for eight days now, and every day since I arrived, promptly at two P. M., those batteries over yonder open on this place, and all hands here go underground. The shelling continues—at the rate of one shell every two minutes—until four o'clock, sharp. Then it stops; and until two o'clock the next day things round here are nice and quiet and healthy. So don't you two fellows get chesty and think this show was put on especially on your account; because it wasn't. It's in accordance with the regular program. Therefore, judging to-day's matinée by past performances, I should say that at one minute past four you can be on your way, with absolutely nothing to worry about except the chances of a puncture."

"Funny birds—these Germans!" exclaimed one of us, still half in doubt as to whether the major joked.

"Funny birds is right," he said, "and then some! We've got it doped out after this fashion: The officer in command of the German battery just over the next hill from where you went this morning probably has instructions to shoot so many rounds a day into us. So, in order to simplify the matter, he, being a true German, starts at two and quits at four, by which time he has used up his supply of ammunition for the day. Now that we're wise to his routine we don't take any chances, but withdraw ourselves from society during the two hours he is enjoying his customary afternoon hate. Old George J. Methodical we call him. You fellows still don't quite believe me—eh? Well, wait and see whether I'm right."

We waited and we saw; and he was right. Somewhere over our heads a charge of shrapnel or of high explosive exploded every two minutes until precisely four o'clock. On the hour the shells quit falling and before the dust had settled after the farewell blast we were gathering up our dunnage for the departure. As we sped out of the huddle of shattered cottages and struck the open road there was a half-mile stretch ahead of us, and while we traversed it we were within easy range and plain view of the Germans. But no one took a wing shot at us as we whizzed across the open space.

Incredible Teamwork

After we slid down over the crest into the protection of the wooded valley below I remembered an old story—the story of a peddler who invaded a ten-floor office building in New York and made his way to the top floor before one of the hall attendants found him.

The attendant kicked the peddler down one flight of stairs to the ninth floor, and there another man fell upon him and kicked him down another flight to the eighth floor, where a third man took him over and kicked him a lap; and so he progressed until he had been kicked down ten flights by ten different men, and had landed upon the sidewalk a bruised and battered wreck, with the fragments of his wares scattered about him. He sat up on the pavement then and, in tones of deep admiration, remarked:

"*Mein Gott*, vot a berfect system!"

In the original version of the tale the peddler was Yiddish; but I'm certain now that he was a German, and that he went back to the Vaterland after the war broke out, and that he became the commander of a battery of five-inch guns on the old Lunéville front.

"Piccadilly Circus! This way to Swan and Edgar's."

The signboard was the top of a jam box. The upright to which it was nailed was the shell-riddled trunk of a plane tree, with one sprig of dried mistletoe clinging in a crotch where limbs had been, like a tuft of dead beard on a mummy's chin. Piccadilly Circus was a roughly rounded spot at a crossroads where the gray and sticky mud—grayer than any mud you stay-at-homes ever saw and stickier than any mud you ever saw—made a little sea, which quaked and shimmered greasily like a quicksand. The way to Swan and Edgar's was down a communication trench with shored sides to it, so that the semiliquid walls could not cave in and engulf it, and with duckboards set in it upon spiles for footing, so that men passing through should not be engulfed and drowned in the quagmire beneath.

So much for the immediate setting. The adjacent surroundings were of a pattern to match the chosen sample. All about, on every side for miles on end, was a hell of gray mud, here upreared into ridges and there depressed into holes; and the ridges heaved up to meet a sky line of the same sad color as themselves, and the holes were like the stale dead craters of a stale dead moon.

Elsewhere in the land summer had come; but here the only green was the green of the scum on the gray water in the bottoms of the shell fissures; the only living things were the ravens that cawed over the wasted landscape and the great, fat, torpid rats, with mud glued in their whiskers and their scaled tails caked with mud, which scuttled in and out of the long-abandoned German pill boxes, or climbed through shot holes in the rusted iron sides of three dismantled British tanks.

On Board the Citrus Special

For lines of trees there were upended wrecks of motor trucks and ambulances; for the hum of bees there was the hum of a sniper's occasional bullet; for the tap of the woodpecker there was the rat-tat of machine guns, marking time for a skirmish miles away; for growing crops, in these once fecund and prolific stretches of the Flanders flatlands, there were eighty thousand unburied dead, all encysted in the mud, except where the gouging shells had uprooted some of them out of the loblolly. And from far up on the rise toward Paschendaele came the dull regurgitations of the big guns, as though the war had sickened of its own horrors and was retching in its nausea.

What now was here must, in a measure, always be here; for surely no husbandman would ever dare to drive his plowshare through a field that had become a stinking corruption; where in every furrow he would inevitably turn up mortal awfulness; and where at any moment his steel might strike against one of the countless unexploded shells that fill this earth like horrid plums in a yet more horrid pudding.

You couldn't give this desolation a name; our language yields no word to fit it, no adjective to cap it. Yet right here, in the stark and rotten middle of it, a British Tommy had stopped to have his little joke. Was he downhearted? No! And so to prove he wasn't—that his spirits were high and his racial gift of humor was unimpaired—he stuck up a sign of sprawled lettering, and it said:

"Piccadilly Circus! This way to Swan and Edgar's!"

Mister Kaiser, you might have known, if your mental processes hadn't been stuck on skewwise, forty ways for Sunday, that you could never break through an army of good sports who make jokes at death and coin gibes at what might well drive less hardy souls to madness.

It was one of those days that will always live in my memory—my feet wouldn't let me forget it even if my brain wanted to—when I had to walk to keep up. The available forces offered by Pershing to the French and British at the time of the great spring push of the Germans, back yonder in the first week of April, were moving up across Picardy.

I, as one of the correspondents assigned to various regiments, had set out at dawn to foot it for fifteen miles across country at the tail of the headquarters company of my particular regiment. This happened to be a day, of which there were several, when no side car or roving horse or a seat in an ambulance was available, and when the colonel's automobile was so crowded with the colonel and his driver and his adjutant and his French liaison officer, and all their baggage, there was no room in it for me. That painful period of my martial adventures has already been described at greater or less length.

I was hoofing it over the flinty highway, trying to favor my blisters, when I heard a hail behind me. I turned round and there was an angel from heaven, temporarily disguised as a Y. M. C. A. worker, sitting at the wheel of a lumbering big autotruck with the sign of the red triangle on its sides.

"Could you maybe use a little ride?" he inquired, grinning through the dust clouds as he drew up alongside and halted.

Could I use a little ride! For fear he might change his mind or something, I boarded him over a front wheel before I began expressing my eternal gratitude.

This ceremony being over, he told me who he was, and I told him who I was; and after that we were old friends. He was a minister from a city in Southern California; but he didn't look it now, what with four days' growth of stubbly red whiskers on his chapped chops and grease spots on his service overcoat.

He had given up a good salary and had left behind him a wife and three children—I am sure about the wife and I'm pretty sure there were three children, or two anyhow—to come over here and at the age of forty-four, or thereabouts, run a perambulating canteen for the boys. There are a lot more like him in France, serving with the "Y" or the K. of C.'s or the Salvation Army or the Red Cross; and, as a rule, they assay about nineteen hundred and ninety-nine pounds of true gold to the ton.

"Willing to earn your passage, ain't you?" he inquired when the introductions were concluded. "Well, then, climb into the back of my bus and stand by to get busy heaving out the cargo."

I looked then and saw that his truck was loaded to the gunwales with California oranges.

"What the ——" I began in surprise.

"Go on and say it," he urged. "Don't hang back just because I'm a parson by trade. Trailing round with this man's army I'm used to hearing cuss words. Quite a jag of freight, isn't it? Some good fellow out in my state shipped a trainload of oranges across, with the request that they should be distributed among the boys free gratis for nothing; and it's my present job to catch up with this division and give the stuff away."

An Error for Every Chance

"I lit out from Paris before daylight this morning, and here I am. But I can't steer this truck and pass out the stuff at the same time; so if you'll go aft and do the Walter Johnson I'll play Bobby Walthour here at this end, and between us we can spread the light and keep right on moving at the same time."

Before we ran out of oranges, which was about three o'clock in the afternoon, just as we rolled into the village where the headquarters company and the colonel and his staff—and incidentally myself—were to be billeted for the night, I had a sore arm to keep company with my sore feet. All day this had been our procedure: As we ranged up behind a column of marching troops my new pal, the red-haired dominie, would whoop out: "Who wants a nice juicy orange, fellows?" And then a yell of joy would go up; and as we rolled by I would fling out the fruit, trying to make sure that every man got one orange, and that no man got more than one.

I threw oranges to men afoot, to men on wagons and guns, to men and officers on horseback, and to men perched upon ambulances. My throwing was faulty, but the catching approximated perfection. An arm would fly up and the flying orange would find a home in the deftly cupped palm of the hand at the far end of the arm. The news traveled ahead of us somehow, and whole companies would be lined up, as we arrived, to get their share.

A few minutes before the finish of the trip came, we caught up with a couple of French battalions. Neither of us remembered the French word for orange, but that made no difference. His whoop of announcement and my first fling in the direction of a trudging poilu were signals to all the rest, and up went their paws. Their intentions were good; but I don't think I ever in all my life witnessed such a display of miscellaneous muffing, and I've seen some pretty awkward fielding back at Paducah in the days of the old Kitty League. As the scorers would say, there was an error for nearly every chance.

(Continued on Page 61)

The Speed Champion of the Navy is Protected by "85% Magnesia"

THE tremendously rapid growth of Uncle Sam's Destroyer fleet has been one of the most powerful factors in the elimination of the "U-boat" menace to our convoys.

Nobody outside of the Government knows how rapidly these "sea wasps" are being launched. Nobody knows how many of them there are now breasting the stormy Atlantic safely convoying America's mighty army to its triumph over the Hun.

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That high speed depends upon the unfailing volume of hot, dry Steam she can transmit from her boilers to her powerful engines. A Destroyer "fights on her steam," just as an army "fights on its stomach."

But that steam would quickly condense to its original water were not the boilers that produce it, and the pipes that carry it, *thickly armored with the most effective heat-insulation.* If that insulating armor were weak the Destroyer couldn't do her job.

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(Continued from Page 58)

Among the Americans not one orange in ten was dropped; among the Frenchmen hardly one in ten was safely held.

"Get the answer, don't you?" inquired the preacher-driver as we left the trudging Frenchmen behind and hurried along to connect with a khaki-clad outfit just defiling out of a crossway into the main road a quarter of a mile ahead of us.

"Sure!" I answered. "The Yanks make traps of their paws, but the Frenchmen make baskets of theirs. The orange stays in the trap, but it rolls out of a butter-fingered basket."

"Yes," he said; "but the real cause goes deeper down than that. Baseball—that's the answer! Probably every American in France either played baseball when he was a kid or still plays it. No Frenchman ever knew about baseball until we came over last year and introduced it into the country. The average Frenchman looks on a sporting event as a spectacle; but the average American, at some time or other in his life, has been an active participant in his national sport.

"And the lessons we learn as children we never entirely forget, even though lack of practice may make us rusty."

Which, of course, was quite true. Likewise, I think it is the underlying reason for the fact that our boys are the best hand-grenade tossers among the Allies.

Riding along through France on a Sunday in these times, one is reasonably certain to meet many Chinamen under umbrellas.

They mostly hail from Indo-China. The French imported them by thousands for service in the labor battalions behind the lines. During the week, dressed in nondescript mixtures of native garb and cast-off uniforms, they work at road-mending or at ditch-digging or at truck-loading jobs.

On Sundays they dress themselves up in their best clothes and stroll about the countryside. And, rain or shine, each one brings along with him his treasured umbrella and carries it unfurled above his proud head. It never is a Chinese umbrella either, but invariably a cheap black affair of local manufacture.

Go into one of the barracks where these yellow men are housed, and at the head of each bunk there hangs a black umbrella, which the owner guards as his most darling possession. If he dies I suppose it is buried with him.

Nobody knows here why every Sunday Chinaman sports an umbrella, unless it be that in his Oriental mind he has figured it out that possession of such a thing stamps him as a person of travel and culture, who, like any true cosmopolitan, is desirous of conforming to the customs of the country to which he has been transported. A Frenchman, if careless, may leave his umbrella behind when he goes forth for a promenade; a Chinaman never does.

A Scandalous Rumor

When a shipload of these chaps lands they are first taken to a blacksmith shop, and upon the left wrist of each is securely and permanently riveted a slender steel circlet bearing a token on which are stamped the wearer's name and his number. So long as he is in the employ of the Government this little manacle must stay on his arm. It is the one sure means of identifying him and of preventing pay-roll duplications.

With his marker dangling at his sleeve end, he makes straightway for a shop and buys himself a black cotton umbrella. And from that time forward, wherever he goes, his steel bangle and his umbrella go with him. He cannot part from one, and not for worlds would he part from the other.

One Sunday afternoon this summer, in a village in the south of France, I saw that rarest of sights—a drunken Chinaman. He wiggled and wabbled as he walked, and once he sat down very hard, smiling foolishly the while, but he never lost his hold on the handle of his umbrella. And when he had picked himself up the black bulge of it was bobbing tipsily over his tipsy head as he went weaving down the road behind a mile-long procession of his fellows, all marching double file beneath their raised umbrellas.

Whisper! There is current a scandalous rumor touching on these little moon-faced allies of ours. It is said that among them every fourth man—about—isn't a man at all. He's a woman wearing a man's garb and drawing a man's pay; or, rather, she is, if we are going to keep the genders on straight. But, since the women work just as hard as the men do, nobody seems to bother about the deceit.

They may not have equal suffrage over in Indo-China, but the two sexes seem to have a way of adjusting the industrial problems of the day on a mutually satisfactory basis of understanding.

Mighty few men outwardly conform to the rôles they actually fill in life. I am not speaking of drum majors in bands or tattooed men in side shows or floorwalkers in department stores at home. Such parties are picked for their jobs because, physically, they live up to the popular conception; perhaps I should say the popular demand. I am speaking of the run of the species. A successful poet is very apt to look like an unsuccessful paper hanger and I have known a paper hanger who was the spittin' image of a free versifier.

I think, though, of two men I have met over here who were designed by Nature and by environment to typify exactly what they are. One is Haig and the other is Pershing. Either would make the perfect model for a statue to portray the common notion of a field marshal.

High Praise From High Sources

General Sir Douglas Haig is a picture, drawn to scale, of the kind of British general that the novelists love to describe; in manner, in figure, in size, in bearing, in color and expression, he is all of that. And by the same tokens General Pershing, in every imaginable particular, is the typical American fighting man.

Incidentally I might add that these two men are two of the handsomest and most splendid martial figures I have ever met. They say Haig is the best-dressed officer in the British Army, and that is saying a good deal, considering that the officers of the British Army are the best-dressed officers of any army. Pershing has the poise and port of a West Point cadet; has a cadet's waistline and shoulder lines too. A man may keep a youthful face, but in the curves of his back is where, nearly always, he betrays his age. Look at Pershing's back without knowing who he was and you would put him down as an athlete in his early twenties.

I have taken lunch with General Sir Douglas Haig and his staff, including his Presbyterian chaplain, who is an inevitable member of the commander's official family; and I have dined with General Pershing and his staff, as the general's guest. When you break bread with a man at his table you get a better chance to appraise him than you would likely get if you casually met him elsewhere. From each headquarters I brought away the settled conviction that I had been in the company of one of the staunchest, most dependable, most capable personalities to whom authority and power were ever intrusted.

Different as they were in speech and in gesture, from each there radiated a certain thing the other likewise possessed and expressed without knowing that he expressed it—a sense of the stupendous unremitting responsibility, gladly accepted and well discharged, which was his; an appreciation of having in his hands a job to do the tools for the doing of which are human beings, and in the doing of which, should he make a mistake, the error will be charged up against him in figures of human life.

Always I shall remember one outstanding sentence General Haig uttered, and one that Pershing uttered. Curiously enough, each was addressing himself to the same subject, to wit: the American soldier. Haig said:

"The spirit of the American soldier, as I have seen him over here since your country entered the war, is splendid! When he first came I was struck by his good humor, his unfailing cheerfulness, his modesty, and most of all by his eager, earnest desire to learn the business of war as speedily and as thoroughly as possible. Now, as a British commander, I am very, very glad of the opportunity to fight alongside him—so glad that I do not find the words offhand to express the depth of my confidence in the steadfastness and the intelligence and the courage he is every day displaying."

Pershing said:

"When I think, as I constantly do think, of the behavior of our men fighting here in a foreign land; of the disciplined cheerfulness with which they have faced discomforts; of the determination with which

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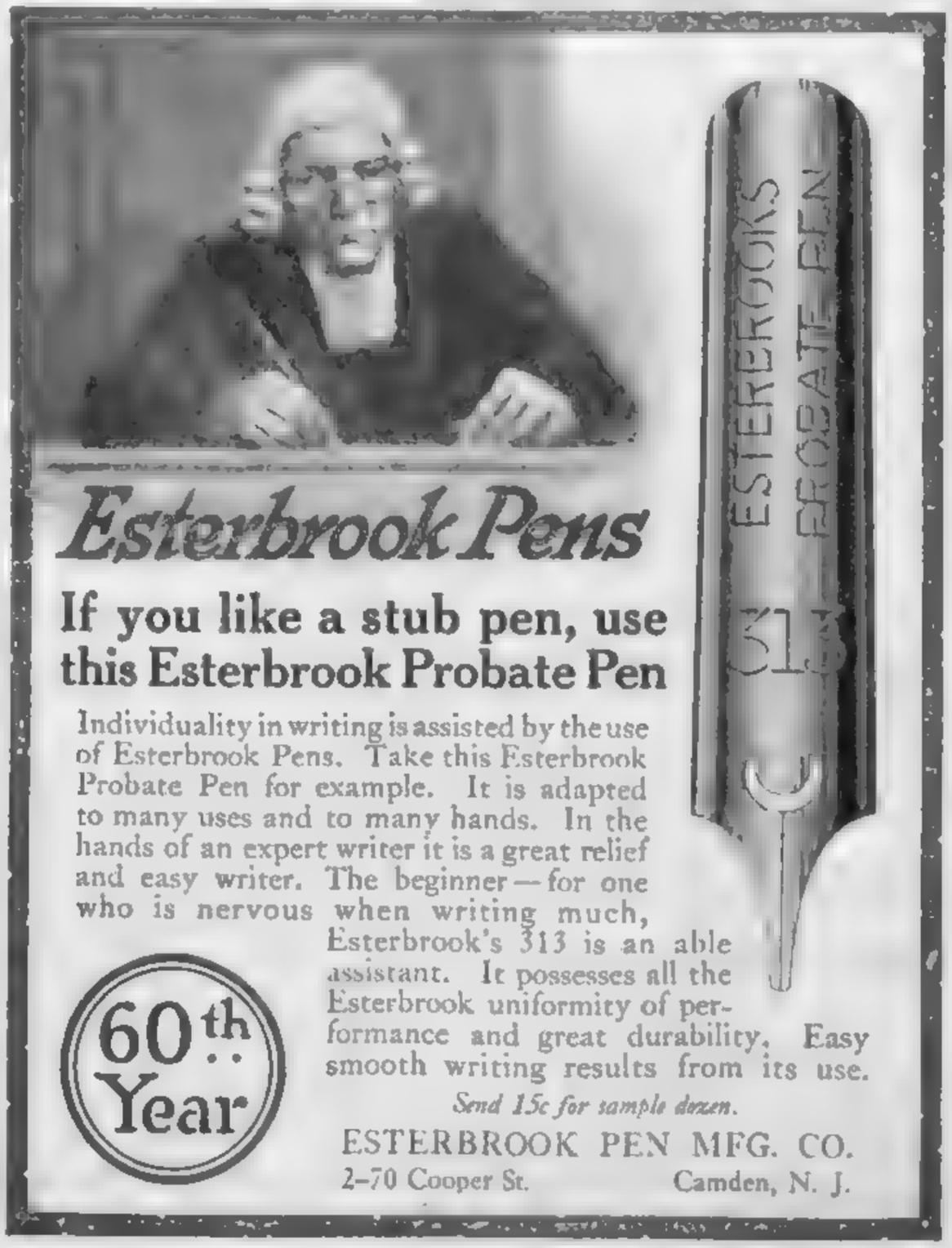

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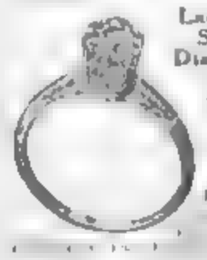

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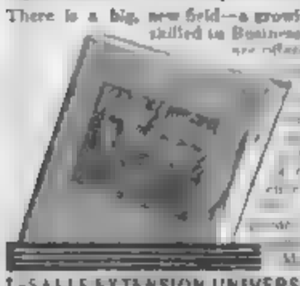

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they have confronted difficulties; and of the splendid dash with which they have met the enemy, first in trench warfare and now in open battle—I cannot speak what is in my mind, because my emotions of gratitude are so great they keep me from speaking of these things."

At a French railroad station any day one sees weeping women; but they do not weep until after the trains that carry their menfolk back to the trenches have gone. To this rule I have never seen an exception.

A soldier who has finished his leave—a *permissionnaire*, the French call him—comes to the station to go back to his duties at the Front. It may be he is a staff officer, gorgeous in gold lace. It may be he is a recruit of this year's class, with the down of adolescence still upon his cheeks, but with the grave assurance of a veteran in his gait.

Or it may be that he is a grizzled oldster, bent forward by one of those enormous packs which his sort always tote about with them. And to me this last of the three always presents the most heart-moving spectacle of any.

Nearly always he looks so tired, and is so stained and so worn and so wrinkled! I mean to make no cheap gibe at the expense of a nation that has fine-toothcombed her land for man power to stand the drain of four years of war when I say that, according to my observations, the territorial reserves of France in 1918 are a million middle-aged men whose feet hurt them.

Be he staff officer, though, or beardless youth, or fifty-year-old back-line man, it is certain that his womenfolk will accompany him to the station to tell him good-by. He has had his week at home. By to-night he will be back again at the Front, in the mud and the filth and the cold and the wet. By to-morrow he may be dead. But there is never a tear shed at parting. He kisses his wife or his mother or his sister, or all of them; he hugs to his breast his babies, if he has babies.

Then he climbs aboard the car, which already is crowded with others like him; and as the train draws away the women run down the platform alongside it, smiling and blowing kisses at him, waving their hands and shouting farewells, and bidding him to do this or that or the other thing.

And then, when the train has disappeared, they drop down where they are and cry their hearts out. I have witnessed this spectacle a thousand times, I am sure; and always the sight of it renews my admiration for the women of what I veritably believe to be the most patient and the most steadfast race of beings on the face of the earth.

The Kultur of Ghouls

Blows with a hammer may numb one, but it is the bee sting that quickens the sensibilities to a realization of what is afoot. That is why, I suppose, the mighty thing called war is, for me, always summed up in small and incidental but outstanding phases of it. In its complete aspect it is too vast to be comprehended by any one mind or any thousand minds; but by piecing together the lesser things one after a while may begin, in a dim groping fashion, to get a concept of the entirety.

When I went up to Ypres it was not the unutterable desolation and hideousness of what had once been one of the fairest spots of creation that especially impressed me, possibly because Ypres to-day is a horror too terrible and a tragedy too utter for prolonged human contemplation, save at the risk of losing one's belief in the ultimate wisdom of the cosmic scheme of things. Nor was it the wreck of the great Cloth Hall, which even yet, with its overthrown walls and its crumbled stones, and its one remaining spindle of ruined tower, manages to retain a suggestion of the matchless beauty that is gone forevermore. Nor yet was it the cemetery, whereon the Germans targeted their heavy guns until they had breached nearly every grave, heaving up the dead to sprawl upon the tortured clods.

One becomes, in time, accustomed to the sight of dead soldiers lying where they have fallen, because a soldier accepts the chances of being killed and of being left unentombed after he is killed. The dread spectacle he presents is part and parcel of the picture of war. But these men and women and babes that the shells dispossessed from their narrow tenements of earth had died peacefully in their beds away back yonder—and how long ago it seems now!—when the world itself was at peace. They had been shrouded in their funeral clothes; they had been laid away with cross and candle, with Book and prayer; over them slabs of the everlasting granite had been set, and flowers had been planted above them and memorials set up; and they had been left there beneath the kindly loam, cradled for eternity—till Gabriel's trump should blow.

But when I came there and saw what *kultur* had wrought among them—how, with exquisite irony, the blasts had shattered grave after grave whose stones bore the carved words "Held in Perpetuity"; and how grandmothers and grandsires and the pitiable small bones of little children had been flung forth out of the gaping holes and left to molder in the rags of their cerements where all who passed that way might see them—why, it was a blasphemy and an indecency and a sacrilege which no man, beholding it, could ever, so long as he lived, hope to forget!

Decoration Day in France

And yet, as I have just said, it was not the defilement of the cemetery at Ypres that impressed me most when I went up to Ypres. It was the lamp-posts.

Ypres had been studded thick with lamp-posts; ornamental and decorative standards of wrought iron they were, spaced at intervals of forty yards or so the whole length of every street and on both sides of every street. And every single lamp-post in Ypres, as I took the pains to see for myself, had been struck by shells or by flying fragments of shells. Some had been hit once or twice, some had been hewn down, some had been twisted into shapeless sworls of tortured metal; not one but was scathed after one mutilating fashion or another.

In other words, during these four years of bombardment so many German shells had descended upon Ypres that no object in it of the thickness of six inches at its base and, say, two inches at its top, had escaped being struck. Or, putting it another way, had all these shells been fired through a space of hours instead of through a space of years, they would have rained down on the empty town with almost the thickness and the frequency of drops in a heavy thundershower!

Never is the Hun quite so thorough as when he is punishing some helpless thing that cannot fight back.

On the day before Decoration Day of this year I was in a seaport town on the northwestern coast of France, which our people had taken over as a supply base. The general in command of our local forces said to me as we sat in his headquarters at dinner that evening:

"I wish you'd get up early in the morning and go for a little ride with me out to the cemetery. You'll be going back there later in the day, of course, for the memorial services; but I want you to see something you probably won't be able to see after nine or ten o'clock."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Never mind now," he answered. "To tell you in advance doesn't suit my purpose. But will you be ready to go with me in my car at seven o'clock?"

"Yes, sir; I will."

I should say it was about half past seven when we rode in at the gates of the cemetery and made for the section which, by the French Government, had been set apart as a burial place for our people. For more than a year now, dating from the time I write this down, a good many thousands of Americans have been stationed in or near this port, and many, many times that number have passed through it. So, quite naturally, though it is hundreds of miles from any of the past or present battle fronts, we have had some deaths there from accident or disease.

We rounded a turn in the winding road, and there, before us, stretched the graves of our dead—soldiers, sailors, marines, and members of labor battalions; whites and blacks and yellow men; Jews and Gentiles, Catholics, Protestants and Mohammedans—for there were four followers of the faith of Islam taking their last sleep here in this consecrated ground—row upon row of them, each marked, except in the case of the Mohammedans, by a plain white cross bearing in black letters the name, the age, the rank and the date of death of him who was there at the foot of the cross.

Just beyond the topmost line of crosses stood the temporary wooden platform, dressed with bunting and flags, where an American admiral and an American brigadier, a group of French officers headed by a major general, a distinguished French official, and three chaplains representing three creeds, were to unite at noon in an hour of devotion and tribute to the memories of these three hundred-and-odd men of ours who had made the greatest of all human sacrifices.

But it was not the sight of rows of graves and the lines of crosses, or the peculiar devices uprearing slantwise at head and foot of the four graves of the Mussulmans, or the brave play of tricolored bunting upon the sides and front of the platform yonder which caught my attention. For at that hour the whole place was alive with French people—mostly women in black, but with a fair sprinkling of old men and children among them. All were busy at a certain task—and that task was the decorating of the graves of Americans.

As we left the car to walk through the plot I found myself taking off my cap; and I kept it off all the while I was there, for even before I had been told the full story of what went on there, I knew. I stood in the presence of a most high and holy thing, and so I went bareheaded, as I should have done in any sanctuary.

We walked all through this God's acre of ours, the general and I. Some of the women who labored therein were old and bent; some were young; but all of them wore black gowns. Some plainly had been drawn from the well-to-do and the wealthy elements of the resident population; more, though, were poor folk, and evidently a few were peasants, who, one guessed, lived in villages or on farms near the city.

Here would be a grave that was heaped high with those designs of stiff, bright-hued immortelles which the French put upon the graves of their own dead. These are costly, too, but there were a great many of them. Here would be a grave that was marked with wreaths of simple field flowers or with the great fragrant white and pink roses which grow so luxuriantly on this coast. Here would be merely great sheaves of loose blossoms; there a grave upon which the flowers had been scattered broadcast until the whole mound was covered with the fragrant dewy offering; and there, again, I saw graves where fingers patently unused to such employment had fashioned the long-stemmed roses into wreaths and crosses, and even into the form of shields.

The General Explains

Grass grew rich and lush upon all the graves. White sea shells marked the sides of them and edged the narrow graveled walks between the rows. We came to two newly made graves. Their occupants had been buried there only a day or so before, as one might tell by the marks in the trodden turf, but a carpeting of sod cut from a lawn somewhere had been so skillfully pieced together upon these two mounds that the raw clods of clay beneath were quite covered up and hidden from sight; so now only the seams in the green coverlids distinguished these two from graves that were older by weeks or by months.

Alongside every grave knelt a woman, alone, or else a woman with children aiding her as she disposed her showing of flowers and wreaths to the best advantage. Mainly the old men were putting the paths in order, raking the gravel down smoothly and straightening the borderings of shells. There were no soldiers among them; all were civilians, and for the most part humble-appearing civilians, clad in shabby garments. But I marked two old gentlemen, wearing the great black neckerchiefs and the flowing black broadcloth coats of ceremonial days, who seemed as deeply intent as any in what to them must have been an unaccustomed labor.

Coming to each individual worker or each group of workers, the general would halt and formally salute in answer to the gently murmured greetings that constantly marked our passage through the burying ground.

When we had made the rounds we sat down upon the edge of the flag-dressed platform, and he proceeded to explain what I already had begun to reason out for myself—only, of course, I did not know, till he told me, how it had started.

"It has been a good many months now," he said, "since we dug the first grave here.

(Concluded on Page 84)

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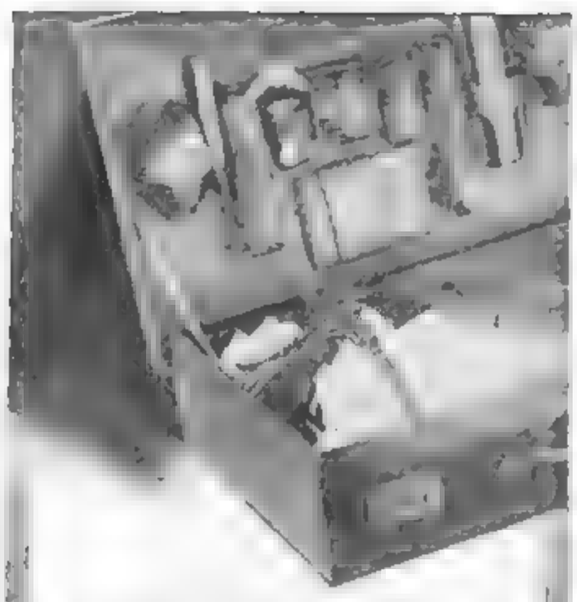

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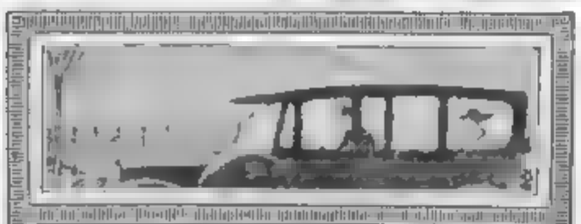

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Detroit Weatherproof Body Co.
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(Concluded from Page 62)

But on the day of the funeral a delegation of the most influential residents came to me to say that the people of the town desired to adopt our dead. I asked just what exactly was meant by this, and then the spokesman explained:

"'General,' he said to me, 'there is scarcely a family in this place where we live that has not given one or more of its members to die for France. In most cases these dead of ours sleep on battlefields far away from us, perhaps in unmarked and unknown graves. This is true of all parts of our country, but particularly is it true of this town, which is so remote from the scenes of actual fighting.

"'So, in the case of this brave American who to-day is to be buried here among us, we ask that a French family shall be permitted formally to undertake the care of his grave, as though it were the grave of one of their own flesh and blood who has fallen, as he has fallen, for France and for freedom. In the case of each American who may hereafter be buried here we ask the same privilege. We promise you that, so long as these Americans shall rest here in our land, their graves shall be our graves, and will be tended as we tend the graves of our own sons.

"'We desire that the name of each family that adopts a grave may be registered, so that, should the adults die, the children of the next generation, as a sacred charge, may carry on the obligation which is now to be laid upon their parents and transmitted as a legacy to all who bear their name. We would make sure of this, so that, no matter how long your fallen braves rest in the soil of France, their graves shall not be as the neglected graves of strangers to us, but, symbolically at least, may be as the graves of our dead sons.

"'We wish to do these things for more reasons than one: We wish to do them because thereby we may express in our own small, poor way the gratitude we feel to America. We wish to do them because of the thought that some stricken mother across the seas in America will perhaps feel a measure of comfort and consolation in knowing the grave of her boy shall always be made beautiful by the hands of a French woman whose home, also, has been desolated. And finally we wish to do them because we know it will bring peace to the hearts of Frenchwomen to feel they have a right to put French flowers upon the graves of your heroic dead, since they can never hope—most of them—to perform that same office for theirs.'"

A Beautiful Tribute

The general cleared his voice, which had grown a bit husky. Then he continued:

"So that was how the thing came about; but it doesn't altogether explain what you see happening here to-day. You see, the French have no day that exactly corresponds in its spiritual significance to our Decoration Day—our Memorial Day. All Souls' Day, which is religious rather than patriotic in its purport, is their nearest approach to it. But weeks ago, before the services contemplated to-day were even announced, the word somehow spread among the townspeople. To my own knowledge, some of these poor women have been denying themselves the actual necessities of life in order to be able to make as fine a showing for the graves they have adopted as any of the wealthier sponsors could make.

"Don't think, though, that these graves are not properly kept at all times. Any day, at any hour, you can come here and you will find anywhere from ten to fifty women down on their knees smoothing the turf and freshening the flowers they constantly keep upon the graves. But I knew that at daylight this morning all or nearly all of them would be here, doing their work before the crowds began to arrive for the services, and I wanted you to see them at it, in the hope that you might write something about the sight for our people at home to read. If it helps them to understand better what is in the hearts of the French you and I may count this time as having been well spent."

He stood up, looking across the cemetery all bathed and burnished as it was in the soft, rich summer sunshine.

"God!" he said under his breath. "How I am learning to love these people!"

So I have here set down the tale; and to it I must add a sequel: Decoration Day was months ago, and now I learn that the custom which originated in this coast town is spreading throughout the country; and that, in many villages and towns where Americans are buried, Frenchwomen whose sons or husbands or fathers or brothers have been killed are taking over the care of the graves of Americans, bestowing upon them the same loving attention they would visit, if they could, upon the graves of their men-folk.

One's wartime experience is crowded with constant surprises. For half a year, off and on, I have been living on the fourth floor of one of the largest and most noted of Paris hotels, and not until to-day did I find out that two floors of the building have all along been in possession of the Government for hospital purposes. The patients, mainly wounded men who have been invalided back from the trenches, are brought by night and carried in through a rear entrance opening on a barred and guarded alleyway. The guests never see them and they never come in contact with the guests.

Having Fun With 'Arry

Under my feet all these weeks hundreds of disabled fighting men have been getting better or getting worse, recovering or dying; and I should never have guessed their presence had it not been for the chance remark of a government official who is connected with one of the bureaus having charge of the *blessés*.

I learn, also, that the same thing is true of several other prominent hotels, but so carefully is the business carried on and so skillfully do the authorities hide their secret, I am sure not one guest in a thousand ever stumbles upon the fact.

In early June I went up to where the first division of our men to be sent into the British lines for its seasoning under fire was bedded down in billets, hard by the Flanders border, and there I saw a curious thing. There were Canadians near at hand, and Australians and New Zealanders; and one might naturally suppose the Yankee lads by preference would fraternize with these soldiers from the Dominion and the colonies, who, in speech, mode of life and habit of thought, were their brothers under the skin.

Not at all! In many cases, if not in a majority of cases that came under my notice, I found Americans chumming with London cockneys, trading tobacco for cheese, prunes for jam, and cigarettes for captured souvenirs; guying the Londoners because they drank tea in the afternoons and being guyed because they themselves wanted coffee in the mornings.

This phenomenon I figured out to my own satisfaction according to this process of deduction: First, the American and the cockney had discovered that jointly they shared the same gorgeous sense of humor, albeit expressed in dissimilar ways; second, each had found out the other to be full of sporting instincts, which made another tie between them; and third, and perhaps the most cogent reason of all, that whatever the Yankee might say, using his own slang to say it, sounded unutterably funny in the cockney ear; and what the cockney said on any subject in his dialect was as good as a vaudeville show to the Yankee.

Personally I do not believe it was the Anglo-Saxon strain calling to the Anglo-Saxon strain, because the American was as likely to be of Italian or Irish or Jewish or Teutonic or Slavic antecedents as he was to be of pure English ancestry. I am sure it was not the common use by both of the same language—with variations on the part of either; but I am sure it was the joy of getting free and unlimited entertainment out of the conversations of a new pal.

Anyway, our soldiers are cementing us together with a cement that will bind the English-speaking races in a union which can never be sundered. I am sure of that much.

A young tank officer of ours whom I knew in New York before the war—where he was a rising lawyer—and whom I knew to be truthful, tells me an honest-appearing British sergeant, in turn, told him that a week or two ago the Britishers, having cleaned up a nest of enemy machine guns, sent a detail out to bury the dead. The squad had buried two Germans; then they came upon the body of one of their own men who had fallen in the fighting two days earlier, when the Britishers made their first attack upon the Germans, only to be forced back and then to come again with better success.

The sergeant who stood sponsor for the narrative declared that, as he bent over the dead Englishman to unfasten the identification tag from the wrist, he saw something was fastened to the dead man's arm. This something was partly hidden under the body. Becoming instantly suspicious, he warned the other men to stand back; and then, kneeling down and feeling about cautiously, he came upon a bomb, so devised that a slight jar or a slight pull would set it off.

Before they fell back, the surviving Germans had attached this devilish thing to the corpse with the benevolent intention of blowing to bits the first man among the victors who should undertake to raise the poor clay with intent to give it decent burial. Our men, as I know, have been warned against gathering up German helmets and German rifles in places from which the enemy has retired, because such a souvenir has a way of blowing up in the finder's hand by reason of the hidden grenade that is attached to it, with the cap so arranged that a tug at the wired-on connection will set off the charge.

The Crowning Atrocity

But this crowning atrocity, coming from British sources, shows they are making improvements in their system. From sawing down fruit trees, from shoveling filth into the drinking wells, from wantonly destroying the cities that for years have sheltered them, from laying waste the lands they are being forced now to surrender back into the hands of their rightful proprietors, the ingenious Hun has progressed in his military education to where he makes dead men serve his purposes.

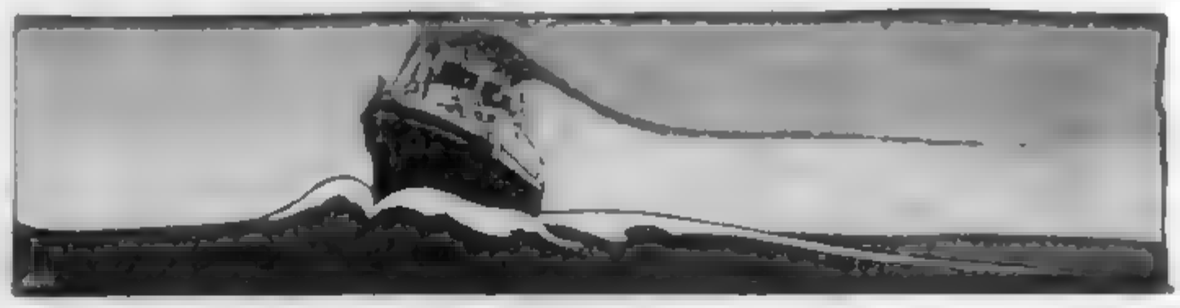
I saw them when they first landed at Camp Upton—furtive, frightened, slow-footed, slack-shouldered, underfed, apprehensive—a huddle of unhappy aliens, speaking in alien tongues, and knowing little of the cause for which they must fight, and possibly caring less.

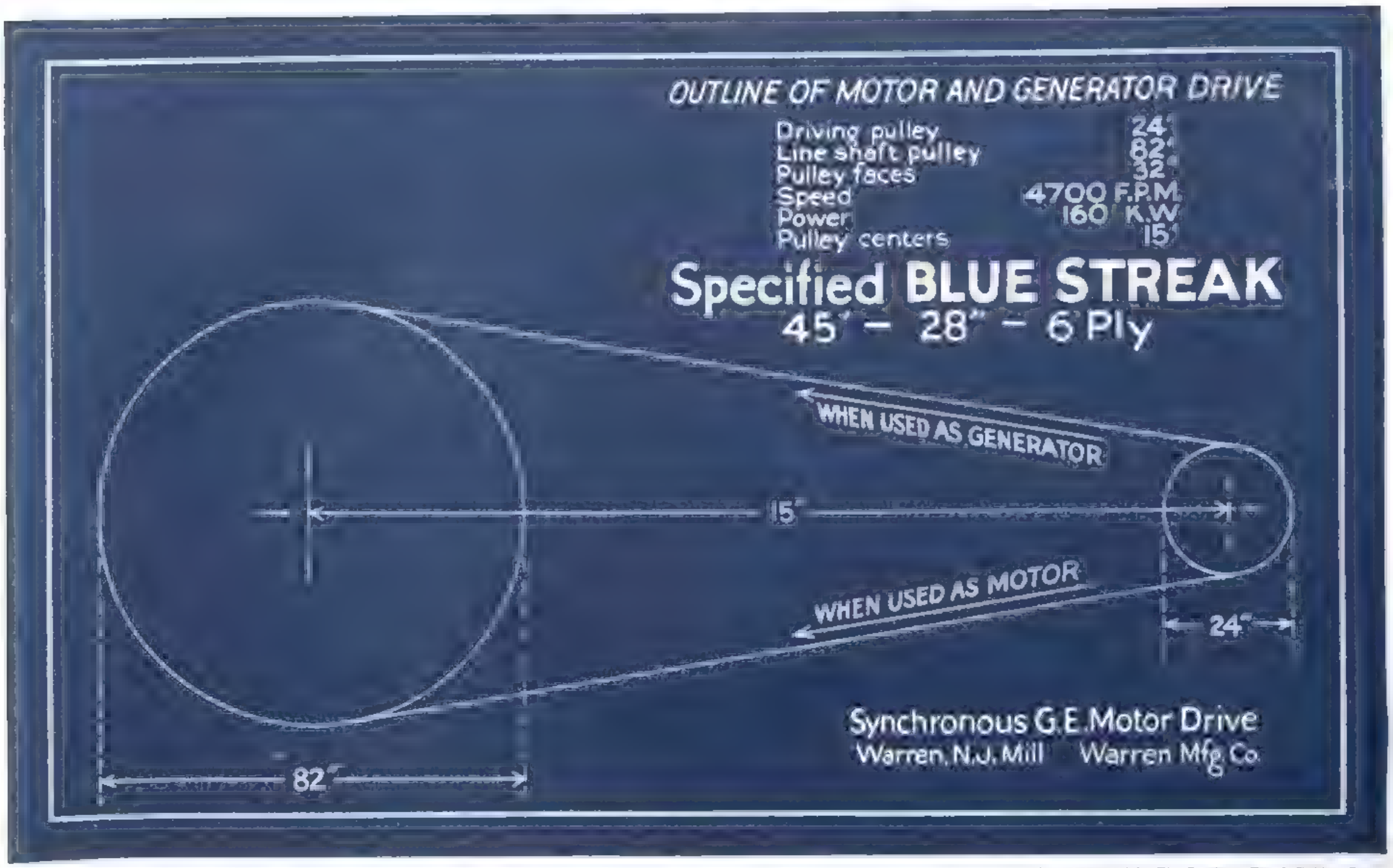
I saw them again three months later, when the snow of the dreadful winter of 1917–18 was piling high about their wooden barracks down there on wind-swept Long Island. The stoop was beginning to come out of their spines, the shamble out of their gait. They had learned to hold their heads up; had learned to look every man in the eye and tell him to go elsewhere, with a capital H.

They knew now that discipline was not punishment, and that the salute was not a mark of servility, but an evidence of mutual self-respect between officer and man. They wore their uniforms with pride. The flag meant something to them and the war meant something to them. Three short hard months of training had transformed them from a rabble into soldier stuff; from a street mob into the makings of an army; from strangers into Americans.

After nine months I have seen them once more, in France. For swagger, for snap, for smartness in the drill, for cockiness in the billet, for good humor on the march, and for dash and spunk and deviltry in the fighting into which just lately they have been sent, our army can show no better and no more gallant warriors than the lads who mainly make up the rank and file of this particular division.

They are the foreign-born Jews and Italians and Slavs of New York's East Side that were called up for service in the first draft.





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Making One Belt—and the G.T.M.—Do the Work of Three

Three belts had been devoured in twelve months by a certain motor drive in the Warren Manufacturing Company's Warren, N. J., plant. All were large belts. Some were expensive belts. Together the three loaded that drive with a pretty figure of operating costs. While the third belt was petering out, a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—called. It was our Mr. Ford.

They looked at his card, asked him in, listened a while, and asked the price of a belt for that motor drive. The G. T. M. didn't even take time to ask the width of the belt—he just said that he didn't know the price. Before they could ask him what kind of salesman he was, he told them about the Goodyear plan of selling belts—of thoroughly studying conditions and then prescribing the belt that would meet those conditions most efficiently and economically. They thought of three belts of the past twelve months and reasoned that they had nothing to lose by trying the plan.

He studied that drive. It was a hard one. The speed was close to a mile a minute—and when the motor was not used as an auxiliary for driving seven beaters, it was reversed and used as a generator. The centers were short. There were a number of other peculiar conditions—but after the G. T. M. got through studying them he knew just what to do—he had seen some drives very like it and had tried out his prescription.

After allowing for special circumstances he prescribed a belt of only six plies—although many a power engineer would have said that more were necessary. But he knew the proved strength of every Blue Streak ply—a brute strength as remarkable as its pulley hugging grip. So he prescribed a twenty-eight inch six-ply Blue Streak—made endless. Although he had had great success with special fasteners of various types to fit certain conditions, he knew that the best of fasteners were hopeless here—so it was a Blue Streak made endless.

That belt was applied in November, 1916. Its cost was less than that of one of the three belts that had been so disappointing, and yet that Blue Streak lasted longer than the three together. That synchronous drive doesn't pile up any more undue costs for the seven beaters it serves, doesn't cause interruptions nor lowered efficiency any more.

If you have a belt-devouring drive that is eating too many dollars, ask a G. T. M. to call. He'll do it without charge when he is in your vicinity. There are many of them—all trained in the Goodyear Technical School—all with experience in plants similar to yours—all selling belts to meet conditions and not as a hardware store sells nails. The G. T. M.'s services are free simply because the savings he effects for purchasers are so considerable that a gratifying volume of business from the plants served is certain to come to us within a few years.

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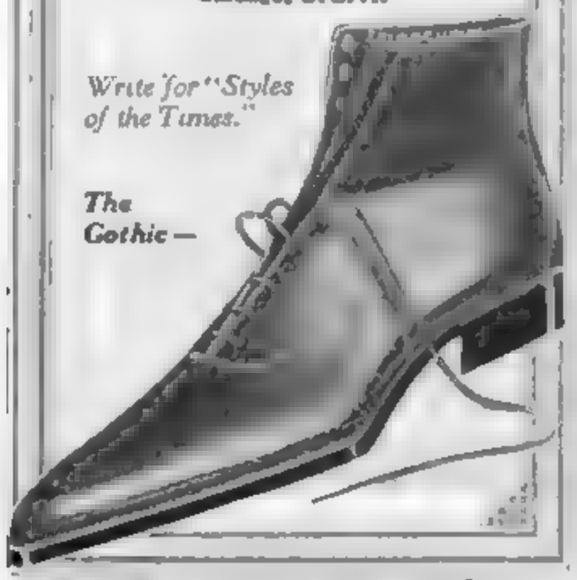

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MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES

(Continued from Page 19)

"I beg y-your par-don. Please for-forgive me," stammered the girl and impulsively laid her hand on his arm. She took it away quickly. "I—I'm sorry, sir. I—I couldn't help it."

He turned his head slowly and gazed at her. Her eyes were looking into his pleadingly and she was gulping nervously.

"Madam, I do not know why you should say that to me."

"You looked as if you were annoyed by my crying."

"I was not annoyed by it. I was sorry. If you prefer to be alone ——" He spoke very gently.

"Oh, no; not at all! Quite the contrary," she said feverishly. "But please, are you perfectly sure I don't annoy you?"

"I do not know you," he said with a smile, "and therefore you could not annoy me if you tried."

She opened her eyes with a sudden interest.

"Must you know people," she asked, "before they can annoy you?"

"Of course!"

"On the principle of the way certain words hurt you when they come from friends that you would not notice if they came from strangers?"

"Not exactly; but the analogy is close enough."

There was a pause. He fumbled with his Montaigne. She saw him.

"If I could only read!" she sighed.

"You are in a bad way, indeed, then."

"I don't want to read novels, and I couldn't stand serious books."

"Have you ever read Montaigne's essays?"

"No."

"Women don't. He is too farsighted, too frank. His is not the wisdom of a time or place. It is as much wisdom at this minute as it was in his time, or in Pericles' day, or in Rameses'; and so it will be as long as men live long enough to know life and therefore death and therefore folly and therefore wisdom. Do you sleep well?"

"Not very."

"Then take this book ——"

"Oh, no; I ——"

"Oh, yes; I know it by heart, and I have the other volume. If it puts you to sleep it will do your nerves good. If it keeps you awake it will benefit your mind."

"I see." And she smiled faintly.

"This very wise Mr. Montaigne says somewhere in this volume that 'the most manifest sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.'"

"It is easy to say 'Don't worry,' but when you lose one you care for ——"

"You confound selfishness with sorrow," Caldecott shook his head.

"All sorrow is selfish, I suppose."

"Yes, but you should think of death in terms of the dead. Was death the worst that could have happened? Death must come, and we cannot assert that it ever comes at the wrong time for anybody. You miss those you care for whether their life was a tragedy or an idyl. What you really miss is your accustomed reactions."

"I—I think it's—the being alone."

"We are never alone. We couldn't be if we tried," he told her gravely.

"Have you ever lost anyone you loved?"

"No!"

"There!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

"I never had anyone to love," he explained quietly.

"Your mother?"

"She died when I was born, and my father when I was three years old. A grandaunt brought me up. She was a mean, cruel, selfish old hag who cheated me first out of my estate and then out of my revenge by dying before I was fifteen. Since then, nobody!"

"Surely you must have friends."

"Aristotle once said 'Oh, my friends, there is no friend!' and his was probably the greatest intellect the world has ever known."

"You don't really believe that?" she asked with the incredulity of a child hearing a modernized fairy tale.

"That Aristotle was the greatest ——"

"No, that there is no friend."

"Well, I can at least truthfully say that I would dread them."

"Did your friends ever do anything to you that you should dread them?"

"I never had any to dread. The Spaniards have a proverb: 'I can deliver myself from my foes, but may the Lord deliver me from my friends!'"

"I don't call it living to be friendless."

"My dear young lady, what you are pleased to call living is not necessarily what I call happiness. Living is less a matter of life than of payments. I would give more for a picture by Degas than the deck steward yonder ——"

"You are richer than he."

"Well, then, I would give years of my life for what he would not give minutes; and I am not rich in unlived life, surely. We pay for our pleasure with some sort of coin. So must we pay for friendship; or for love. I myself think the average price is too high." His voice was cold, supercilious, irritating. It produced its effect.

"I am sure you must be a very selfish man," she asserted.

"I've had to be, in my business."

"What business is there that obliges a man to be very selfish?" she asked incredulously.

"The sad business of making a living!" Caldecott spoke pleasantly, as one answers a child.

"You don't have to be friendless to make a living," she persisted.

"I do!" he said, and smiled.

"Then I'd change it for something else."

"Well, you see, I get a lot of fun out of it. I not only buy cheap and sell dear, but I have to find what I buy, and that is usually exciting. And then I have to dispose of my wares; and that also is exciting."

"What kind of wares?"

"Light!" he answered promptly.

"Light wares?" she asked, puzzled.

"No; that would mean corks or toy balloons. I mean light! The spectrum! Color! But please don't guess paints or dyes."

He smiled, rose, gravely handed his Montaigne to her and left her.

When he returned an hour later she was reading. He sat down very quietly that he might not disturb her, but when she turned the page she became aware of his presence.

"Oh, I am reading the most wonderful essay on learning to die!"

Her eyes were bright and on her lips was a smile of triumph, as though she had made a great discovery in the face of many obstacles.

"When you learn to die you learn not to fear—that is, you become a philosopher."

"Don't you fear anything?" she asked, and gave a little shudder.

"What should one fear?"

"Ill health, for example."

"One is not frightened by ill health; one is discommoded or distressed by it. And of course there is a door out of your troubles—a door that is never locked."

"Do you mean suicide?" she said, shocked.

"It does sound kind of horrid, when you say it in that tone of voice, doesn't it?" He spoke pleasantly.

"Why, Mr. —— Oh, I don't know your name."

"And I don't know yours," he countered.

"Mine is Valentine."

"And mine is Cecil Caldecott."

She bowed her head as though someone had formally introduced them. She hesitated, then spoke in a low voice.

"I lost my mother sometime ago. We had planned to take this trip together, but she—she couldn't. She knew what was coming, and she—she made me promise that I would make the trip by myself, exactly as we had planned it together."

She looked away.

"Of course, she could not realize what exquisite torture the fulfillment of that promise would entail," he said very gently. "Every step reminded you of how she had expected to enjoy that precise thing, and you therefore felt her loss more cruelly."

"How did you g-guess?"

"What else could have happened? I have never been lucky enough to have loved. But if I had I never would have dared to think that death meant the end of my love. Our souls certainly speak when we live; and, as our souls don't die, I should always feel my loved one near."

He was silent and stared out over the silvery-blue ocean and the turquoise-blue sky. She looked at him and perceiving that he was not looking at her permitted an expression of amazement to fill her eyes. Turning quickly he caught the look.

"Why, don't you feel the same way?" he asked.

"Yes; but I didn't know men did."

"I dare say all men don't. But neither do all women. The death of the one you love is not one tragedy; it is two. It is a double loss—the loss of the opportunity to love, to give, to serve—that is, of the power to enjoy life by loving and giving and serving; and also the loss of the companionship. I imagine you enjoy being with someone you love even if you don't open your lips or your eyes, so long as you know you have him or her there to answer any question, to settle any doubt, to allay any misgivings. Companionship is what enables you to find equal pleasure in talking and in listening. I merely imagine this. I am not sure of it. Are you?"

"Yes, I am," answered Miss Valentine vo[illegible] positively.

"Well, I've never had any companionship," said Caldecott grimly; "but I figured it out that way."

"You poor man! Why, I can't believe such a thing!"

"I told you my parents died when I was very young. I have no relatives and I never made any friends, because my—my business is—er—rather peculiar."

"You said your business was in light. I can't make out what you mean."

And she smiled at her own obtuseness so that he could have no excuse not to explain.

"Well, I've trained my eye, my mind and my taste. I've specialized and therefore nobody can help me. If you hire me to tell you whether this green is more valuable than that, how can I share the decision of my own sight with anyone else? How does it help me to talk shop? I have read all that has been printed about my specialty. I have heard what men all over the world have to say. I have listened not only to the speech of the learned and the talk of the wise, but to the gossip of the ignorant and the superstitions of the foolish. I have had to spend many thousands of dollars, and therefore I have had to make more thousands, and therefore I have had to match my wits against very sharp wits, and therefore I have had to have sharper wits. And all that, my dear young lady, does not make for intimate friends and confidants."

"You never—married?" she asked timidly.

"Married?" Caldecott sat up straight. "Married? I wouldn't be here if I were married!"

He looked at her so horror strickenly that she laughed.

"Where would you be?"

"With my wife, of course."

"Couldn't she be here?"

"No, because I'm here on business—that is, mine is a business trip. And of course if I were married my only business would be being with her, doing whatever she wished."

"You would make a model husband!"

"I've always feared it," he said gloomily.

"Feared it?"

"Yes; for as a man without family or friends I get much more out of life than most men. I probably would get more out of my married life than most men. That would make me subordinate everything to making my wife happy, and that in turn would make me give up everything ——"

"Oh, she wouldn't ask that of you," she assured him.

"I'd give it up without her asking; before she asked it; even before she refused to ask it. I shouldn't wish to marry unless I felt certain she was all in all to me. I shouldn't wish her to marry me unless I was all in all to her."

He paused. Then with a whimsical smile: "And so you see the contingency is somewhat remote. I am still single and in active business. Ah, there is the blessed call to luncheon! I hope you have a good appetite."

"I'd rather listen to you talk," she said so seriously that he smiled.

"My dear child, you must not flatter a man like that. He might believe you really meant it, and then—whew!"

He rose and held out his hand to help her. She took it and said with a sort of guilty eagerness, as of a child who asks a doting grandmother to give her what she

(Continued on Page 69)

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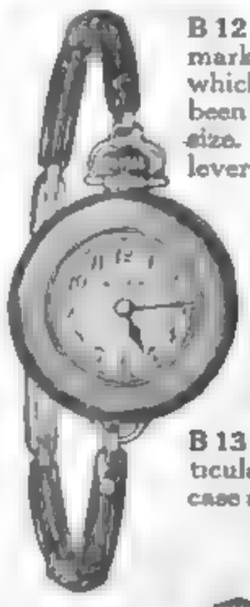

B 12—is the original Hallmark Bracelet Watch, of which many thousands have been sold. Illustrated actual size. 15 jewel movement, lever escapement, gold-filled case.

Price, **$20.00**

B 13—the same in every particular as B 12 except that the case and bracelet are 14k gold.

Price, **$30.00**

B 27 Eng.—has the same movement as B 12, but the case is octagon shape and engraved. Mounted with ribbon bracelet instead of flexible style.

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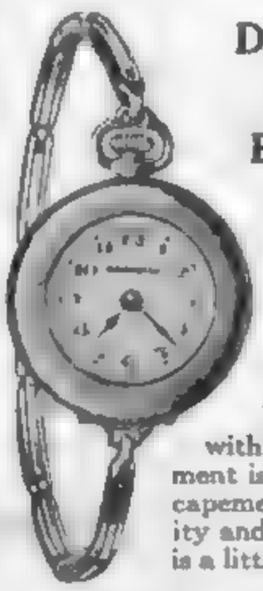
B 28 Eng.—same as B 27 with 14k solid gold case and 14k gold snap on ribbon bracelet.

Price, **$34.00**



Directors Special HALLMARK Bracelet Watch

B355—named "Directors Special" because it was specially planned by a committee of five directors. Illustrated actual size. Cased exclusively in a gold-filled case with a *solid gold back*. Movement is 15 jewel with lever escapement and is of same quality and make as the B 12, but is a little larger.

Price, **$20.00**

Ladies' Military Watch

B260—also suitable for a man to wear. Illustrated actual size. Solid silver case, cushion shape, with a heavy pigskin strap and sterling silver buckle. Movement 15 jewel with lever escapement.

Price, **$25.00**

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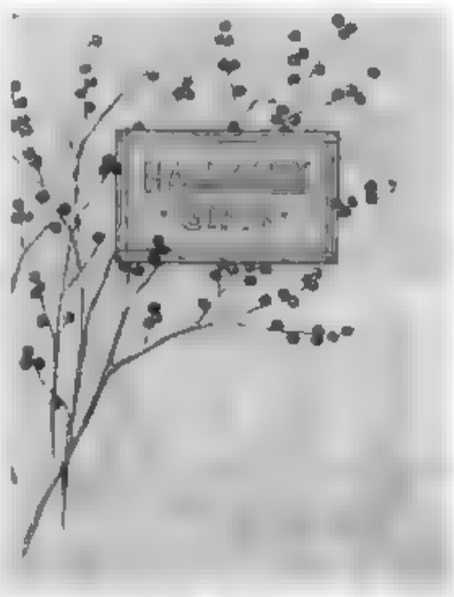

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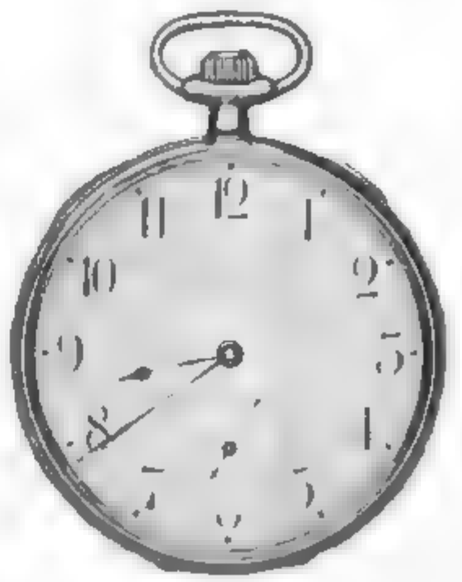


B 50—movement 17 jewel adjusted to heat and cold. 25-year case of very small size and thin model.

Price, **$25.00**

B 52—exactly the same as B 50 except that the case is 14k gold.

Price, **$45.00**

B 262 Military Watch

17 jewel movement with lever escapement, breguet hairspring and patent regulator. Sterling silver, cushion shape case with waterproof khaki web strap and sterling silver buckle. The ideal timepiece for any one engaged in military, naval or aerial service.

Price, **$30.00**

(Continued from Page 66

knows her mother would refuse: "Will you talk to me after luncheon? I mean, if you don't want to read."

"I'm sick of books," he assured her. "Any man would rather talk than eat; and I am no exception. If I thought you really meant it I'd ask the chief steward to put me at your table."

"Oh, do!" she said excitedly.

A moment later he did, and sat beside her.

*

THEIR friendship grew with a rapidity that would have been alarming ashore but meant nothing aboard. If Caldecott had met Miss Edna Valentine in her home town he would have called and grown interested. He would have called again, at first once a fortnight; then once a week for several months. The time they would have spent alone—which alone can make for real intimacy—would not aggregate in six months as much as it would in three days together on a steamer.

She delighted in hearing him talk—he had traveled so extensively and seen so much, his point of view was so original, and he had a sense of humor. But she noticed that though he did not hesitate to ask her, quite bluntly, questions that concerned her life and her connections, he vouchsafed no autobiographical details.

"Do you know," she said to him one morning, "that you are the only man on board the ship who has not told me how many times he has crossed the ocean?"

"My dear child, do you go round bragging of how many times you have ridden in a street car or eaten toast for breakfast?"

"You mustn't call me your dear child. You are not old enough, and besides ——"

"Righto!" he said cheerfully. "You are too young, and besides —— Well, in four days we shall be as ships that pass in the night. For me, 'darkness again and a silence.'"

"Are you so sure of it?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes," he answered, and looked her full in the eyes.

"Why?"

"Why do steamer friendships—so strong, so pleasant, so close—cease five minutes after the boat reaches the dock? We return to our real life and our fellow traveler becomes a memory ghost. Easy come, easy go! That is as true of friendship as of money. A month after you return to Vermont you will have forgotten my name; in two months, my face. And I—I shall go about my business remembering the girl in black from Vermont, who ——"

He stopped.

"Who what?" she asked.

"Who will always be the girl in black from Vermont, to me! You have your aunts, your cousins, your friends. And I—I have my business," he finished very quietly.

"Your business in light?" she asked.

"In light'"

"It isn't electric or gas?" she teased.

"No."

"I suppose I'm too stupid. But all I can think of is a painter."

"No."

"What else could it be?"

"Many things."

"For instance?"

"Wonderful velvets."

"Are you in that business?"

"Or flowers."

"I know you are not a florist."

"No, but I could be a collector."

"Are you?" she persisted.

He did not answer but instead asked her: "Is your sense of color well developed?"

"I—I don't know."

"Why don't you?"

"I always thought it was until now; and you make me doubt it."

"Why?"

"Well, I couldn't make a living at it and ——"

"You never can tell. If you love color wisely you may sell not your love but the wisdom of your love. Too much love can interfere with commerce. I met an Indian in Colombia who before my eyes refused to sell an emerald. He said he loved to look at it. It was the best Muso emerald I have ever seen outside of the Duke of Devonshire's collection. A German Jew offered him a lot for it, and the poor Indian wouldn't sell."

"He didn't know the value of money," she said with that amazing wisdom which all women will tell you is a sure sign of brains.

"Oh, yes, he did! But he valued his love more. The German Jew was no fool. He didn't offer the Indian cash; he offered to give him the finest house in the village, two hundred hectares of the best land, a lot of cattle and a fine horse. No use!"

"That was curious," she said.

"Years ago I met in Brighton, England, a consumptive who would not part with a Monticelli. He could have got enough from it to go to Davos and be cured. But he insisted that he would rather die enjoying the Monticelli than seeing Alps; and besides he was holding his own anyhow. I suppose the love of precious stones did not begin with vanity or ostentation, but with the love of beauty. Take for example pearls. Or diamonds. Or even better, rubies."

"Oh, I love rubies!"

"Did you ever see any?"

"Of course!"

He smiled—one of those horrid masculine smiles that will make a saint—female!—swear.

"You don't believe me?" she asked frigidly.

"Of course I do. Only there are very few rubies."

"I've seen hundreds."

"I haven't," he said.

"I shan't contradict you," she said very calmly.

"Did you ever see one," he asked her earnestly, "that roused a desire of possession so intense as to make you potentially a criminal?"

"Yes, I have!" she spoke defiantly—a woman's favorite form of self-betrayal when she is not telling the truth.

"Wait! Think well and seriously! Did you ever really and truly see a ruby that made you want to own it so much that if you could have done so unpunished you would have cold-bloodedly killed the owner?"

"Oh, I wouldn't murder!"

"Well then, did you ever see one that you would have stolen if you could have escaped—stolen it for the pleasure of having it, of loving it, of fondling it and admiring it? To plan the theft deliberately and the get-away cold-bloodedly? Did you?" He was frowning.

She became serious and answered: "Of course not!"

"And of course the reason you never did was because you never saw a good ruby."

"I saw one in Paris, at Heurtematte et Cie., in the Rue de la Paix."

"A male?"

"What do you mean? Have rubies sex?"

"An old trade name to indicate the dark and star rubies. I suppose you saw a moderate-priced stone that ——"

"Indeed, it wasn't! They asked fifty thousand francs for it."

"As much as that?" He looked at her in mock amazement.

"Yes, they did!" she insisted, not perceiving the sarcasm.

"Well, the chances are you could have bought it for thirty or thirty-five thousand. Nobody would bother to steal that kind of a stone. I had in mind the historic rubies like the one that Don Pedro the Cruel, King of Spain, presented to the Black Prince in 1367, which Henry V of England later wore on his helmet at Agincourt, to make it worth the foe's while to come after him. That ruby was the chief ornament of the British crown until the Cullinan diamond supplanted it, only the other day. Its value was estimated at five hundred thousand dollars. I call that some ruby."

"Did you ever see it?"

"Often."

"I wish I could."

"Well, if you make it a point to tell me when you will be in London the next time I'll make it a point to show you that ruby."

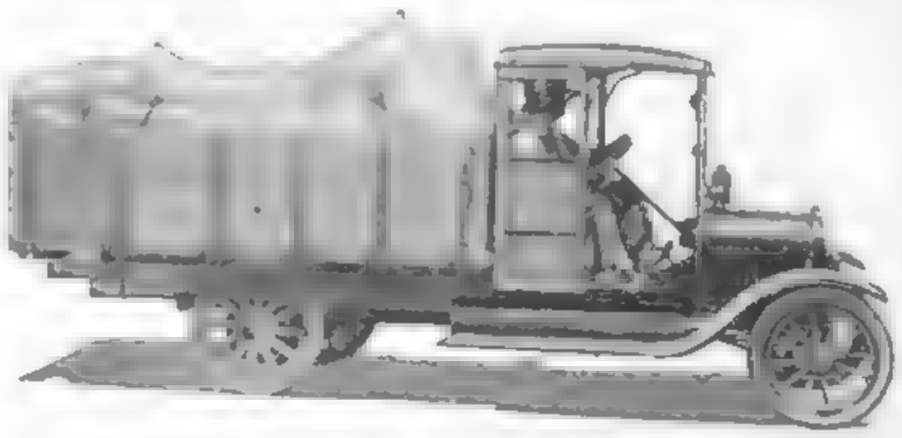
"I will—if I ever cross the ocean again. But I never knew rubies were so rare and expensive."

"Of course, there are not many like that and not many buyers for one of that size. If I found a first-class diamond that weighed fifty pounds I couldn't sell it for a price proportionate to its size."

"I understand," she said, looking as if she really did.

"You know, the ruby has been placed at the very head of all precious stones. The usual name for it in Sanskrit is rátnaraj, which means King of Precious Stones. The medieval experts used to call it the Lord of Stones, the Gem of Gems, the Most Precious of all the Twelve Precious Stones that God created when He created all creatures."

GRAHAM BROTHERS
TRUCK-BUILDER



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Dodge Brothers, Cadillac, Packard, Reo, Overland, Chalmers, Chevrolet, Stutz, Locomobile, Premier, Hupmobile, Haynes, Cole, Maxwell, Buick, Hudson, White, Ford, Kissel, Mitchell, Pierce-Arrow, Lozier, Apperson, Marmon, Oakland, King and many other good motor cars are being applied to meet the unusual demand for both light and heavy trucking.

They are rendering such heroic service all over the United States that the value and utility of Graham Brothers Truck-Builder are no longer debatable.

The *saving* of steel and labor for war-time needs; the *speed* with which the truck can be built; the very decided saving in *cost;* and the uniformly fine *service* that results, appeal almost irresistibly to the new spirit of thrift and conservation that animates American business.

Graham Brothers have no hesitancy, therefore, in urging business men, before buying, to consider seriously the conversion of a new or used motor car of reliable make into a TRUCK, complete with cab and body designed to meet each particular need, and ready to run.

Graham Brothers Truck-Builders are made in 1, 1½ and 2½-ton capacity—Torbensen Internal-Gear-Driven. Special Truck-Builders for Dodge Brothers and Ford Cars. Also Traction Truck-Builders for fifth-wheel and semi-trailers, of 3-ton and 5-ton capacity.

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For BLACK, WHITE, TAN, DARK BROWN OR OX-BLOOD SHOES

"I didn't know that," she said. "Did they have rubies in the old times?"

"It is the very oldest of the talismanic jewels. The Naraotna, that is to say, the Nine-Gem Jewel, had a ruby in the center. It represented the sun. Of course, the color of the ruby has much to with its popularity to-day as well as with the myths of the past."

"You mean because it is red?"

"Yes. The alchemists called it the Precious Ruby, because it was a theory of theirs that to get the philosophers' stone they must arrive at the perfect red. Modern science tells us that red rays give heat and vivify. They have a distinct influence on the nerves and help to dissipate depression. It is the color of war, of Mars, the Red Planet. The garments of the Lacedæmonians were red. . . . Does all this bore you?"

"Bore me?" she echoed indignantly. "You know better! Go on, please."

"The ruby was used to represent full manhood. It was associated with passion. Its number was the potent nine—that is, three multiplied by itself. The ancients firmly believed that within the ruby burned a flame that could not be extinguished."

"Do you suppose they really believed those things?"

"Why not? There were not many fine rubies then—or now, for that matter. There is a seemingly well-authenticated medieval story of a man who had a fine ruby set in a ring. One day at table he perceived that the stone had become dull. He was so certain that this foretold disaster to him that he put the ring away in his strong box. A few days later his son died. The jeweler remembering the ruby's prophecy went to his strong box to get the ring. The ruby was shining away as brilliantly as ever."

"But of course there is no foundation whatever for such stories?"

"My dear young woman, stories about the magical properties of precious stones are no more incredible than X-rays or the wireless or the phenomenon of radioactivity. You may laugh at the old beliefs that the ruby conferred invulnerability and that it was a potent charm against plague, poison and sadness; but to those people who love them as a painter loves color and line it is quite certain that gems speak a language not only not understood but not even heard by persons to whom the ruby is merely a pretty red stone or possibly the most expensive form of corundum."

"Just how do you mean?"

"For instance, Judith Gautier, daughter of a poet, wife of another, and herself one—that is to say, a person of sensitiveness and clairvoyance—once told me that she was certain gems were capable of feeling jealousy. She has somewhere written that when she neglects her pet ruby the stone grows decidedly dull, as if dispirited. It is certain that she talks to her gems and they to her. Because I don't overhear their conversation am I to conclude that they do not carry it on?"

"There can't be many people who think of precious stones in just that way."

"There are collectors in the United States," said Caldecott slowly, "who have historic gems in their possession—diamonds for which oceans of blood have been shed, emeralds that figure in history as far back as Charlemagne, pearls that have belonged to queens, rubies with histories more bloody than their hue. Nobody sees them except their owners and possibly a few sympathetic friends—gems that nobody knows are in the United States; lost historic gems that I—er—I know have been—er—recovered."

"Where did these men get them?"

"Oh, they were offered for sale very quietly and were bought—also very quietly. They are not stones to wear in public but stones to love in private. For there are misers of stones like my friend—like a friend I have who gloats and sees railroad signal lights gleaming in desert territories whenever he gazes on a handful of unset stones. Why, I could show you rubies that ——"

He caught himself abruptly. He rose and said, "I'll go forward and see how much we made to-day."

"Are you in a great hurry to reach New York?" she smiled.

He looked at her steadily. Then speaking very slowly he said, "My dear Miss Valentine, I don't know anything that I would prefer to sailing forever on a comfortable steamer like this, with the same company. As a matter of fact, I dread my arrival in New York for at least a dozen reasons. And all of the reasons concern you."

"Me?"

It was what you might call normal surprise that he saw in her eyes.

"You! I shall never forget this trip. It is the only one that I shall remember; that I ever cared to remember!"

He walked away. She did not see him again until dinner. He appeared not so much distrait as unnecessarily deliberate in his answers to her casual questions. It made familiar conversation difficult, but she appeared not to notice the difference.

They took their usual after-dinner promenade on the deck until she suggested sitting down. His contributions to the conversation grew more and more brief until they became monosyllabic affirmations or negations, so that presently the talk ceased altogether.

Perhaps half an hour passed before she spoke.

"Mr. Caldecott?"

"Yes, Miss Valentine."

"I am going to ask you a favor."

"Is the favor then an answer to a question?"

"Yes."

"What is the question?"

"Will you answer it?"

"Listen: I am thirty-five years of age, single, in good health, with an income sufficient for all reasonable comforts. I have no relatives, no friends. I have never trusted any man or woman, and I am beginning not to trust myself. Have I answered the question you were about to ask me?"

"N-not exactly," she said.

"My dear young lady, all people who live alone develop crotchets unchecked. I have always indulged my whims because there was no reason why I shouldn't. Money-making came so easy to me and I was so interested in my—er—specialty, that I soon discovered that the only luxury I could have was to amuse myself with people who took themselves seriously. This has made it necessary for me never to have intimates. My experience with life convinces me that if the suffragettes had been active in Pontius Pilate's time the part of Judas would have been taken by a woman."

"Oh, if you feel that way I wonder you want a companion."

"I wonder, myself," said Caldecott musingly.

"H'm!"

If it was a snort it was very delicate and altogether ladylike.

He lit a fresh cigar and smoked a while in silence. Presently he said, "It is a curious thing how we live without ever grasping the fundamentals of life. Here am I, a reasonably intelligent man, and you, a sweet and kindly-natured girl, made doubly sweet and doubly kind by a great sorrow; both of us needing friendliness, quarreling because you insist upon the proclamation of the perfection of your sex when you well know that there never was another perfect woman since the world began. Just to give you my real self, via my larynx, has been a regular spree for me—with the usual consequences. So we, who should be good friends for the next two and a half days that remain to us aboard this ship, are parting like—what shall we say?"

"I'll be just as much of a friend as I ever was."

"Please! Please!" said Caldecott earnestly; "don't be my friend in that tone of voice, I beg of you."

She laughed; then she promised: "I won't!"

"And now I'll have to dream of you again, and I shall be unhappy for six or seven hours."

"How so?" Immediately after saying it she felt as if she had spoken like the interlocutor at a minstrel show.

"When I dream of you I always wake up, and that makes me so angry that I can't go to sleep again. I think it is time to begin dreaming. Look at that moon, Miss Valentine. You may not believe me, but I assure you ——"

"I think it is pretty late," broke in Miss Valentine so hastily that he said coldly: "I was not going to propose marriage to you."

"I should hope not!" she retorted quickly and rose.

"Good night, Mr. Caldecott," she said.

He walked beside her.

"Do you really think so?" he asked presently.

"Think what?"

"Guess!" he said.

"Good night."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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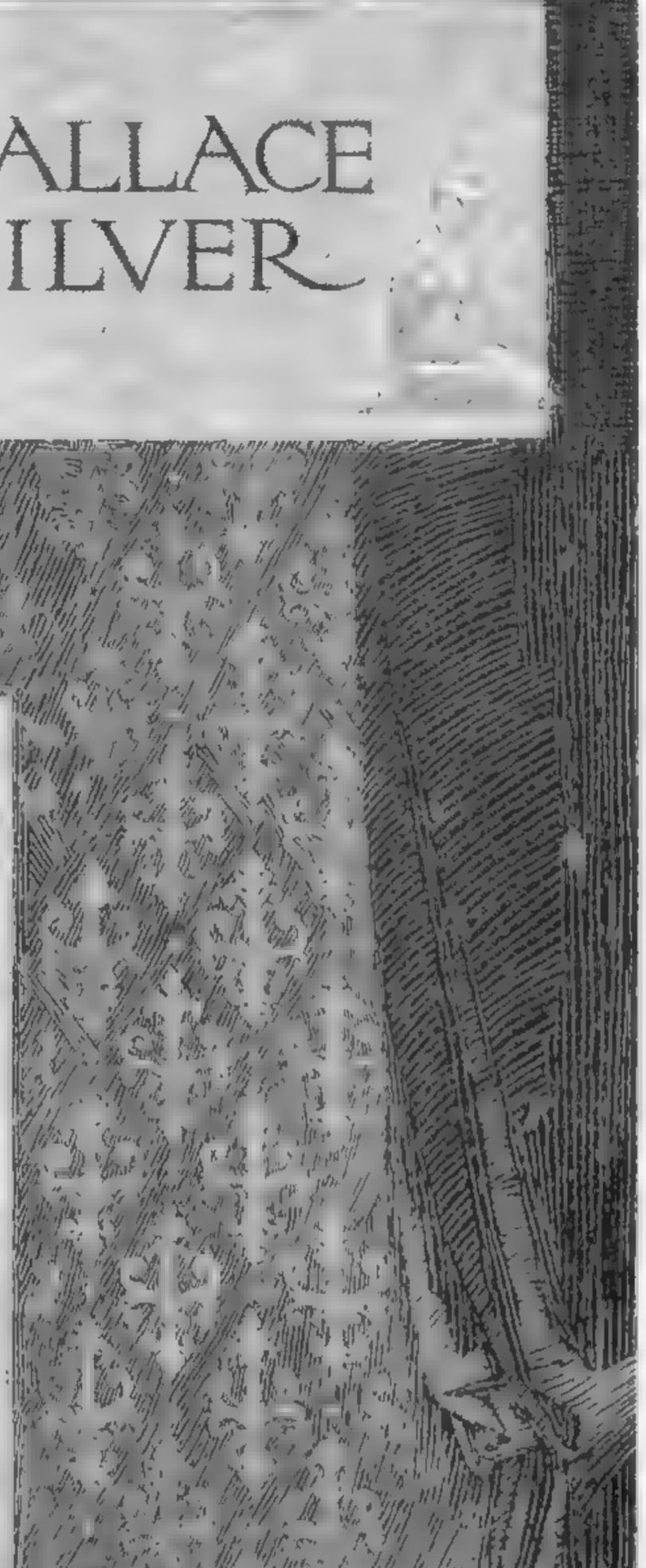


THE FINAL TEST

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE EDISON RECORDING LABORATORIES

BEAUTIFUL Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang the "Mad Scene" from Lucia for the December list of Edison Re-Creations.

Did Mr. Edison's recording experts succeed in obtaining an absolutely perfect Re-Creation of her voice? That was the all-important question and there was but one way to answer it. Miss Case stood beside the New Edison and began to sing the number again. Suddenly she paused and the New Edison continued the song alone. Was it possible to distinguish Anna Case's voice from the New Edison's Re-Creation of it? Other artists who also had made recordings for the December list listened to the comparison. The Re-Creation was pronounced an exact duplication of Miss Case's wonderful voice.

Similar tests with similar results have been made by thirty different artists in public before more than two million people and have been reviewed at length by America's principal newspapers. Ask for a copy of the booklet "What the Critics Say" containing reprints of what the newspapers have said about these amazing comparisons.

The New Edison, termed by the New York Globe "The phonograph with a soul," is the only sound reproducing instrument that sustains the test of direct comparison with the artists who make recordings for it. The New Edison is the only sound reproducing instrument that can bring into your home the work of great singers and instrumentalists exactly as presented by them on the stage.

May we send you a complimentary copy of our musical magazine "Along Broadway?"

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., ORANGE, N. J.

IN THE TRENCHES OF TRADE

(Continued from Page 13)

he dealt a deathblow to easy money in the tills of the market men.

"This is not intended to imply that the retailers of meats were as a class given to cheating their customers; it is intended to infer that the practice of crowding additional weight upon customers has been a common means among them of increasing trade; and the less scrupulous of their number have, through the system of telephone shopping, been allowed too much latitude on the score of quality and price as well as of weight. One of the best achievements of the war, in a commercial way, has been the general establishment of the practice of personal buying at first hand, where the senses of sight, touch, taste and smell help the customer to test the relative values of the various bargains offered."

In the big shopping centers the mysterious stranger is the sensational figure of the hour. He never created more commotion in McCutcheon's immortal Bird Center than he is rousing now in the great stores and the shops of the leading American cities! At first he was stared at and watched by the salespeople and the other satellites of trade, including the floor detectives; but now he has established himself and the word Welcome! is written for him on every retail doormat. His passport is a roll of greenbacks big enough to wad a French seventy-five, and he buys with the rapidity and decision of that famous fieldpiece.

Overalls and Diamonds

"The stranger is the spender to-day," declares one of the principals of a big Chicago department store. "Almost without exception the purchases here that are big enough to cause comment and become food for store gossip are made by comparative strangers, and are mainly cash transactions."

The salespeople put it in this polite phrase: "We see so many new faces." The other day an acquaintance of mine who is a keen observer of the currents of trade remarked:

"This war has certainly turned things upside down, all right! Makes me think of the saying in the Bible: 'The last shall be first and the first last.' A friend of mine works at a certain diamond counter here in Chicago. The other day a man dressed in working clothes and carrying a lunch box came in and stared about him as if he had blundered into the wrong pew and would like to bolt out of the door before anybody could call him down.

"The floor man came up to him expecting that the man would ask for some street direction; but he didn't. He said he wanted to look at a diamond stick pin. That was definite; and so the usher took him to the diamond counter and kept a sharp eye on him while he was being shown an assortment. Just for fun and because he wanted to dazzle the man a bit, my friend flashed a beauty on him—one of the best stick pins in the shop.

"'How much?' inquired the chap with the dinner bucket.

"'Nine hundred dollars,' answered my friend, slipping the pin back into its little plush box.

"'I'll take it,' said the stranger and pulled from his trousers pocket a fat roll from which he stripped nine one-hundred-dollar bills.

"There were more of the same denomination underneath, and the size of the roll was not diminished so that the shrinkage could be noticed. The salesman had to show the customer how to work the safety device to lock the pin into his tie, which proved that he was a stranger to stick pins worth more than ten dollars.

"As the grinning laborer slipped the jewel box into his pocket he remarked that he'd always wanted one about like that, and that when he began to knock down real wages in a munitions plant he made up his mind to have one."

"That yarn," I replied, "listens fine; but I'm afraid it is slightly out of focus. Just to see whether it has an impossible perspective, I'm going to chat with the men at the diamond counters of the two jewelry stores nearest here."

"Neither is the one where my friend works," said the narrator of the story; "so that will make what you find all the more interesting."

At the first store my inquiry brought this admission:

"Oh, yes; we're getting our share of this new-money trade, as we call it. Just the other day a man came in who didn't look in the least at home here. His hands were big and rather rough, and he was plainly unaccustomed to buying gems or trading in this sort of store. I didn't know but he had strayed in by mistake; but he hadn't. He wanted to look at diamonds. There was one for a little less than $800 which took his eye. Without the slightest hesitation he took from his pocket an old-fashioned gambler's roll and peeled the yellowbacks from it until the price of the pin was on the counter. I'm not going to say what sort of war industry this worker is in—but it was new money, all right, and he had plenty more of it."

Almost at the same time one of the old customers of this store—a capitalist who has been accustomed from childhood to luxuries and wealth—came in and remarked to the gray-haired man who had waited upon him for nearly thirty years:

"If you still have that pearl necklace you may again expose me to its supreme temptation."

His eyes glowed as he looked at the string of marvelously matched globes of rosy loveliness.

"Yes," he finally remarked; "I think I'll yield this time. My wife has a birthday to-morrow. No gem becomes her like a pearl, and I've always intended since I first saw this string to buy it for her—sometime. It seems a little extravagant, but at seven thousand I think those gems are an excellent investment. If she ever needs to part with them I'm sure she can more than get her money back."

The next day his wife took the necklace back and said simply:

"I can't keep them—not now, while this awful war is on. It was very generous of my husband to wish me to have them and they are exquisitely lovely; but I couldn't bring myself to wear them—not until the war is over, anyhow."

The Rage for Pearls

In these two incidents of trade in the same store is graphically illustrated one of the most common and pronounced tendencies of trade to-day. If the husband had looked longingly at the string of pearls without taking them home with him he would have run a little truer to form, however. From almost every place where the wealthy are accustomed to trade comes the report that those who have breathed the air of luxury all their lives are now spending with great restraint, while those to whom big money is a novelty are blowing it in a way that would recall the early days of Virginia City to a survivor of those stirring times of historic gold strikes.

For example, a certain fur shop has received an order for a coat that is to be made of choice skins at $750 each. Possibly it is unnecessary to mention that the person buying this garment for a woman member of his family is the big man in a munitions town—one which has played so modest a part in ordnance production that it is not thought of in connection with war materials outside of its immediate territory.

But to go on to the second jewelry store in the effort to test the probable veracity of my friend's story. Here I was told that in the past twelve months they had sold more fine pearl necklaces than in the preceding five years.

"The puzzle lies in the fact," said the gem dealer, "that no person without a high sense of refinement buys pearls in preference to diamonds. It would hardly exceed the truth to say that only refined persons who have been long accustomed to the richest luxuries put their money into pearls. Certainly the man who has never had an acquaintance with precious gems of any kind is not going to buy pearls when he can get diamonds. But here we are selling an unprecedented number of expensive pearl necklaces to comparative strangers. We have sold some to a few old customers who are very wealthy; but most of our fine strings of pearls have gone to out-of-town folks.

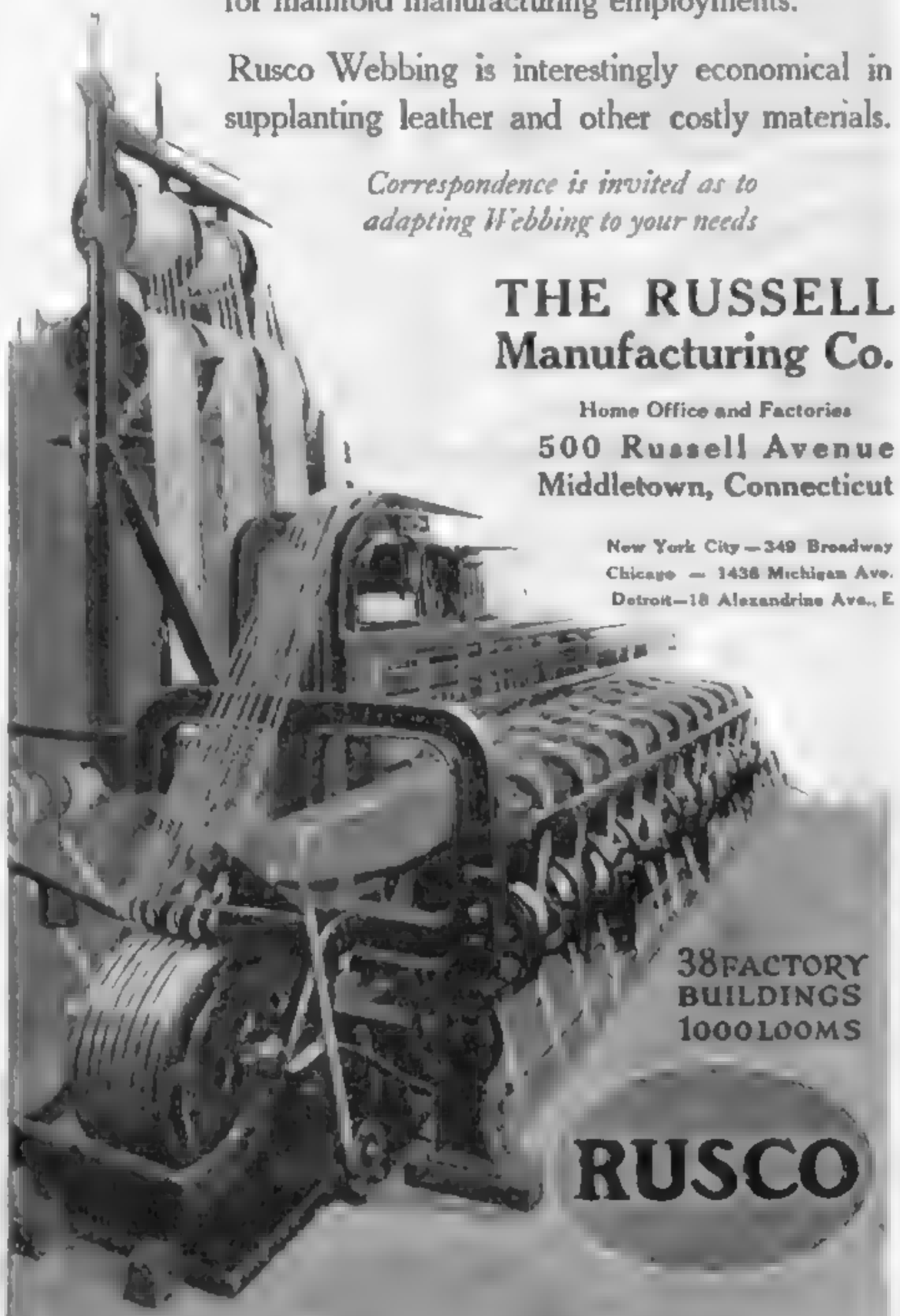
"The inference is fair, I think, that they have lately become wealthy and that they are having their first real fling in spending money for the most expensive kind of

You Can Often Use
WEBBING
In Place of Costly Materials

Keeping pace with Industry's progress for 88 years, this company has developed an increased output to meet the insistent demand for Webbing for manifold manufacturing employments.

Rusco Webbing is interestingly economical in supplanting leather and other costly materials.

Correspondence is invited as to adapting Webbing to your needs



THE RUSSELL
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Home Office and Factories
500 Russell Avenue
Middletown, Connecticut

New York City—349 Broadway
Chicago — 1436 Michigan Ave.
Detroit—18 Alexandrine Ave., E

38 FACTORY BUILDINGS
1000 LOOMS

RUSCO

TRANSMISSION and CONVEYOR BELTING
RUSCO BRAKE LININGS and
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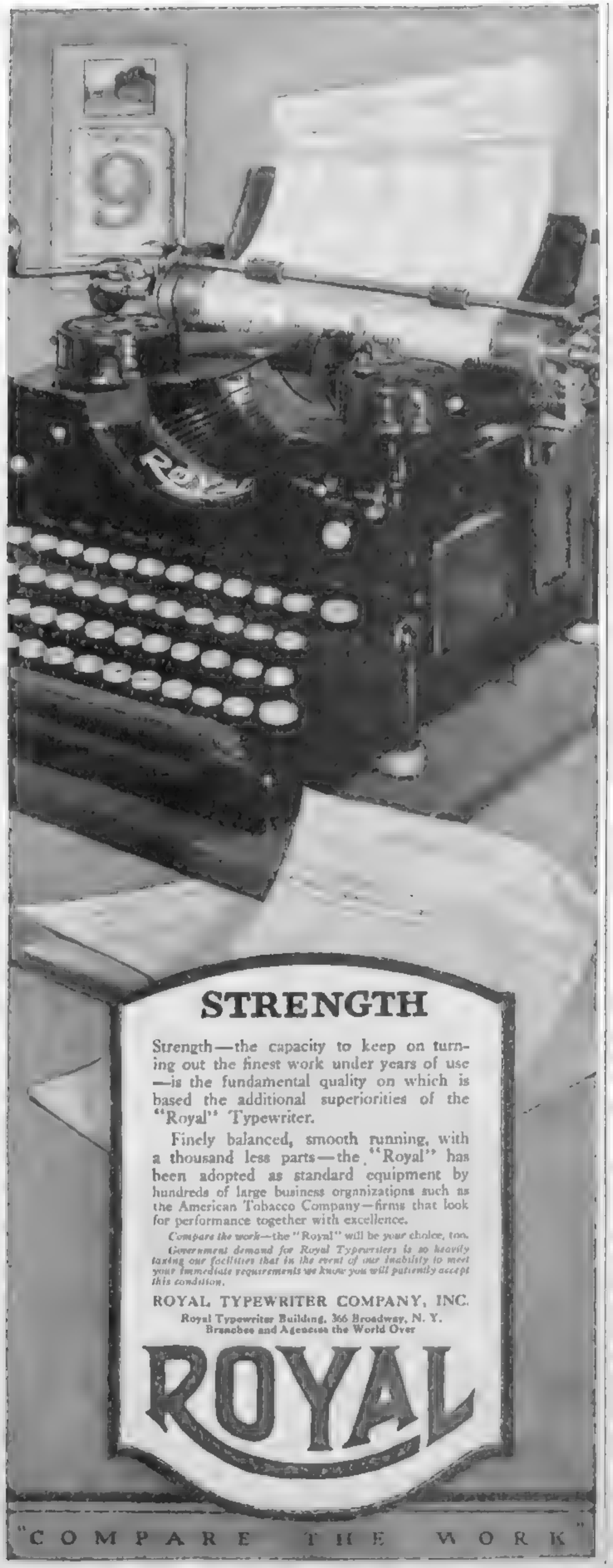

STRENGTH
Strength—the capacity to keep on turning out the finest work under years of use—is the fundamental quality on which is based the additional superiorities of the "Royal" Typewriter.
Finely balanced, smooth running, with a thousand less parts—the "Royal" has been adopted as standard equipment by hundreds of large business organizations such as the American Tobacco Company—firms that look for performance together with excellence.
Compare the work—the "Royal" will be your choice, too.
Government demand for Royal Typewriters is so heavily taxing our facilities that in the event of our inability to meet your immediate requirements we know you will patiently accept this condition.
ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
Royal Typewriter Building, 366 Broadway, N. Y.
Branches and Agencies the World Over
ROYAL
"COMPARE THE WORK"

luxuries. Probably their money has been made in munitions or oil, or some line connected with the war. Many strangers who likely belong to the highly paid class of steel and munition workers come in here and buy diamonds and other gems in showy settings.

"On the other hand, our older customers who live on their incomes and are not actively in business are spending with a moderation which, from the viewpoint of the dealer, suggests that they have come to look at this matter of war economy in a rather strained and uneconomic way. If they keep on with their retrenchments in the way they have started they will put every industry, outside of those producing the most fundamental necessities, out of business. However, I suppose they have their side of this problem."

They have. For one thing, these families receive the major part of their money in the form of interest and dividends instead of profits. This year of 1918 is certainly the open season on incomes, and Uncle Sam is fast becoming a champion shot. Again, these solid citizens who have long been upon familiar terms with larger fortunes have not disappointed the public in the expectation that they would give splendid support to the drives for war purposes.

Finally, it is pertinent to suggest that probably a higher percentage of young men from homes of this sort enlisted in the early days of the war than volunteered from any other class of homes. As one wealthy man puts it:

"When you have the whole boy power of your home at the Front it takes away your appetite for frills, luxuries and the soft things of life. It isn't altogether a question of whether you can afford it from the viewpoint of the size of your personal income or fortune. When the boys over there, and in the camps here, and the people of the Allied countries are having things hard, I couldn't escape a sense of shame if I were to reach out for all the soft things, all the pleasing luxuries, that I can well afford to buy. It doesn't seem quite decent."

Cash Sales to New Buyers

"Besides, there was never a time before when this nation needed to get a grip on its spending habits and to wake up to something like thrift as it does to-day. I've never been disposed to take my responsibilities in a very solemn way; but it does seem to me that the men who are accustomed to money and to luxuries have some responsibilities by way of example, at this time, to those who are suddenly coming to where they can indulge themselves. If we who are used to the expensive refinements of life, to having and spending, cannot restrain ourselves in times like these, how can we expect those who have just tasted first blood in the way of big money to do so?"

In conversation with many merchants carrying high-class goods I have failed to find one who does not declare that his old customers—the elect of his charge accounts—are buying on a scale far below their established standard. How completely the tables have turned is indicated by the fact that to-day the cash receipts of one of Chicago's retail stores now exceed its charge business; and no store in America has built up a choicer charge clientèle than this establishment.

A marked feature of its wartime traffic is a big increase in its basement business. Apparently the basement has become the intake for an army of new customers whose greatly increased earnings have at last made them feel, as one of them put it, that "nothin's too rich for our blood these days!"

However, it is one thing for the toiler with munitions money burning in his pockets to resolve to go the limit and trade where the swells do their buying, and quite a different thing to feel at home in such surroundings. Hence the tendency to dive for the basement to "take off the chill." But those who follow this rule seldom lose much time in coming to the surface among the luxurious goods of the upper floors. An employee in one of these great retail establishments remarked:

"I've sold some expensive things to strangers who looked as if they would be more at home in a ten-cent store than here; but I never had quite the startling experience of a saleswoman in the jewelry section of a large and famous store in a city that is surrounded by munition works.

"One day she found herself looking across the counter into the dark, furtive eyes of a foreign woman who wore a head shawl—possibly the one she had worn when she landed in America. With some difficulty she made the saleswoman understand that she wished to buy a present for her daughter who was soon to graduate from school. After shaking her head at many articles that would have delighted the average miss attending a fashionable finishing school, she pointed to a jeweled bag of gold mesh and asked 'How much?' On being told that it was seven hundred dollars she nodded her head, untied a gaudy handkerchief which had been brought from the Old World and took from it seven hundred dollars in bills and gold, leaving a good-sized nest egg to be knotted in the handkerchief along with the jeweled mesh bag.

"We're not quite up to that in this store as yet; but we're being rapidly educated so that a sale of that sort would not cause us to faint. What is more to the point is the fact that the salespeople in the large and fashionable stores are learning not to put on preoccupied airs when they see either a man or woman in working clothes approaching their counters. Of course they were never supposed to do this; but you know human nature and how inevitably the atmosphere of a fashionable store is reflected in the attitude of its saleswomen and salesmen.

"Now, with a tide of big wage money sweeping down the street, you may be sure that the salespeople are receiving definite instruction along the line of 'canning the cold shoulder,' and of making the shawl wearers and the lunch-bucket bearers feel at home. Some say that big money in the pay envelope is proving unwholesome for the wage-earner. Possibly; but it's a regular vacuum cleaner when it comes to extracting snobbery from behind the counter.

"Those salespersons who cannot adapt themselves to the new conditions of trade and catch step with the new money democracy are poor assets for their employers, and they might as well go."

A curious phase of this new trade alignment growing out of the swollen wage envelope is what might be called the mahogany scare or the fumed-oak fear. It is more deadly to bloated wage money than even the cold shoulder or the icy stare from the selling side of the counter. The pride of Michigan Boulevard is its line of "exclusive" shops. These establishments are usually offered as Exhibit A by the loyal Chicagoan who is trying to prove to the visitor from the East that the capital of the Middle West is no longer an overgrown country town but a regular grown-up metropolis.

Terrifying Elegance

Very few of these shops are getting more than a nibble at the big wage roll. Why? Because that kind of money is bashful. It's shy of the grandeur of the Boulevard, in the first place; and when it screws up its courage to brave the street itself and actually faces plate-glass doors bearing in microscopic letters the firm name, there is a hasty retreat for the free and cosmopolitan atmosphere of State Street. New money which reeks of raw petroleum gravitates to these luxurious shops, and so does the money made by the owner of the little machine shop who took a chance, grabbed off a munitions contract and made a killing.

But the wage-earner whose pockets are bulging with greenbacks and who is bent on blowing himself to a few ten-dollar shirts and six-dollar neckties looks at them in the window—and then moves away to the big store on State Street where he can rub elbows with a few folks who have never had their nails shined by a lady.

Probably the shops for men are the severest sufferers from the fumed-oak fear. The owner of a shop that is often spoken of by its patrons as "quite English" made this confession:

"When we built our business round the idea of exclusiveness we didn't count on the world's being suddenly overturned. Under old conditions we acted intelligently; but what has happened? The backbone of our trade has gone to war—by enlistment too! The young men who bought shirts at fifteen and twenty dollars apiece and neck scarfs at six and eight dollars are not only wearing khaki but their fathers and elder brothers and middle-aged men friends are almost unanimous in the remark: 'Old clothes look good to us.'

"Why not? They are better clothes in texture and workmanship than those made

(Continued on Page 77)

The Government Orders American Footwear to be Simplified, Economized and Standardized!

NOW IS THE TIME TO INSIST ON BRANDED SHOES

THE United States War Industries Board, whose duty it is to conserve every possible ounce of industrial energy and to effect every possible manufacturing economy, to help win the war, has established certain shoe making regulations that vitally concern shoe values and prices.

All shoes made after October 15, 1918, are to be graded according to retail prices.

A grade includes shoes retailing from $9.00 to $12.00.
B grade includes shoes retailing from $6.00 to $8.50.
C grade includes shoes retailing from $3.00 to $5.50.

No shoes are to be made to retail at over $12 the pair.

Every shoe must be stamped with the serial number of the manufacturer and the grade—A, B, or C, to which it has been appointed by the Government.

This standardization limits shoe manufacturers to the use of black, one shade of brown and white leathers. These cannot be used in combination. This will simplify tanning processes and eliminate all fancy, expensive and unstable leathers, release tanning equipment for other purposes, conserve labor and money invested.

Certain technical manufacturing restrictions are imposed that will limit the number and variety of styles that may be made. This will reduce the number of styles usually carried by dealers to meet individual fancies. With fewer styles to choose from, it will be easier and quicker to fit the customer. This should effect an economy in retail store keeping. The reduced man power will be better able to carry on the work of the nation and less capital will be tied up in slow moving, capricious shoe stocks.

Manifestly there will be several standards of value in each grade. All shoes marked "A" will legitimately belong in that grade by Government authorization. But—*the maximum meaning of "A" value will depend on who makes the shoe so marked.*

Now as never before it behooves the consumer to know the standing of the manufacturer who makes his shoes. *Now* it is vital to know if that manufacturer has been accustomed to making the bulk of his shoes in the highest grades or in lower grades.

It stands to reason that the manufacturer who has never employed anything but the finest materials, whose workmen have never made anything but the highest quality of shoes, who has special technical knowledge of how to secure the ultra refinements of fit and finish, is prepared to put the utmost quality in the "A" grade shoe.

The name of "Nettleton" has always stood for the very zenith of shoe craftsmanship. For over 40 years it has meant—the finest leathers tanned, the most stylish lasts, the most exquisite carefulness in making. Now it stands for highest possible values among "A" grade shoes.

Nettleton Shoes will be made only in "A" grade.
The name "Nettleton" means highest quality.

Nettleton interpretation of "A" grade means the same careful workmanship that has always distinguished Nettleton footwear. It means the same careful selection of leathers, without blemish, of finest known tannage. It means we will cheerfully co-operate with the Government by conforming Nettleton workmanship to the limited number of styles and leathers that we are permitted to use, but that the utmost Nettleton skill and the highest quality materials allowed us will go into these models. These war time styles will include a choice of popular Nettleton lasts that permit the perfect fitting of every foot.

Today is the time to insist on branded shoes. "A" grade is protection within certain broad lines. Shoes branded "Nettleton" represent assured quality by the largest manufacturers in America of men's fine shoes exclusively.

Nettleton Shoes are sold by representative dealers throughout the country. Their stocks now include a limited quantity of Nettleton Shoes made before the Government order took effect. Men who appreciate the exclusive refinements of Nettleton workmanship are able today to exercise a broader choice and individual taste, than will be possible when these stocks are exhausted.

If you are not sure where Nettleton Shoes are to be had in your vicinity and are persuaded that the name Nettleton represents a definitely assured and desirable value, write direct to us here at the factory for booklet "Economy Through Quality" and the name of our agent nearest you.

U. S. Army officers have set the seal of their approval on Nettleton Military Footwear Extraordinary

A. E. NETTLETON CO., SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Largest Manufacturers in America of Men's Fine Shoes Exclusively

CHALMERS
Inrox
and Porosknit made of full-combed cotton

For months the Government has taken the entire output of our mills. Until some of our machinery is released it may be difficult for civilians to obtain Chalmers Underwear.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21st

"It's getting wintery."

"But I found what I wanted to beat the cold winds without having to stand for a heavy or scratchy garment. Chalmers Inrox feels as fine *as it looks*."

When you see Chalmers Inrox you say "that looks better!"

You don't ask the salesman if it *is* better; you don't ask if it is as good as it looks. You will be glad to learn that it will outwear by *months* an ordinary suit, because—

Chalmers Inrox is knitted of long cotton carefully combed. It is soft and elastic because knitted on the new Inrox machine—whose numberless needles interlace the soft yarn into little elastic loops, thousands to each square inch. It takes a microscope to show the real wonders of the fabric that the eye can't see.

CHALMERS UNDERWEAR

MILLS AT AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 74)

to-day, which bring twice the money. When it comes to economizing, those who have been liberal buyers are the ones who can do it. Their wardrobes are jammed with things that are well made, that will hold their shape and look well under years of wear. Of course there are some garments in every such assortment that are out of style; but just now the Fates that decree the styles are mighty liberal, and almost anything goes that has the stamp of quality about it. In fact, we're virtually coming to the time when a suit that has the earmarks of having been made before Uncle Sam stepped in and took all the frills and some of the mainstays out of men's clothes carries with it the presumption of high quality and exclusiveness.

"Let hats serve as an illustration in the change in goods. The hat that I sold for six dollars at the start of the war was a better hat than the one for which I am now forced to get ten; and my profit on it was greater. On a comparatively small shipment of hats from the other side the charge for packing and casing alone was one hundred and twenty-five dollars. This charge was unheard of in pre-war days."

The head of another exclusive shop for men on the Boulevard confides to me that he has already sent a scout into Gary, Hammond, Indiana Harbor and South Chicago to see what is the most practicable way by which the mill hands and the ordnance and munition workers may be exposed to the temptation of his wares.

"Those boys with the bloated pay checks are simply aching for eight-dollar neckties and ten-dollar shirts; but they will not come into a shop like this, because its atmosphere is strange to them and they don't feel at home. Just at the moment it's my job to figure out a way of meeting them with my goods on their own ground.

"We're selling more goods to strangers than ever before. If this were not true we'd be in a rather hard way, because our best customers—those who have always bought anything that took their fancy and in any quantity—are buying with distinct restraint, as a rule. If the plot with them is to set a good example they should receive credit for doing a thorough job. And I think many of them are moved by a genuine feeling of patriotism. We merchants and the wholesalers and manufacturers behind us may feel that they are overdoing it a trifle; but on that score I have no criticism to offer."

Made in America!

The Boulevard shops which specialize in women's wear are not quite so hard hit by the sense of war economy that has developed among the wealthy and fashionable; but they admit that their very best customers of the old days are now economists of the first order, and that if it were not for the new crop of oil and munition spenders they would be doing a poor business.

The most significant changes in stocks of merchandise may be covered by the single phrase: Made in America! That tells the story of what has happened in the stockrooms as crisply as it can be sketched.

One of the best authorities on merchandise of almost every kind, and on retail merchandising in general, gives this graphic and sweeping view of the war reactions in the world of merchandise:

"Back in 1914 our stores, attics, lofts and warehouses all over this country were bulging with goods. There were reserves and surpluses in prodigal abundance. Then came the opening of the great war, and every merchant at once began to study the geography of his supply and figure out a list of goods that were coming from countries in the fight, especially from those Central Europe countries which would be shut off from ocean shipping. There was a quick grab for all these stocks and the prices jumped and soared. Needles, woolens, silks and a thousand other fabrics and articles for which we have always looked to Germany and Austria were on this list. The importers' surpluses and the wholesalers' reserves were soon dissipated and absorbed into the country.

"Then came the pinch that has made merchandise history in America, and made it fast. We have always thought ourselves a resourceful nation; the war has compelled us to prove it. We have gone over the top in establishing our mercantile independence of Germany and Austria. In short order we have put Made in America! on the map of both domestic and international trade. And this has been done on a quality basis; it is not a cheap imitation performance.

"For example, the dressmakers of this house declared to me, on their return from Paris, that the French dressmakers admit that the best woolens in France to-day are American-made goods. The velours and serges made in the mills of the Atlantic Seaboard are certainly fabrics of which this nation may be proud; and it is not too much to say that in making these beautiful cloths the manufacturers have woven a bright and lasting chapter into the industrial history of the United States. This triumph has been repeated in virtually every line of goods that came from the Teutonic countries.

"Of course there are some few articles from there for which we have not yet provided a superior substitute made in America; but these are so scarce and so unimportant in a broad way that they need not cloud our satisfaction as to the general commercial victory which our home manufacturers have achieved under the pressure of war necessity.

"This phrase—Made in America!—not only describes the most vital change that has taken place in the merchandise in the stores and warehouses and homes of the American people to-day, but it is highly prophetic. The mills and factories of desolated France and Belgium are not going to be rebuilt in a day, and meantime we must not only meet our own enormous needs but also supply many other countries. We're going to be a mighty busy nation for some time after peace is declared, and a more independent and self-sufficient nation commercially than ever before."

The Golden Flood

"While we were absorbing the reserves of imported stocks, and then developing our own manufactures to supply those things we could no longer import, we went into the munitions business for the Allies, and shop, mill and factory workers suddenly found their earnings multiplied.

"Then, when we were just hitting our pace in these lines of production the United States entered the war and a greatly increased constriction of our ability to get foreign goods at once followed. This dug the spurs of necessity into our resourcefulness still deeper and we speeded up amazingly.

"Also, our prices increased as thousands of laborers in every community went into military service. We have felt the hand of Federal curtailment in almost every line of production that does not minister directly to the war. Retail merchants have found their deliveries from the wholesalers and the manufacturers greatly delayed and a high percentage of their orders in many lines canceled. A tense and nervous uncertainty has been felt by every form of retail business.

"Routine methods of doing business and long-established store policies have been changed. The elaborate system of deliveries which grew up under the strife to give service to customers has been reduced to almost unbelievable simplicity; the change in policies is typified by the new order limiting the privilege of returning merchandise—unless defective—to three days.

"And what are the net results of all this overturning of customers' privileges and this great and sweeping increase in prices? A very large business; an era of marvelously free buying; an astonishing flood of cash over the counters; a marked change in the personnel of customers."

Illustrating the rapid advance wearing apparel has taken, this merchant pointed to a certain garment and remarked that its cost was $19.50 when the United States entered the war; to-day it is $32.50 and in the spring it will be $37.50.

"A most important fact to be recognized by all retailers," declared this authority, "is that an enormous army of working people in America have moved out of the cheap-goods zone. Cheap stuff has become relatively higher in our great national price advance than good stuff. This is natural, but not entirely obvious to everybody. Cheaper things run into quantity, and are made and sold on an immense quantity basis. Broadly speaking, we have not been manufacturing or shipping on a quantity basis in this country, except for the Army and Navy. Quantity production for civilian consumption has been consistently discouraged since we went into

Dromedary Dates

Nature's War-time Confection

Pure sugar in a delicious fruit confection is furnished by Nature in Dromedary Golden Dates.

They are so rich in natural sugar and so delightful in flavor that they take the place of candy in the most satisfying way.

Dromedary Dates are carefully selected, clean-packed golden dates—tempting, luscious in flavor.

Serve them as they are, or stuffed with nuts, marshmallows or Dromedary Cocoanut.

Many sugar-saving recipes for dates in cereals, salads and desserts are offered in our new conservation book, "DROMEDARY WAR-TIME RECIPES." Free on request.

The HILLS BROTHERS Co., Dept. K, 375 Washington St., New York

Dromedary Date and Corn-Meal Pudding (Baked)

4 cups milk ... ½ teaspoon salt ...

Bring milk to boiling point. Sprinkle in corn-meal slowly and cook until thick, stir- ... with milk or any preferred sweet sauce.

Two dates actually contain natural sugar equivalent to one level teaspoonful of refined sugar.

Save Fruit Pits and Nutshells of All Kinds for Gas Masks

"Tom, here's our opportunity"

"This battery replacement sales proposition is just what we've been looking for. We can get exclusive sales rights in the territory we have organized for our other lines, or more if we can handle it. There are big possibilities in it; practically every car owner in this territory is a prospect, regardless of the make of his car. And the battery repair business is a big thing too. We can appoint sales agents under us; they know us and it won't take us but a short time to build up a good business."

"Is there a Detroit Battery for every make of car, Bob?"

"Sure—in fact, it's built only for replacement purposes, and I understand it is a wonder. I told you about Rogers over in Springfield. Well, he's cleaning up on the Detroit Battery—says it's just the thing for us to take on. He was sharp—saw this cut in car production coming and 'way last spring he started his battery business. You remember his letter urging us to get busy right away. The company back of this battery is sound financially, have a complete plant, an abundance of raw materials, and an organization of skilled workmen—a good concern to tie up with."

"One thing sure, we've *got* to act. Our overhead is eating us alive. I can plainly see that unless we do take up a line of this kind you and I are going to be in deep water before long. This circular describes their entire sales station plan, and it looks good to me. They'll help us get business and they will sell to us on a basis that we can make some real money. I'm for it—looks like our chance, Bob. What do you say?"

"I wouldn't be surprised if this solves the problem. I think we'd better wire them to hold this territory for us."

Strictly a Replacement Battery

There is a Detroit Storage Battery for every make and model car. Its thick plate construction imparts long life, and it has a world of energy. Thousands of motorists and over 1100 Detroit Battery sales stations claim it to be the superior replacement battery. It was designed by Leon Percy, considered an authority on replacement batteries. We are making a drive to establish between two and three thousand more sales stations. The opportunity is big wherever motor cars run. Put the burden of proof up to us—let us show you what you can do. To save time and insure priority, we suggest that you wire for particulars.

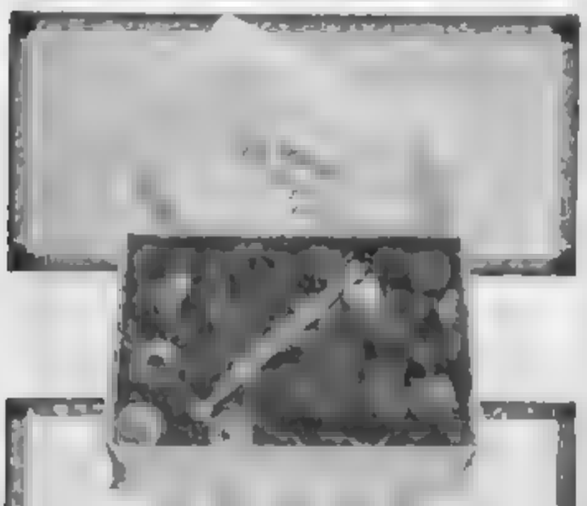
Disco

ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT

Dependable Products

Disco Starter

Detroit Storage Battery



Ambrosia Chocolate Tixies

Pure rich, wholesome [illegible]

Send Them to Your Soldiers

The boys in the cantonments rave about [illegible]

AMBROSIA CHOCOLATE COMPANY
838-Y Fifth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The tool of a thousand and one little repair jobs.

No other tool can take the place of pliers—and ordinary pliers are not [illegible] enough to do the things they want to do. There's as much difference in pliers as in fingers.

Utica Pliers

of many sizes and styles make any one an expert for [illegible]

Hardware and electrical stores sell the Utica—the pliers our test men can't break. Satisfaction or your money back.

Write for "Pliers' Pointers"—it's FREE.

Utica Drop Forge & Tool Co., Dept. A, Utica, N. Y.

the war. The manufacturing facilities, the labor and the cars have been required for our great fighting machine.

"Trash has never been cheap; but, with a lessened difference between the cost of trash and good stuff, the cheap stuff cannot and does not stand the strain of tightened competition with the good stuff. It has been easier for merchants to get good stuff, selling at a fair price, than to get trashy goods to be sold at a price sensationally low. Therefore, many working people accustomed to buying the cheapest stuff on the market have moved up to a higher plane of buying because they could not find the cheap trash at all.

"Very much of this trashy stuff came from Germany and Austria, and we are not likely to see it again; for we are making much better goods here at home that prove themselves to be cheaper at the price. True, the immense war demand upon many of our raw materials has forced down the standard of quality in various lines, like fabrics and underwear; but it is still true that the wage-workers generally are buying relatively a better class of goods and are making better merchandise investments."

A man who has few if any superiors in America as an expert in men's clothing declares that pure woolen cloths will be a curiosity in this country if the war continues another year; and that the real ground swell in prices has not yet hit the public.

"The best protection a man can have now," said this authority, "is to buy for quality; and this applies to the worker in those localities where wages have not increased sensationally—in the places remote from shipyards, steel mills and munition plants. He should look for the middle class of goods in which substantial quality is the main consideration. If he has been in the habit of buying at the bottom he will find it economy to come up to a higher plane."

A Mouth Made Up for Caviar

"The immense army consumption of wool and the fact that the Government has not and probably will not put any restraint on the price of cotton are forcing us to wear cotton at a price already scandalous; and the end is not yet. Cotton stuff is about four times what it was a year ago; and the price is not its worst characteristic, considered from the viewpoint of the uses into which cotton is now being pressed. In outer garments it can never take the place of wool, for it has not the needed warmth; it does not hold its color so well, and it wrinkles. It is all right in its own place, but that place is small when it comes to men's garments for anything but working wear."

One men's-wear merchant of the exclusive shop order says he has found that "nothing is too hot for Gary steel rollers; they're used to the fire! Hats at twenty-five dollars each—soft, fuzzy imported ones—are their style exactly. The only trouble is to get these steel workers to come where the goods are."

At the neckwear counter of a big and fashionable department store this report was given:

"We do not sell one-third of the fifty-cent ties that passed over the counter in normal times; but our customers take three times as many ties at two, three and five dollars as they did before the war. The one phrase most frequently repeated at this counter is the question: 'Best you got?'"

In the metropolitan grocery and market the stranger is again the free spender.

"You get the whole perspective," said a leading Chicago grocer, "when I tell you that the other day we sold three one-pound cans of caviar at twenty dollars a can to a woman who was an entire stranger in the store and who paid cash. Our old charge customers on the Lake Shore Drive are cutting down their table expenses instead of increasing them. Or perhaps a better way to put it would be to say that they are reducing their table supplies; for food prices, as a rule, have just about doubled. The man who can manage to spend less money on his table this year than he did last must have lived on a scale of decided luxury or else he is a master of retrenchment.

"The war is teaching people to demand more from the retail food merchant. A marked result of this pressure is to give people in moderate circumstances more for their money—relatively at least—than they have ever had before. In other words, the conscientious grocer to-day is far more careful about the ten-cent article, for example, than about the fifty-cent item; for it is on the low-priced article he must depend to make his impression.

"Put it this way: I devoted no end of pains to seeing that my main stock of canned peas, to be sold at a low price, was right in every particular. I did not have to devote any time to seeing that the expensive canned goods on my shelves were what they should be."

In the matter of meats this grocer and market man estimates that his wealthy customers are buying twenty-five per cent less and his medium-class customers fifty per cent less than in normal times. The increase comes from the cash customer of the working class who is a stranger in the store—the new-money customer. Here, at the meat counter, you again have the maxim, "The best is the cheapest," served to you once more along with the statement that "the best meats do not shrink." As indicating the jump in prices, hams that sold at this counter for fourteen to eighteen cents now bring thirty-four to forty cents. Apparently the only item that has not increased in price is coffee.

The war has brought many and decided changes in grocery stocks, nearly all of them bearing the label, Made in America! Pointing to a show case well stocked with almost every variety of cheese, a city grocer remarked that there was only one kind having any considerable popularity that was not made in America to-day; and all were made so well that an expert would have difficulty in distinguishing them from their European models.

Boom Times at Gary

Trade in a typical steel town in these piping times of war is anything but a pastime. The clerk at the ribbon counter to-day is the mill hand of to-morrow. Something like a million and a half dollars of pay-roll money is let loose every two weeks in Gary, Indiana, a town of about seventy thousand souls, which ten years ago was a waste of sand and cockleburs.

Not long before Germany opened the bloody business of the great world war mill hands of the common labor type were hired at a dollar and a half a day—a few of them each morning. To-day the lowest type of steel-mill hand averages a trifle over $130 a month. The top wages for the man who works with his hands is $720 a month. These earnings are on the eight-hour basis, with time and a half for overtime. There are 3000 to 5000 men who earn $500 a month or better in the steel plant. The average wages in the tin mill, which employs about 2000 men and 400 women, is above $7 a day.

Add to this glimpse of the wage situation the fact that Indiana, in which Gary is situated, is now a bone-dry state, and you may be prepared for the statement that any laborer who pushes his heir in a perambulator costing less than forty dollars is looked upon by his fellows as something of a piker.

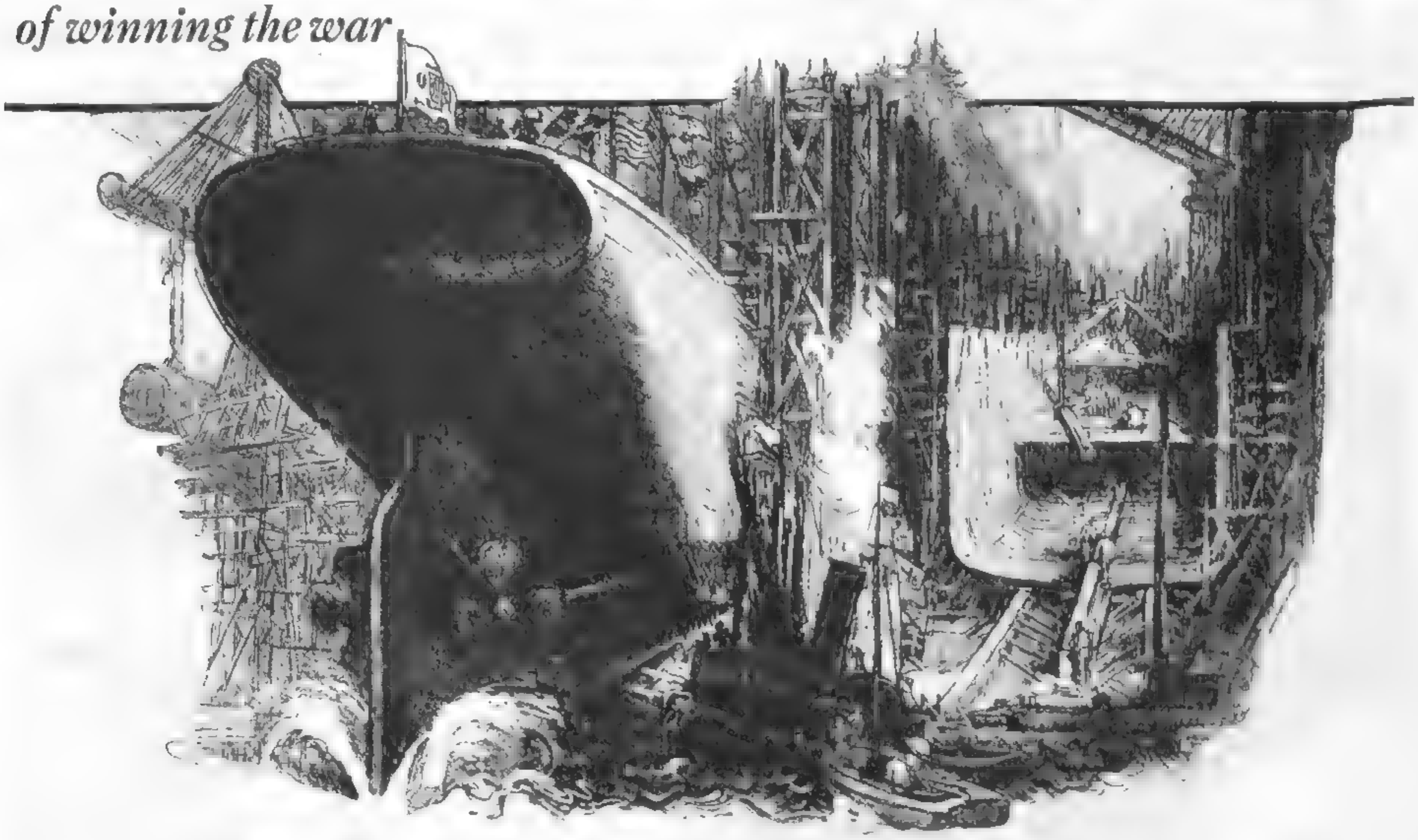
Probably Gary is the only town in America in which you may find three-hundred-dollar phonographs housed in shacks. This odd situation, however, is not the fault of the business men of Gary or of the occupants of the shacks. In spite of all handicaps of increased cost of building, these workers would be housed in decent and sanitary cottages if government restrictions had not shut down on building. As a proof of this statement business men there point to the fact that there were several hundred houses for workingmen under construction when the lid on house building was closed down.

The South Side of this young steel town may be fairly described as something of a foreign settlement, for it contains a mixture of at least thirty-two distinct nationalities. This means that retail merchandising there is largely a racial matter. The South Side Gary department-store clerk who can talk freely with all customers could qualify for the post of interpreter to a congress of all European countries, including the Balkan States and some sections of Asia. And this racial mixture is much more than a matter of making customers understand. It imposes upon the merchants the problem of meeting racial tastes and of understanding racial peculiarities.

For example, the buyer for a South Side department store sells hundreds of dollars' worth of silks at five dollars a yard simply because he understands what the Rumanian women regard as the pinnacle of

(Concluded on Page 81)

Every electrical engineering and manufacturing facility of this company is being applied "without stint or limit" to the vital business of winning the war



"More Ships!" and Electric Power shapes forests into hulls and masts

America becomes a maritime nation overnight. Shipyards have sprung up like mushrooms. It is a race against time, with every day counting. The construction of wooden ships is largely a problem of lumber and labor. Electric power responds.

Electric logging engines go into the forest's depths and bring tons of timber to railroad sidings and river. Electric log hoists and carriages, lumber stackers and conveyors, handle logs and lumber with less labor and in less time than required by old methods.

Big electric motors and controllers are despatched to the lumber mills to operate band and head saws, slashers, trimmers, edgers and planers, making new records in lumber production.

Lumber for ships is not the whole story. The call for more cantonments and barracks, spruce for aëroplanes, workmen's houses and additional shipways comes at the same time. Powerful cranes and hoists, necessary in both steel and wooden ship construction must also have electric power equipment.

Many are the problems in control and motor application. Industrial engineers and managers place their needs before the General Electric Company, whose engineering and manufacturing facilities are broad enough and big enough to give the answer in record time, so that the great war program may not be interrupted.

It is for America's manufacturing and industrial efficiency that such an organization as the General Electric Company is maintained. It is to the interest of the country as a whole that industry avail itself of the opportunity to consult with the industrial engineers of the General Electric Company; for many a perplexing production problem can be solved by the correct application of electric power—sometimes without adding to the present electrical equipment.

Look for this—
the mark of leadership in electrical development and manufacture

G-E motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Columbia Grafonola

The Soldier Off Duty Wants Music

Have you ever heard of a soldiers' Hostess House or Recreation Hut that didn't have a phonograph?

All day long they keep it going; and 'till long after dark. Dance music is what they play most, zippy one-steps, weird jazz waltzes —now and then a war-song hit.

They like that kind of music because they're American boys and girls, full of life and rollicking spirits. The Columbia Grafonola is the fun-center of the place—it is for just such happy, catchy, jolly music that the Grafonola and Columbia Records are noted.

And that's the kind of music you'll find the Grafonola playing in American homes these days —the lively-sparkling, up-to-the-minute melodies that cheery American men and women love.

This is Columbia's war-work over here.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.
New York

Buy War Savings Stamps

Columbia Grafonolas
Standard Models
up to $300
Period Designs
up to $2100

(Concluded from Page 78)

splendor in dress fabrics. He searched New York until he found the right patterns and fabrics for this special trade; and, to use his own phrase, "the wives of Rumanian mill hands buy them as freely as if they were one dollar instead of five a yard." In sketching life behind the counter in the modern steel Babel, this shrewd merchant said:

"A kick on the high prices of merchandise to-day is almost unknown. The trouble is to get enough goods and stuff good enough to meet the ideas of our trade. The question we hear continually is: 'Haven't you anything better than that?' I'll have to admit, however, that this is not wholly a matter of big wages. Before this state and town went dry there was plenty of kicking across the counter. It came from the men who got their pay checks cashed in the saloons and were lucky if they got out with a third of their earnings for the use of their families. No wonder their women thought prices were high.

"To-day the women and children of those families are buying things by the dozen where they bought singly before and they are buying far better goods; in fact, they are simply wallowing in luxury—at least from their viewpoint. They really don't know how to spend all the money they have in these days. They buy about everything they want and still have something left over.

"That collection of shacks across the way, on the property the company is holding for some future industrial purpose, looks something like the tag-end of a Mexican village; but you can't tell how many bonds a Bohunk can buy from the looks of his shack. If I had all the money that is salted away in Gary shacks I'd never have to do another day's work behind the counter. And don't think anybody's going to go and take it away from them either. They're the busiest little bunch of bond buyers you ever saw—just now. Besides, they're fighters, and the man who tries to rob their shacks has some job."

Hose for Dusky Damsels

One of the peculiarities of retailing in that cosmopolitan steel town is the survival of the installment plan of buying when the buyers have a surplus of money. A jeweler and music dealer remarks:

"I sell phonographs and other musical instruments by the score, and nearly all of them on the installment plan. Among the Greeks hardly an instrument goes to a family that has not a handsome bank account. With scarcely an exception these buyers could pay cash for their purchases; but to do so they would have to skip making their customary bank deposit, and this they will not do.

"As a rule, our foreign workers seem to consider making a bank deposit as an almost sacred obligation once they have started in this line of saving. Many of my foreign customers who have bought musical instruments or jewelry pay an installment here one day and make a deposit in the bank the next."

In some cases the furniture dealers have faced a peculiar problem in connection with uncompleted installment purchases made by families when the wage-earners have gone into the Army. These merchants have recognized the fact that all families of men going into the service must be treated with patriotic consideration, and also that furniture is going up in value at a rapid pace.

Therefore, the policy of storing the goods, without interest or other charges, until payments can be resumed has been adopted.

A dry-goods merchant in the center of a foreign settlement declares that the trading temperature of the present moment may be suggested by the fact that he sells few hose to the negro women at less than three dollars. About two years ago ninety-eight cents for this article of apparel was the sky limit, according to this storekeeper.

Another indication of Gary's speed in the trading line is that it is experiencing what virtually amounts to a famine in watches of the best makes. Dealers in this line declare that it is impossible to get enough watches to keep pace with pay days.

Probably there is not another town in America where the dealer in secondhand stoves occupies quite so proud a position as in this Indiana steel metropolis. One dealer with a sense of humor sketches the situation in this phrase:

"The typical steel-mill hand can buy a three-hundred-dollar phonograph, a sixty-dollar baby cab, or even an automobile; but when he goes after a new base-burner or a kitchen range he is made to realize that 'we can't have everything'—not on the same pay day at least. What would have bought the best stove on the market two years ago—a marvel of nickeled magnificence—will now just about cover the price of a rusty secondhand shell rescued by the junkman."

Though the groceries and meat markets of Gary are not complaining on the score of poor trade, these merchants admit that their line has come under the influence of the war-economy spirit to an extent not felt by retailers in other lines. Their best customers of normal times—business and professional men, and the executives and salaried employees of the steel industries—are cutting down their supplies to a marked degree.

"We can't kick against this economy," says a leading market owner, "because it has the right spirit behind it. It is a clear response to the appeal to help win the war by the saving of food. These men know well that the steel worker is the man who needs plenty of meat, and they abstain in order that the men in the service and the workers in the mills may have more."

High-Pressure Prosperity

A Gary grocer and market operator makes this statement: "If all [telephone ordering, all deliveries and all credits were abolished in the retail meat business, it would result in a saving of thirty per cent to the consumers; not because the direct costs saved by this elimination of service and credit would touch this total, but because it would compel shopping in person and more discriminating buying. Customers who used to phone me for three pounds of porterhouse steak are now buying a pound and a half of good plate meat instead. If I hadn't abolished orders by phone, credits and deliveries they would still be buying in the old wasteful way.

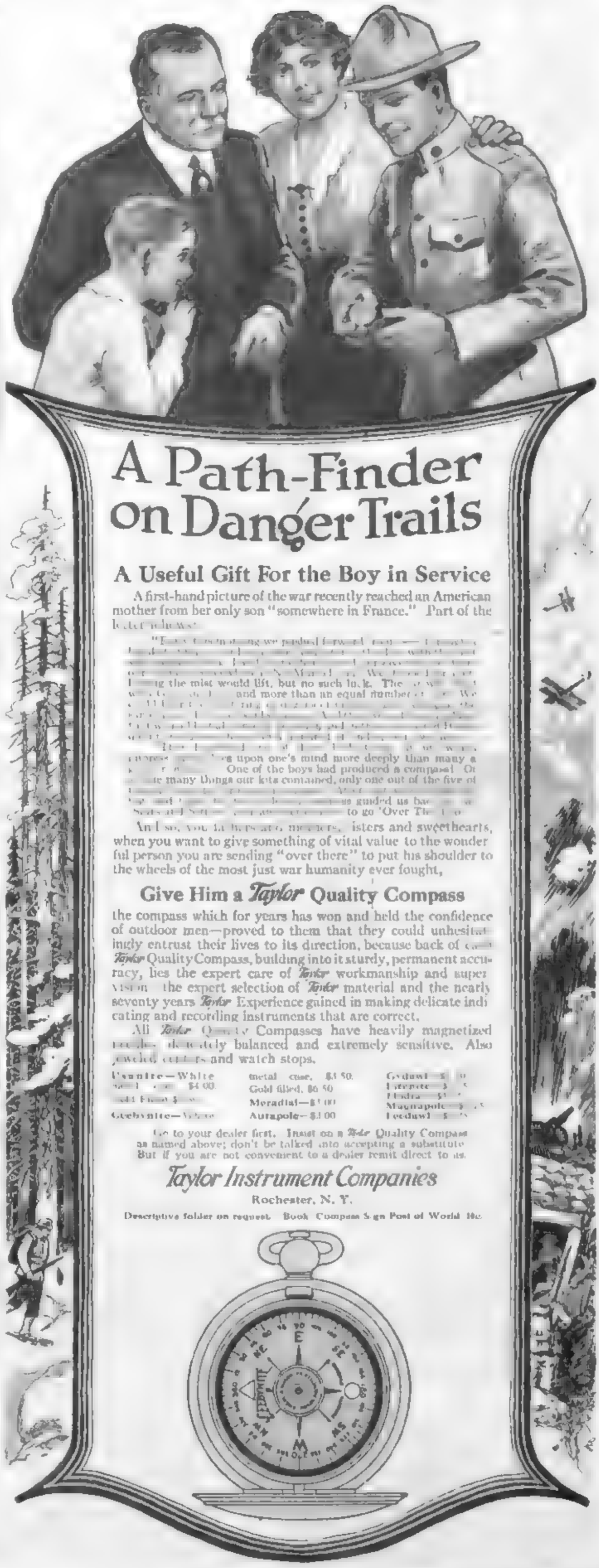
"The economies I have secured by this change have been great. On a smaller margin on my turnover—my profit last year was exactly one and a half per cent—I am making more money, because my volume is increased and my cost diminished. Where I had fifteen hundred book accounts, to-day I have none. It cost me fifty-five dollars a week to operate a delivery truck, and I ran four wagons besides. My outstanding accounts amounted to at least twenty thousand dollars. It cost money to carry these. That money is now saved. If every meat-market business in America would go on the same basis it would be a godsend to the consumers as well as to the dealers. A great national economy would be secured."

The merchandise manager of a large Gary department store declares that since the United States went into the war his costs of doing business have increased fully one-third. They were probably not far from twenty-seven per cent in normal times. The dress goods that sold in this store for one dollar two years ago are now selling almost as freely at two and a quarter and two and a half. The most popular damask in the table section, which brought fifty cents, is now eagerly absorbed at one dollar and one and a quarter.

These examples might be multiplied in almost every line of goods. The dry-goods merchant in the steel town has no trouble to sell goods or to collect the money for them. His troubles are those of operation and buying. He must now buy ahead about three times as far as he would under normal conditions. In many things he must carry excessive stocks and in others starved stocks.

If his cancellations and nondeliveries at the hands of the wholesalers do not amount to more than twenty per cent, he may count himself most fortunate. His speed of turnover is greatly impeded and his investment multiplied; but his customers are constantly calling for more and better goods, and cheerfully pushing the cash across his counters.

The clothier and the furniture dealer and almost every other kind of retailer tell virtually the same story of high-pressure prosperity in the steel town—prices jumping to the tune of one hundred per cent or more; but there is a constant and increasing pressure for more expensive merchandise.



A Path-Finder on Danger Trails

A Useful Gift For the Boy in Service

A first-hand picture of the war recently reached an American mother from her only son "somewhere in France." Part of the letter reads:

"[illegible] and more than an equal number [illegible] One of the boys had produced a compass! Of [illegible] many things our kits contained, only one out of the five of [illegible] to go 'Over The Top'."

And so, you fathers and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, when you want to give something of vital value to the wonderful person you are sending "over there" to put his shoulder to the wheels of the most just war humanity ever fought,

Give Him a Taylor Quality Compass

the compass which for years has won and held the confidence of outdoor men—proved to them that they could unhesitatingly entrust their lives to its direction, because back of each Taylor Quality Compass, building into it sturdy, permanent accuracy, lies the expert care of Taylor workmanship and supervision, the expert selection of Taylor material and the nearly seventy years Taylor Experience gained in making delicate indicating and recording instruments that are correct.

All Taylor Quality Compasses have heavily magnetized needles, delicately balanced and extremely sensitive. Also jeweled centers and watch stops.

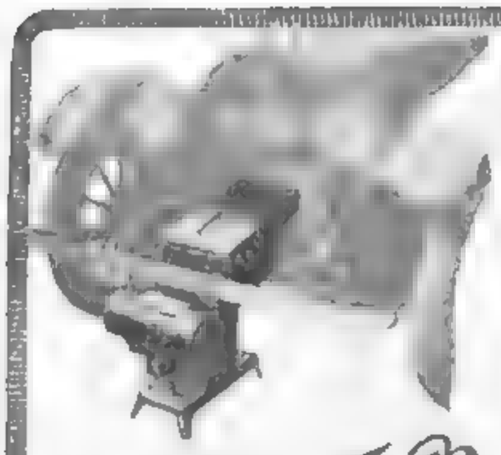
Pyxnite—White metal case, $3.50. [illegible] $4.00. Gold filled, $6.50. [illegible] Meradial—$7.00. Gyrdwel [illegible] Uvernite [illegible] Cuebanite—[illegible] Autapole—$3.00. Hydra [illegible] Magnapole [illegible] Feedawl [illegible]

Go to your dealer first. Insist on a Taylor Quality Compass as named above; don't be talked into accepting a substitute. But if you are not convenient to a dealer remit direct to us.

Taylor Instrument Companies

Rochester, N. Y.

Descriptive folder on request. Book Compass Sign Post of World 10c.



Solve the Coal Problem

With the Neverout Heater

Has adjustable hood—*Fits Any Car.* Simply rested against radiator as shown in illustration. It is light and portable. Makes starting in coldest weather as easy as in Summer and keeps the garage comfortable

The Neverout

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AUTO RADIATOR & GARAGE HEATER

Direct Heating System for the Unheated Garage

¶ Burns Kerosene. 30 hours with one filling—capacity 1½ gallons.

¶ Prevents cracked radiators and water jackets; assists lubrication, saving wear on the motor.

¶ Solves the cold garage problem.

¶ Screened like a miner's safety lamp. Specially designed burner, making an intense blue flame.

¶ Neverout Garage Heaters have been approved by leading fire insurance companies.

PRICE $27.50 COMPLETE Ready for Use Express prepaid

The Winter Necessity

As our supply this year will be limited, mail or wire your order today. Must be as represented or money back.

ROSE MFG. CO.
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Makers of the well known Neverout Lamps

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Makes the Best Dishes Better

Faust Chile Powder is a "different" seasoning.

DEALERS—Ask Your Jobber. JOBBERS—Write Us.
C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Manufacturers of the world famous Faust Instant Coffee & Tea. Faust Instant

Save Coal—Have a Warm Bed in a cold room all night

$2.25

It can't rub over — It won't leak

For Sleeping Porches, Baby Carriages Sick Rooms, People with Poor Circulation, also Automobiles

A New and Welcome Christmas Gift Idea

Druggists and General Storekeepers will find these foot warmers

Dorchester Pottery Works, 110 Victory Road, Dorchester, Mass.

Cotton *in*side—wool *out*side!

Here is cotton *comfort* with wool warmth, in a *medium* weight sock

This sock is so knit that the fine soft cotton yarn is thrown next to the skin, while the outside is warm smooth-knit worsted. [illegible] a splendid sock to make a winter

Iron Clad No. 334–O

Iron Clad

Buy War Savings Stamps

DAFFY

(Continued from Page 16)

Refreshed, he watched the rush from the offices to the apéritif, and listened to the talk at the tables round him. He had been instructed to keep his ears open, and the apéritif loosened tongues.

At seven the throng had, for the most part, cleared from the streets and the fronts of the cafés into the dining rooms. He rose, relieved to be free from the din of the loud, unnecessary and rather vacuous German laugh that had assaulted his ears all day. He dined at the legation, and after dinner won a game of billiards from one of the junior attachés; and then, after a close fight, was beaten by the minister himself, a far inferior player. Among the diplomats Daffy was diplomatic.

By ten he was in bed. At half past seven the next morning he was taking his coffee and rolls at a retired table in front of the Café of the Golden Crown. His appetite was excellent.

For four more days he pursued this course, unwearied, patiently. Most boys of his age would have found its monotony trying, but Daffy's was one of those sterling natures that can endure any amount of inactivity without flinching. A placid, ordered life suited him down to the ground. He liked to sit in the sun and watch the strange crowd to a soothing accompaniment of iced sirups, cigarettes and sweet cakes.

Then, late in the afternoon of the fourth day, his patience was rewarded. There had been a reception of sorts at the German Legation and a rival reception at the Russian Legation; and the throng was thickly set with bright to gorgeous gala uniforms. Daffy was surprised to see in German uniforms so many people he had taken for ordinary rogues.

He scanned the throng, especially the throng that came from the direction of the German Legation, with more careful and keener eyes; for he had reason to believe Helmsley had the right to wear such a uniform.

His face, well shaded by his large right hand, was turned to the right, when of a sudden there rang out on his left a loud hearty laugh. He knew that laugh; he would have known it among ten thousand. He turned his face slowly, dropping two fingers to hide his eyes, and peered between them at the laughter.

His eyes gave his ears the lie direct; the man who was laughing the laugh of the fresh-colored, fair-haired, fair-mustached Helmsley was a sallow, dark-bearded man in the uniform of an officer of a Russian infantry regiment.

For a moment Daffy thought his ears had mocked him. Then his eyes fell on the pretty lady, so finely dressed, who was laughing up into the laughing face of the Russian officer; and he recognized the object of his first grand passion, Hilda Bloch. His eyes, reassured, grasped the fact that, though the beard might be the beard of a Russian, the teeth were the large, grayish-brown teeth of Helmsley.

Absorbed in the joke, their eyes did not stray his way. He let them go thirty yards down the street; then rose and followed them. Thanks to his thoughtfulness in paying for each drink as soon as he got it, there was nothing to delay him. He followed them, stooping, using now the large hat of a woman, now the helmet of an officer, to screen his face. It was not difficult to follow them unseen; they seemed to be feeling secure enough; they never looked round. Halfway down the main street they turned into a side street and, fifty yards down it, went into the Hotel of the Golden Canister.

Daffy walked across the road to a café and settled down on a retired chair thirty yards from the hotel door. Neither Helmsley nor Hilda Bloch came out of it; but several Russians in uniform and several civilians bearded like Russians went into it.

Daffy sat patiently watching the hotel door; but his wonted placidity appeared to be ruffled, for he was frowning darkly. He was annoyed that the object of his first grand passion should prove to be a German spy; but he was mightily indignant that Hilda Bloch, after having been born in England and lived in and on England for twenty years should be out to help destroy the land on which she had so long sponged.

He kept watch till past seven, when it was time to get back to the legation for dinner. Then, making no doubt that Helmsley would dine at the Golden Canister and, as the soul of the party, pick up any information his unsuspecting Russian friends inadvertently oozed, he rose and went. His face had not yet resumed its usual placidity; his indignation, indeed, was still growing; he was beginning to feel uncommonly vengeful.

On entering the legation he went to the telephone, asked for a number and, when he heard the voice he expected at the other end of the wire, said "Spotted!" and rang off. That was all he was to say. Since the staffs of the exchanges were in the pay of the Germans, the French, the Russians, to say nothing of the Italians and the English, the wires were not busy carrying political information or the police news.

Then he dressed for dinner quickly and went down to the end of the garden. He had barely reached it when a door in the wall opened and a small cheery-looking man, with twinkling gray eyes, in dress and appearance an obvious inhabitant of the neutral city, came through and shut the door sharply behind him.

"Well, young sir, what have you to report?" he said, not only in English but with the accent and intonation of a well-bred Englishman; and his eyes twinkled on Daffy.

"I spotted Helmsley. He's wearing the uniform of a Russian officer of the One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment and a dark beard and wig—or perhaps he's dyed his hair. He's at the Golden Canister; dining there I should think, for he went into it at a quarter to six and he was still there at a quarter past seven," said Daffy.

"An officer of the One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment, dark-haired and with a dark beard—at the Golden Canister," said the small man in a rising inflection. "But that's —— Oh—hang it all!—you must have made a mistake! Why, you told me Helmsley was a full-faced fresh-colored young fellow, and this man's lean and sallow."

"Yes; he's changed his hair and his complexion, but he hasn't changed his laugh or his teeth. It's Helmsley, all right," said Daffy with quiet certainty.

"Then all I can say is that the Czar and Czarina themselves attended his wedding three weeks ago at Petrograd; and he's here on a most important mission," said the small man; and his eyes no longer twinkled.

"I can't help that," said Daffy firmly. "You see, it wasn't only his eyes and teeth, but he was with a girl I know Helmsley knew—a girl called Hilda Bloch, the daughter of a German jeweler at Middleham."

"He was! At a quarter to six? What's she like?" cried the small man; he appeared to be growing excited.

"She's a pretty enough girl," said Daffy in a grudging tone. "She has dark-blue eyes and dark-brown hair; and she always looks bright and lively. She hasn't that bleached look the German girls here have. She was wearing a greenish dress and a greenish hat with a red bow on it. The little beast looked top-hole."

"The Countess Sudislaf," the little man said softly; and then, louder: "But are you sure?"

"Sure?" said Daffy. "She taught me German!"

The small man gazed at him, scowling ferociously; then his face cleared and he said:

"Young sir, you would have surprised me if I hadn't lost the gift of being surprised nearly two years ago. But, seriously, you have rendered us valuable service and I'm very much obliged to you."

"Not at all," said Daffy politely.

The small man paused, thinking; then he said:

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to get you back to England for nearly a week. But I think you'll be able to have a good time here, now that your time's all your own."

"Oh, that's all right," said Daffy. "But, I say, couldn't I go on helping in this business? I should like to take it out of that little beast of a girl. This spying business is so uncalled-for from her, you know."

The small man laughed gently.

"I wonder what verb you and she chiefly conjugated," he said. "But no; I don't think you can do anything more. You've done quite a lot in stopping a big

(Continued on Page 85)

Looking Forward

The world moves forward only as it looks forward.

Long before the first shimmering stream of *Lynite* came molten from the crucible, the men who created it had begun to look forward.

They saw in *Lynite* more than merely a new group of metals or alloys. They saw in it an instrument of progress. To them, the name *"Lynite"* was the symbol not simply of a substance but of a service.

They were not content to place at the command of the automotive and other industries a metal with rare lightness and heat-conductivity.

They visioned the day when cars, trucks and planes would be stripped clean of every ounce of excess weight, and in that vision they saw a great responsibility and a great opportunity to serve mankind.

Now with the aid of a large staff of experts in metallurgy, metallography, chemistry, aero-dynamics and gas engine design; with the advantage of exceptionally complete laboratories, and with foundries and machine shops under scientific control, they are pushing on toward a realization of that vision.

They are looking forward and moving forward toward the ultimate combination of swiftness, lightness and efficiency, all the while aiming to perfect new alloys and new processes; assisting in the designing and redesigning of engines and cars; applying the lightness of *Lynite* in new ways to various and sundry products.

From small beginnings a few years ago they have reached the point where a single airplane engine, for example, contains nearly a hundred *Lynite* parts. Now they are looking forward to the day when *Lynite* will not only be pre-eminently the metal of the automotive industries, but will largely be used in divers other industries where its light weight, strength and heat-conductivity make it particularly desirable.

THE ALUMINUM CASTINGS COMPANY

LYNITE and LYNUX Products

Ten Plants in

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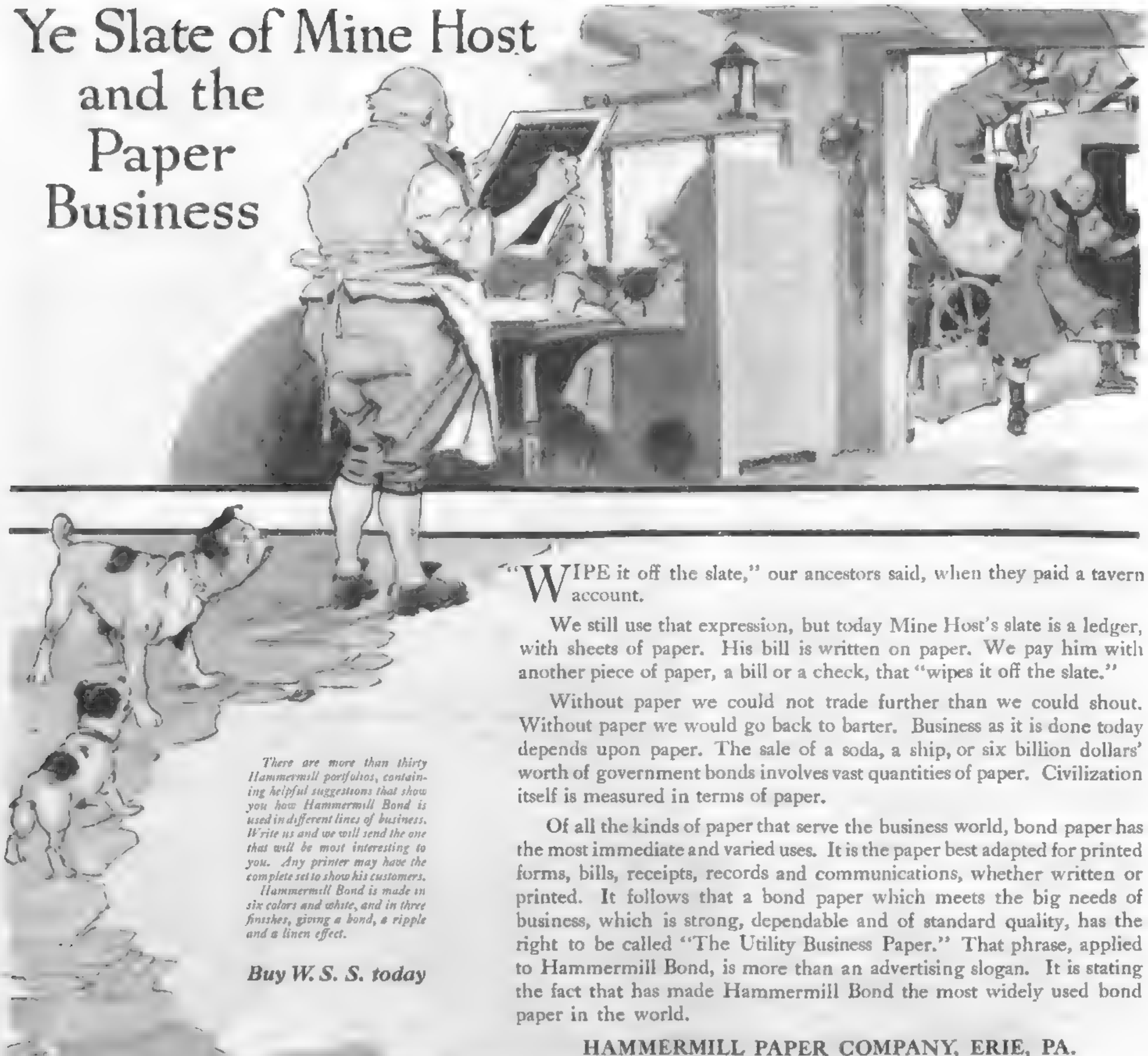
LYNITE

Ye Slate of Mine Host and the Paper Business



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Hammermill Bond is made in six colors and white, and in three finishes, giving a bond, a ripple and a linen effect.

Buy W. S. S. today

"WIPE it off the slate," our ancestors said, when they paid a tavern account.

We still use that expression, but today Mine Host's slate is a ledger, with sheets of paper. His bill is written on paper. We pay him with another piece of paper, a bill or a check, that "wipes it off the slate."

Without paper we could not trade further than we could shout. Without paper we would go back to barter. Business as it is done today depends upon paper. The sale of a soda, a ship, or six billion dollars' worth of government bonds involves vast quantities of paper. Civilization itself is measured in terms of paper.

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(Continued from Page 82)

leak—stopping leaks seems to be your métier."

"But that was all rather accidental. I should like to do something real," said Daffy earnestly.

The little man shook his head; then his eyes twinkled again and he said:

"Well, one should never discourage enthusiasm. We believe that Count Boris Helmsley Sudislaf had in his possession stolen copies of the plans of a new submarine destroyer. But, thanks to you, he had to bolt in such a hurry that he hadn't time to get them before he went. We know there has been a hitch about getting them out of England. They're very likely at Milldown—in some place the Huns can't get at now. We can't have too many searchers.

"You know the officers' quarters: they may be hidden there though we've searched in vain for them. You may have a try; but be careful, as long as you're here, to keep absolutely out of sight of both the Sudislafs. Thanks again for your discovery. Good night!" said the small man; and he slipped through the doorway in the wall.

Daffy was disappointed. He had a feeling that he ought to get even with Hilda Bloch, alias the Countess Sudislaf, alias Frau Helmsley. At dinner the daughter of the minister found him morose.

That night there was a reception of sorts at the British Legation and, thoughtlessly, Daffy was present. From a corner of the room, among a group of diplomats, he watched the guests enter. About the twentieth guest was the Countess Sudislaf.

There was nothing to be done. He could not go out of the room without passing her; he was too big to hide himself. He stood still and watched her.

She had shaken hands with the minister and was looking round the room when her gaze fell on him.

Her eyes opened wider; his lips parted in surprise. Then she was smiling and greeting an elderly diplomat. But she did not waste a second. She came straight across the room to him with a joyful smile on her face and both hands outstretched.

"Oh, Mr. Bligh! Who would have thought of seeing you here!" she cried.

Daffy shook her right hand without warmth and said:

"How are you? I'm staying here—with my aunt."

"But how delightful! Take me to get an ice. I really must talk to you—about old times," she said with charming friendliness.

She laid her hand on Daffy's arm, smiled round on the group, and led him out of the room. She sat down in the corner of the dining room farthest from the buffet, and when he had brought her an ice she said in a pleading tone:

"I don't want you to talk to anyone about me, Daffy—tell them anything about me, I mean; that my father was a German. I've married a Russian, Count Sudislaf; he's a dear, but so awfully proud, you know. It would spoil everything if people knew my people were German, though I'm English myself, of course. You can see it would. And you won't give me away, will you? For old times' sake!"

Her bright eyes were gazing earnestly into his; her face was set in pathetic entreaty. But Daffy was unmoved. As he had already told the right people about her, he said grumpily:

"Why should I give you away?"

She breathed a short sharp sigh of extreme relief and cried:

"Ah, I knew you wouldn't! That's the advantage of having an English gentleman for a friend—an officer too! You're so safe."

Daffy was annoyed. Then she looked at him thoughtfully, considering, her brow knitted in a faint frown.

"Are you staying here long?" she said.

"Four or five days," said Daffy.

Her eyes hardened. She hesitated; then said:

"You must meet Boris—my husband. You'll get on so well together. Russians are so charming. Will you—will you come for a motor drive to-morrow afternoon at four and dine with us afterward?"

Daffy hesitated. He did not like her eyes; they were not at all friendly, though her lips were smiling. But there was just an off chance that he might get hold of something. He ought to have a shot at it.

"Thanks awfully! I should like to," he said.

"That will be nice," she said, and rose. Then she added: "And we met—where did we meet? In London. Yes; it's a large place. Remember—in London."

"I'll remember," said Daffy.

That night and the next morning he pondered the invitation. What was the object of it? Probably Hilda had in her mind some idea of getting him out of the way. She had certainly looked as if she had something unpleasant in her mind. Very likely Count Sudislaf would see no necessity to take any such trouble and a message would come to say that the motor drive and dinner were impossible. No such message came.

Daffy was half inclined to let the Secret Service agent know of the entertainments that were being lavished on him, but desisted. He would probably be forbidden to go. But he went over the small automatic pistol with great care before he slipped it into his hip pocket. With boyish sentimentality, rather rare in him, he had named it Little Pet. On his day he could do things with it. He fancied that this was his day.

He found a light car in front of the Golden Canister; and in the hall he found the Countess Sudislaf, alone. She greeted him warmly and then conveyed her husband's regrets that he could not motor with them. Daffy was not surprised. He had doubted that the count would put his disguise to the test. She said they would meet at dinner. Daffy doubted that too.

The countess drove the car. She did not seem to be either an experienced or a courageous driver. Daffy persuaded her to let him drive. It seemed to him that, though she was not driving, she was still nervous. It was a pleasant thought that Little Pet was in his hip pocket. It was also pleasant to think that they would surely underestimate his intelligence.

He did not talk much. There was no need for him to talk much. The Countess Sudislaf talked enough for two, nervously but insistently. Daffy tested the car. Later he might want to get a good deal of speed out of her. He thought he could. The countess acted as guide.

At about five, to judge from the loaded carts they passed and the empty carts they met, they were near the German frontier. Daffy had no intention of getting too near it.

They must have been about a mile from the frontier when she bade him take a side road that ran parallel with it, saying they would make a circuit and return by another road.

It was a pleasant evening and Daffy let the car run slowly to enjoy it fully. Twice the countess made him stop to admire the scenery. The third time she bade him stop to admire an old windmill, which stood about fifty yards back from the road. The sails were broken and it looked empty. They looked at it; and then she said in a tone of girlish excitement:

"Let's go and explore it. We might get to the top and get a beautiful view."

"Yes; they do think they've got a soft thing!" said Daffy in his heart; but his lips said:

"Rather! It will be rather fun."

She stepped out of the car, smiling, and he followed her. Halfway to the mill she said:

"It may be haunted!"

Daffy was sure it was; but, as he shifted Little Pet from his hip to his jacket pocket, he only said:

"It's a bit early in the evening for ghosts."

He spoke carelessly enough, but his pulse was at least two beats quicker at the thought that probably he was going to get a chance to try Little Pet on a real target.

At the bottom of the steps leading to the mill door she turned her head and scanned his face with sharp eyes. It was placid, even phlegmatic.

She walked up the steps, paused on the threshold, and entered the mill. Daffy followed her with both hands in his jacket pockets. Halfway across the half-circular stone-floored chamber she stepped sharply aside—and out of a low doorway opposite came Count Boris Helmsley Sudislaf, with his revolver pointing at Daffy's face.

"Hands up!" he cried.

Daffy did not put up his hands; he opened his eyes and mouth, and stood the picture of staring stupefaction. The count burst into noisy hearty laughter; the countess laughed shrilly and spitefully.

"I think I think we've turned the tables, Daffy, my young friend—except that you won't get any chance of bolting," said the count. "You're going to be found on the other side of the frontier during the

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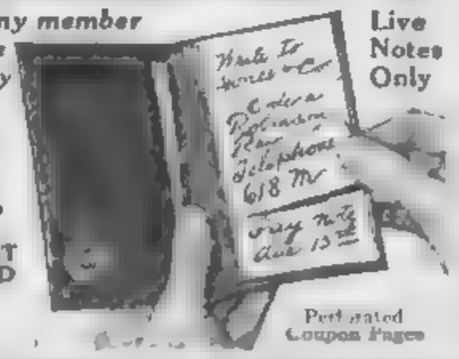

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"When you've told us everything we think you know—and you'll be made to tell, most unpleasantly made to tell—what's left of you will be hanged on the nearest tree. We shan't waste a single good cartridge on you. Oh, you'll wish much harder than you're wishing now that you hadn't been so damned smart at Milldown, Hans!"

A big man came out of the inner room grinning. He carried a small coil of thick cord in his left hand.

Daffy looked hard at the count's left knee—so hard that it was the only thing he saw in the world. Little Pet cracked in his pocket; the count screeched, toppled over with a bullet through his kneecap, and squirmed, howling, about the floor. He had uncovered Hans. Little Pet cracked thrice—Hans was a big man. He looked slightly startled, groaned once, his legs gave under him and he lay on the floor, curiously huddled up. Then the countess screamed.

"In wartime you should shoot first and talk afterward," said Daffy, with his slow placid smile; and he looked through the doorway of the inner room with all his eyes.

Nothing stirred in it. The countess dropped on her knees beside her moaning spouse.

Daffy refilled the magazine of Little Pet, stepped forward, picked up the revolver, slipped it into his hip pocket, and took the coil of cord from Hans' nerveless hand.

Gently enough, but firmly, he bound the countess' hands behind her. She abused him shrilly and furiously in English and German. He made no defense. He bound her ankles together; then he dragged her to the wall and set her back against it.

He went back to the count and thoughtfully considered his pale, distorted face, covered with beads of the cold sweat of pain. Then he knelt down in front of him, grinned at him hideously, and said:

"I'm going to saw your leg backward and forward till you tell me where you've hidden the plans of that submarine destroyer."

The count gibbered at him. Daffy gripped the ankle of his wounded leg, but he did not move his hand, much less the leg. He moved his elbow as if he were moving the leg.

The count saw the elbow move and screeched for all the world as if his motionless leg were being sawed backward and forward. Three times he yelled; then he gasped:

"Table drawer—quarters—Milldown—C. O.!" And then he fainted.

Daffy rose and said to the countess in a singularly boyish tone of labored sarcasm:

"Telling the truth seems to have hurt him more than a bullet through the kneecap. He must be a bit soft, though—howling like that!"

"You blackguard! You dirty young blackguard!" cried the countess.

"You don't suppose I really moved his beastly leg?" said Daffy in a tone of reproach.

He stopped again, searched the count's pockets, thrust a thick pocketbook into his own breast pocket, said "Good evening!" and walked out of the mill with an air of injured dignity.

He drove back to the city by the way they had come; and he put all his heart and a good deal of his soul into the driving. In forty minutes he drew up in front of the legation. He was at the telephone in ten seconds.

When his Secret Service friend at the other end of the wire said "Hello!" he said: "Spotted! Dam' quick!" And rang off.

He went down the garden; and he did not have to wait long—about seven minutes. Then the small man bounced through the doorway. He looked far from pleased.

"What is it?" he snapped.

"The stolen plans of the new submarine destroyer are in the table drawer of Helmsley's old quarters at Milldown."

"I'm hanged if they are!" snapped the small man. "We've looked."

"He told me so; and he was speaking the truth," said Daffy positively.

"He told you so? When?" snapped the small man.

"About three-quarters of an hour ago—in an empty mill near the frontier. I can't tell you exactly where—only that it's along a side road off the South Road, a mile from a big military bridge. He and that little beast of a girl set out to do me in. But I got in the first shot and smashed up his kneecap. It was after that he told me."

"It would make anyone confidential," said the small man softly.

"There's another Hun there, too. I think he's dead. I hadn't time to make sure. And that little beast of a girl is tied up."

"My hat!" said the little man softly; and he was staring at Daffy as if he were an object of real interest.

"And here's his pocketbook—Helmsley's. I thought there might be something useful in it," said Daffy, holding it out to him.

The small man took it almost gingerly; then, as he opened it, he said:

"I owe you an apology for not realizing sooner that you're hot stuff, young sir."

"You have to be if you're going to be tortured and then hanged," said Daffy with simple conviction.

"That was what he promised you, was it? These asses do make me tired! They will talk!" said the small man.

He opened the pocketbook, took some papers from one side of it and put them in his pocket. Then he examined the bank notes in the other side of it.

"World currency, of course," he said; "Bank of England five-pound and ten-pound notes."

He put them back into the pocketbook and held it out to Daffy.

"Oh, but ——" said Daffy.

"Nonsense, my good chap! The spoils of war. I insist," said the small man.

Daffy put the pocketbook into his pocket and, with a faint sigh of satisfaction, said:

"It does always come in useful."

"True, O philosopher!" said the small man. "And now I must get you out of this dam' quick."

"That's what I thought," said Daffy.

Three days later, somewhat travel-stained, he reported himself to his friend Lestrange, the new C. O. of the Milldown Depot. After they had exchanged greetings Daffy said:

"Did you find those plans in the drawer of the table in Helmsley's old quarters?"

"We did not," said Lestrange. "The Secret Service people were foxed."

"It wasn't them; it was me," said Daffy, frowning. "I should like to take a look at that drawer myself."

They went to the quarters that had been occupied by Captain Christopher Helmsley—and Daffy took the drawer out of the table. It was of poor but honest English deal. He turned it about, examined it, tapped it, put it back, and stared at its black composite handle in earnest thought.

Then a slow placid smile illumined his large face and he said:

"Lord, what an ass I am! I forgot all about the C. O. They're in your quarters."

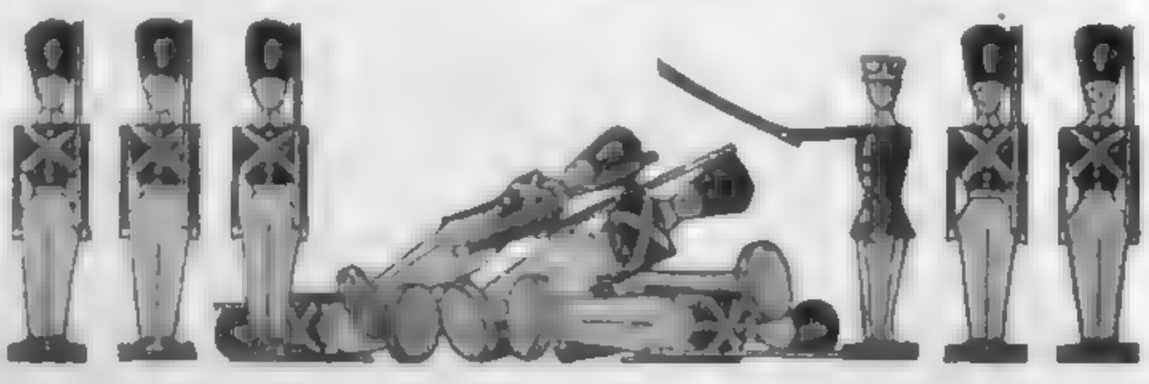
"Mine?" said Lestrange.

"Yes. Helmsley was very pally with the late C. O.—always in and out."

They went briskly to Lestrange's quarters. Lestrange pulled out the drawer. It was neatly lined with paper. Daffy raised the paper and disclosed the bottoms of some sheets of tracing paper, covered with drawings.

"Well, I'll be shot!" said Lestrange. "The beggar was cute."

"I knew he was speaking the truth!" said Daffy in a tone of gentle satisfaction.



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THE CHRISTUS

(Continued from Page 9)

THE MONK—[sensing his meaning]: But you—are not He! [After a slight pause.] Yet you bear Him a strange resemblance.

THE SENTRY: Why not? I am a man, created in His image, clothed with His flesh. Often in the past I have played His rôle.

THE MONK: You are not He. He would never wear such a cloak as this!

THE SENTRY: One may put aside a cloak.

THE MONK: True!

THE SENTRY: All men have a common nakedness; it is the nakedness of God. Yet when they put on clothing they become as men and are judged by the differences in their garments. For instance, if you wore such a cloak as mine you might leave this prison at will. With my uniform—and a little luck—you might walk unchallenged through the German lines to safety.

THE MONK: What do you mean?

THE SENTRY: The allied outposts are not a thousand yards from the trenches where you were digging to-day. . . . And you and I are about of a size!

THE MONK: You wish to help me to escape?

THE SENTRY—[with a faint smile]: I wish to see the little statue restored to its friends. That is only right and proper. Come! The night is almost spent. Let us exchange clothing—my soldier's coat for your priest's robe.

THE MONK: You would remain here as the prisoner in my stead?

THE SENTRY: I am a prisoner now.

THE MONK: You would take my fate upon your shoulders?

THE SENTRY—[slowly]: If God so wills it.

THE MONK—[seizing his arm]: You know what that fate is to be! I can see the knowledge in your eyes. You heard my sentence pronounced by the officer upstairs—the furious little red officer with the great stomach. [The sentry does not speak; the monk continues.] Tell me what he said—that little red officer. I do not speak German. I could not understand him; but I saw his face. It was terrible! And the words that came out of his mouth were like blows!

THE SENTRY: We speak a stern language. You must not judge us by the sounds we make. Give me your cassock, I pray you.

THE MONK: No! I'll not have another man sacrifice himself for me. If I were permitted to escape they would kill you.

THE SENTRY: Sometimes it is very well to die.

THE MONK: So I believe; and, since I am a priest and a Belgian, what fairer end could I ask than to die for God and for Belgium?

THE SENTRY: You do not understand. It is not of Belgium that I am thinking—no; nor even of God. I am thinking of mankind; of the great human company that struggles so desperately, so tragically to its day of freedom! I am thinking of the common people of the world, of men and women everywhere, the simple ones, those who have paid for progress with their blood and for happiness with their tears! I see them going forward in the sweat of their bodies, stumbling over frontiers and phrases, living in hope and sleeping in sorrow, ridden by mad kings and betrayed by false prophets, exploited, shackled, tricked, robbed and slain—but always and forever going forward! In the name of that company and for the sake of that freedom it is excellent to die. But it is still more excellent to live—if one can. You, my brother, have the right to live. Your soul is guiltless; your hands are clean. You have committed no trespass against your own kind. You may go out into the highways of the world and preach the only true and living Gospel—which is to love thy neighbor as thyself!

THE MONK: But you?

THE SENTRY: I? I am one of those in whom there is no virtue but to die. Let me perish then, if perish I must, in protest against the blindness of my own people.

THE MONK: They will call you traitor!

THE SENTRY: Treason to Prussia is faithfulness to mankind. Will you accept my cloak?

THE MONK—[bowing his head]: I will! [He falls to his knees, with the figure of the Saviour clasped in his hands.] O Father, I call upon Thee to witness my decision. Thou knowest I would have died for Thee and for Belgium. Now grant that I may live to serve both God and country.

THE SENTRY: Say, rather: To serve mankind!

THE MONK: To serve mankind!

[The sentry takes off his coat and gives it to the other, who slowly unbinds the cord of his monk's robe. Then the candle is extinguished and for a while the stage is in darkness. After a time, a match is struck and the candle relighted, disclosing the sentry, dressed now in the monk's gray robe, kneeling upon the stone. The monk has disappeared.]

THE SENTRY—[raising his clasped hands]: God give me strength! God give me courage ——

[A tramp of feet is heard outside the chamber. The sentry hastily flings himself down upon the floor and feigns sleep. A squad of German soldiers enters, headed by a huge bearded sergeant.]

THE SERGEANT: Squad—halt! [The squad halts and the arms of the soldiers come rattling down upon the pavement.]

THE SERGEANT—[pulling a bit of paper out of his cap and reading it by the candlelight]: "Belgian monk—Friday at daybreak—to the door of the church in the village." That's all right! [He perceives the winecup on the floor, snatches it up, and drinks eagerly.] Ah! That goes well! It's damned raw work nailing a man up to a church door before breakfast. [Takes another swig.] Frightfulness is all right in its place, but not on an empty stomach.

A SOLDIER—[boldly]: Pass the cup round!

THE SERGEANT: Silence in the ranks! [He empties the cup and hurls it to the floor. At this sound the sentry rouses, but takes care to keep his back to the soldiers.]

THE SERGEANT—[slapping him on the shoulder]: Come along, you! The sooner we get this business over, the better it'll be for all concerned.

[The sentry rises. The sergeant steps up behind him and, producing a black handkerchief, binds it over the face of the doomed man.]

A BOY SOLDIER—[suddenly lurching from the ranks and flinging down his rifle]: I can't do it! I can't do it! Not on Good Friday. O God, I can't do it! [He falls sobbing to his knees.]

THE SERGEANT—[drawing his revolver]: Pick up that rifle, you swine!

[The boy looks into the mouth of the revolver; then slowly reaches out, grasps the rifle, lifts it to his shoulder, and falls back into line. The sergeant issues an order. Two soldiers advance and place themselves on either side of the prisoner.]

THE SERGEANT: Attention! Squad—right face! Forward—march!

[The soldiers tramp out with the masked figure of the sentry in their midst. The room echoes for a moment with the measured tread of feet; then gradually the sound grows fainter until it dies away in the distance.]

CURTAIN

Act III

THE hour, before dawn. The place, before the church in the village. On either side of the church, which stands in the center of the stage, are rows of ruined houses. Some of these are mere blackened shells. Some have their entrails poured out into the street. Some are split open and gape horridly at the beholder. The church itself has been partly destroyed and the whole scene stands bleakly against the graying sky. In the distance is the mountain, crowned with the broken monastery walls. The atmosphere of the place is one of iron grimness. It is still quite dark, and throughout the act the figures of the players are but dimly seen.

The tramp of feet is heard once more, this time upon an ascending scale. The squad of soldiers comes into the square, headed by the bearded sergeant. Several lanterns in the hands of the soldiers reveal the gray-robed person of the prisoner, with the black handkerchief over his face, and cast a weird glow upon the muddy rutted street.

THE SERGEANT: Squad—halt! [The squad halts. The sergeant wipes his forehead and rasps out another command. Two soldiers march the prisoner up the church steps.]

THE SERGEANT: Now the spikes! Quick with the spikes, there! I've had word that the general himself is coming down to inspect this job.

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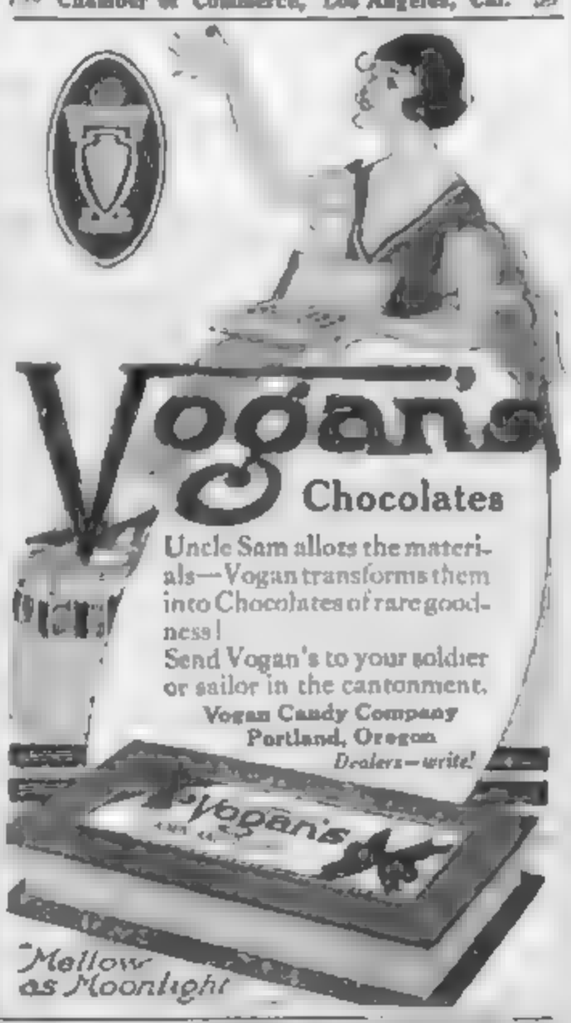

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A SOLDIER: We ought to be drunk to do a good job!

THE SERGEANT: Silence!

[A sudden chant of men's voices is heard. The soldiers pause and glance at one another uneasily.]

THE SERGEANT: It's those damned monks! They're going out to dig in the trenches. [After a moment of indecision.] We'll wait till they've passed.

[The monks enter from the right. They have spades and trench tools in their hands and are accompanied by an armed guard in command of a corporal. They are singing an Ave Maria, and their voices ring out strangely upon the stillness of the square. When they perceive the masked figure on the church steps they halt and cry out.]

A MONK: Who art thou, brother?

THE SENTRY—[from the steps]: One who dies for mankind!

A SECOND MONK—[approaching him]: May the peace of God and the glory of His Kingdom be with you now and forevermore.

THE COMPANY OF MONKS: Amen! Amen! [The guards hustle their charges back into line.]

THE SERGEANT—[addressing the corporal]: What right have these cursed church rats to go singing through the streets? Why don't you stop their mouths?

THE CORPORAL: I've tried to; but it doesn't work. There's only one way to keep them quiet. [He makes a gesture of throat cutting.] But I'm not allowed to do that. So I let 'em sing. Come on, my jolly gravediggers! Come on! Forward—march!

THE MONKS—[to the figure on the steps]: Peace be unto you! God be with you! Adieu, brother! Be faithful, brother! Until we meet again, brother!

[Once more they begin to chant the Ave Maria, and move off singing. Their voices die away gradually.]

THE SERGEANT—[sharply]: All ready there! You with the spikes ——

THE BOY SOLDIER—[beginning to shriek]: I'm afraid! I'm afraid!

A SOLDIER: Stop your damned sniveling!

A SECOND SOLDIER: This time last year I was home on leave.

A THIRD SOLDIER—[plaintively]: We ought to be drunk! They ought to have given us drink.

THE SERGEANT: Quiet—curse you!

THE BOY SOLDIER: I'm afraid! I ——
[His voice rattles away in his throat. The sergeant seizes him by the neck and, after choking him, throws him down the church steps, where he lies half unconscious. Another tramp of feet is heard.

THE SERGEANT—[breathing hard]: What's that?

A SOLDIER: Only some of our men, sir, coming back to rest.

THE SERGEANT: Rest? Ha, ha, ha! A hell of a rest you get in this war!

[A company of German soldiers enters—left—led by a jaded young officer. The men are muddy and spent with fatigue. They slouch wearily along, their blurred figures gray and ghastly in the dim forelight of the dawn.]

THE OFFICER—[halting]: What's going on, sergeant?

THE SERGEANT: We're nailing a monk to the church door, sir. General von Eichardt's orders.

THE OFFICER: A monk, eh? We'll stay and watch. It ought to be interesting after five days in the trenches. [He issues an order to his men, who stop and stand at ease, their steel helmets giving a curious medieval tone to the whole dusk-smudged picture.]

THE SERGEANT: Up with him, and let's get done with it! The general will be down on us before we know it. [There are sounds of a dread activity upon the steps; a scuffle of feet and a hiss of labored breathing. The voice of the prisoner rings out suddenly, loud and clear.]

THE SENTRY: Germany, Germany, thou hast slain thine own!

[The noises upon the steps continue and come to a climax in a series of heavy muffled blows. A deep vibrating moan falls upon the pregnant stillness. The soldiers in the square growl like beasts and move nearer the steps.]

THE SERGEANT—[tensely]: Somebody hold a lantern here while I uncover his face.

[A lantern is raised upon a rifle barrel, and is hooked over one of the spikes so that its beams fall upon the head and shoulders of the dying man. The sergeant snatches off the black handkerchief; then shrinks back in deadly fear.]

THE SERGEANT: *Ach!* Am I mad? What do I see?

A SOLDIER—[shrilly]: The Christ! The Christ!

A SECOND SOLDIER: We've crucified Him!

[The soldiers surge forward with hoarse cries; then stand impotent, moaning to themselves, their faces upturned to that one pale, bearded face. There is a sudden movement in the street.]

A SOLDIER: The general's car! Make way for the general!

SEVERAL SOLDIERS: The general!

[Von Eichardt and Captain Steiner enter on foot. The soldiers form a line on each side of the steps, making a lane to the church door. At the end of this lane the boy soldier now struggles to his knees, his hands pressed to his aching throat. He looks up in dazed horror at the figure nailed against the church door; then at the stout person of the approaching general.]

VON EICHARDT—[staring fiercely about him]: Well! Why don't you salute, you dogs? What's come over you?

[A soldier standing near the general starts mechanically to salute, but pauses and levels his arm instead.]

THE SOLDIER—[pointing]: Look yonder at the church door!

A SECOND SOLDIER: Your orders, general!

VON EICHARDT: *Himmel! Gott!* [Starts back.] Where are you, Steiner?

STEINER: Here, Excellenz.

VON EICHARDT—[hoarsely]: It's the face of the sentry!

STEINER: The Christus!

VON EICHARDT—[blustering to conceal his fear]: There's some mistake about this, men. Get to your quarters now—all of you. And take care that you never speak of this morning again!

THE BOY SOLDIER—[with a sobbing laugh]: We'll speak of it as long as we have breath in our bodies!

[Von Eichardt wheels on him; but the boy comes forward, dragging his rifle in one hand, the other hand clenched before him, his eyes blazing.]

THE BOY SOLDIER: You—murderer!

VON EICHARDT—[with awful helplessness]: Attention! Salute!

THE BOY SOLDIER: No! I can't—I can't! Not any more. Not after four years of it. [Beginning to lose control of himself.] Four years of stinking slavery! Four years of slime and filth and blood! Four years of rape and murder and hell! I've done things—Christ! I can't even remember them! Women—and children—and old men! And now I've helped nail God's own Son against the door of God's own house! I tell you it's the end—the end—the end! [Lets his voice sink to an edged whisper.] Down—with—war! Down—with—war! Down—with—war!

VON EICHARDT—[in a fury]: Arrest this man!

[The soldiers utter a hoarse growl; but none moves. Von Eichardt, sputtering curses, draws his sword and lunges at the boy to run him through; but the latter springs back.]

THE BOY SOLDIER—[screaming]: Stop! Don't come near me! It's the end, I tell you. The end! [He raises his rifle and fires point-blank at the general's breast. Von Eichardt falls at his feet. A streak of gold appears in the sky above the mountain.]

THE BOY SOLDIER—[confusedly, mounting the church steps]: Light! It's getting light! It's the new day! [He stares down at the smoldering white faces about him; then suddenly flings out his arms.] Comrades—the Revolution!

THE SOLDIERS—[touched to flame]: The Revolution! The Revolution!

[Swift tumult shakes the square; and a great shouting goes up, beating against the walls of dead houses, startling innumerable gray-clad soldiers from their sleep. Upon its crest tosses the terrible word from which all freedom is born. Nor does that word fall mute, but strikes with hammer blows against the metal of the morning, until the heavens ring like a brazen bell with the sound of it. The day dawns.]

CURTAIN

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